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052

H.R.

FROM THE DESK.

31890

The Imperial Conference.

Reuter has been treating us fairly generously of late. The absence of crowd at the doors of No. 10 Downing Street on the morning of the Conference as contrasted with the magnificence within, the symbolical seating arrangements with the Premier as the genial host surrounded by a bevy of Home statesmen keeping distance from, but all smiles to, the visitors—all these have received a fair measure of attention from our inimitable purveyor of news. That Mr. David Lloyd George, the first Welsh Prime Minister of Great Britain, rose to the occasion and doled out a characteristic oration is not to be wondered at; neither the unique chorus of tribute from the megaphones of the British Press need surprise us into a delusion of reality. The 1921 gathering of Dominion Premiers is a relic of the emergency War Cabinet, although the Conference of 1907 was the first serious attempt to evolve a conjoint policy and perhaps to retail the responsibility of Imperial defence on to the young shoulders of the colonies.

It may be a wild guess but I fear there is a large amount of undeliberate truth in the vision that reads in these early attempts at Colonial hobnobbery an effort to grapple successfully the

growing German menace and commercial rivalry. Britain was losing ground in the race for exploitation and grab in Mid-Africa, in the hinterlands of Anatolia and Persia, in the far away Chinese market. Even India, the monopoly hitherto of British vested interests, was faced with a double invasion—from the wily German dumpers and the polite Jap commercials. The latter they sought to minimise by friendly alliances; the former menace they ultimately curbed by a blood-some war. What was the necessity now to perpetuate the feeling for closer-knit ties, actuated as it was, initially, by the commercial instinct for safety? The answer is not far to guess if we look awhile at the mutilated nations of Europe, their incapacity to pay the piper, their inefficiency to stand up and save enough for *English luxuries*. The chequered and everchanging politics of Eastern Europe, the Silesian tangle, the Greco-Balkan rivalry and the tenacious cling to life of the Sick Man of Europe—these are not bright auguries for the morrow. In addition to these wrangles—the play of the precious war babies of the Versailles Treaty—Britain faces the intensely grave industrial deadlock at home—the result largely of spendthrift after-war finance on the top of of a crushing war debt. The diplomacy of England was astute enough to meet with equanimity any political puzzle but where economic strain stretches to a breaking point the patience of the usually lethargic citizen and goads him to some sort of an action, wise or otherwise, it is time for the rulers to devise ways and means to relieve him quick or he will throw 'em over. This appears to us the true burthen of the leading song at the Premiers' Opera. India has been allowed on the stage as a scene shifter—not that she is an expert in the job or that she could claim it by right divine or by heritage. But a singular concomitance of events leading to a conjunction of violent political dissensions with the bankruptcy of vision and foresight in the rulers has created a situation which willy nilly extorted an invitation to India. But on the back of the card was written in prominent letters "By grace and permission of Whitehall only."

Now to the gushing tribute rendered to India by Mr. Lloyd George in his peroration. I think he expects us to feel humbly grateful. Our gratitude would have been of a more genuine

stuff had not the tribute been born of ulterior understandings. What can we read in platitudinous reiterations with a damnable sequence of commonalty, of equality, of partnership and of various such bogey words? Does not the entire oration beg the issue? The Japs are the only big power left intact from the horrors of war and from the spoliation of Western capitalism. A friendly understanding with the Empire of the Rising Sun ensures safety for the British vested interests in the Far East. Like a good brother the Jap promises help in case of civil insurrection in India provided John Bull winks at his policy of manifest grab in Eastern Manchuria and Siberian coast lines. There is disinterestedness to spare on both sides! The whiteman's burden in India is getting too heavy for the overladen beast and the dumb millions of India are yet too frail to take it over from him. Would the kindly Jap help? Yes, but nearer his home, the East Siberian moujik is praying for Order and security, Justice and help, and like a good Samaritan, Japan owes them first duty. wouldn't the big brother, the doughty John Bull, allow him to proceed uninterruptedly in his mission of mercy?—despite the yappings of Uncle Sam who is alarmed needlessly (?) at the rapid onslaught on human freedom and human values which the Britannico-Jap alliance involves. Aye, Aye, they cry in chorus and the British Premier sets to dole out *gushing* founts of praise to all and sundry in order to obtain their consent for the friendly understanding with Japan. Of course there is America, the big, burly Anglo-Saxon brother to consider. But then 'we will insert a clause that in the event of an Americo-Japanese quarrel Britain will remain strictly neutral'. No, No, it is not a military alliance, it is not a commercial treaty, it is not even any kind of pact—it is a mere exchange of ideas, a thrashing out between friends of sundry topics, an ordinary discussion on weather if in the event of rain they may expect to share the umbrella.

Am I consciously doing injustice to human nature by my cynical outburst? Let us glance at the other side of the picture for a moment. To India even before her complete realization of "Self-government" is accorded a place in advance on the Imperial Cabinet. It is a place, no matter if the occupant like Mr. Prince's Jimmy ventriloquizes the sentiments and thoughts of

Whitehall or perhaps in a moment of revolt makes a special pleading, like a lowdown Brahmin, for more doles, because the hunger is always there. We could not help such a comparison as we read the full statement of Mr. Sastri, India's 'representative' this year. If we are doing any injustice to Mr. Sastri's sentiments, we beg forgiveness of him, for the bitterness of the moment is great. You talk of freedom, of the "lusty and vigorous baby" of Swaraj, of India's coming equal (*sic*) partnership in the British commonwealth, of the recognition of her sacrifices during the war. You hear the British Premier pandering to your sense of importance, patting you on the back for your glorious service; and as a final dismissal with a dramatic touch he awards you the precious boon of "Liberty Step by Step." It is irrelevant to discuss if the fetters of the chain of slavery could be unloosed link by link. But it is extremely pertinent to the occasion if we pry into the heart behind this 'Award'. We have our own views on the subject but lest we be again charged with cynicism we will let a prominent British Colonial speak. Hon. Sir P. T. McGrath, K.B.E. (*Newfoundland*) in the course of a contribution on the 'Imperial Conference' in the current issue of *The American Review of Reviews*, says:—

"India has just been granted a modified constitution which is claimed to be the first step towards the ultimate goal of 'home rule,' or autonomy such as the white-people Dominions at present enjoy, but in a country of 320,000,000 of uneducated, scarcely civilised people, with countless races, tribes and sects, some with undying hostility toward others and all lacking the incentives or the attributes of the Anglo-Saxon, this hitherto subject nation will not soon reach the status enjoyed by the autonomous dependencies.

"Nevertheless, it would be undesirable, even if it were feasible, to attempt to rule India as in the past. The part played by the Indian troops in the Great War has amply justified her demand for a larger measure of self-government and the fighting races amongst India's myriad peoples may be *even more urgently required in a later struggle*. To that extent, indeed, India's participation in the Conference acquires a special import. She is a reservoir from which can be drawn enormous numbers of men for fighting purposes in the future, if such should become necessary and her

geographical position is such that she must inevitably be a powerful factor in any struggle in days to come which has the Far East or the Antipodes for its theatre."

Would bluntness outreach diplomacy?

* * * * *

East Africa.

Kenya is to prove the acid test of Imperial goodwill and comradeship? We would not have risked the query had not the Rt. Hon. The Secretary of State for India interpreted the opinion of the educated people of this country in this wise. The India Office issued two White Papers towards the end of May, particulars of which are just to hand and a curious glance through the dispatches confirms us in the relevancy of our query. It is a common knowledge that Lord Milner's Colonial Office gave its imprimatur to a policy of racial differentiation evolved out of a desire to save the white public from unsanitary contacts! This recommendation was contested by a forcible protest backed by a threat of revolt from the colony. Local Indian opinion in Kenya declared unanimously their resolve to "Non-Surrender" at any price. In India itself vocal feeling was apathetic—not that the urgency of the problem did not appeal, but because the successive discomfitures in their continued efforts made the public realise that no amount of special pleadings will dissuade the white settler from his aggression unless you can show a reserve of Force to back your demands. It seems indeed an irony that while political India came to realise and appreciate the futility of prayers and charity, the Government of India whipped by no passionate appeal—Simla did not receive more than a couple of hysterical telegrams—did seem to be roused into action and submitted a vigorous protest to the Home Cabinet. Perhaps Lord Chelmsford's Council had one eye on the political pulse and wished to play off a neat stroke in what seemed a hopeless game of placation. A brief summary of the dispatches would bear recapitulation:—

"Lord Milner directed that the principle of race segregation should be adhered to in the residential areas of township and, whenever practicable, in

commercial areas also. This decision is bitterly resented, not only by Indians in East Africa, but by educated opinion throughout India.'

"The dispatch argues that commercial segregation is irrational ; that it is inconvenient, that firms doing the same class of business should be separated by an artificial barrier ; that there is no guarantee that Indians will be fairly dealt with in the selection of sites ; and that the policy is impracticable, at any rate in Nairobi, where a considerable part of the land which Professor Simpson had included in the European commercial area is already occupied by the Indians. The Indian objection to residential segregation is primarily a question of principle. It is felt that compulsory segregation implies a racial stigma. A significant remark is made that public opinion throughout India regards the case of the Indians in East Africa as a test of the position of India in the Empire.

"The second dispatch, dated February 10, discusses Lord Milner's suggestion of the possibility of encouraging the settlement of Indians of a desirable class (preferably agriculturists and ex-Service men) in some parts of Tanganyika Territory. The Government of India wish this proposal to be dropped as it might be made the pretext for restrictions on Indians in other parts of the territory. Both dispatches support the suggestion that a Royal Commission should be appointed to consider the whole question of the administration of the East African territories."

Alongside these dispatches we hear of a meeting held in London under the chairmanship of Lord Chelmsford. The subject was East Africa and we read in an Anglo-Indian contemporary that the President was hissed by the large number of Indian residents who had mustered strong in order to foil any attempt at misrepresentation. In another place in this issue is printed a contribution from the pen of an Indian resident of Kenya who was refused a hearing by the Chairman at the meeting referred to above. Lord Chelmsford is the author of one of the two dispatches. The intrigue and underplay of motives which unravel themselves in these two incidents is not beyond accurate appraisal. What then is the real issue?

We find one W. J. Simpson invited by the white planters in the colony for a couple of months' joyous trek. He enjoys his holiday and in return for the hospitality and perhaps a very handsome fee, writes a report as a sanitary expert on the evils

of contact between the brown and the white. Mind you there is no emphasis on mere physical intercourse: he will welcome an extensive utilisation of the Asiatic labour under the whip control of the white settler—on the same line as he treats the African negro. No, the trouble begins when the Indian settler competes on a level with his European rival and beats him in the square game of efficiency.

Mr. Simpson's highly serviceable report came in handy for Lord Milner—that arch Jingo who is so erratic even in his penances (*vide* the Egyptian tangle). A crude distillation of his commendations gives us the precipitate of the white policy: "Differential franchise; Racial segregation; and disability in the ownership of Land."

Mr. Husen Malik's paper disposes of the pretentious claims. The ethics of the problem have been fully dealt with in the press. We donot wish to prejudice our case by humble submissions. Would we be man enough to say that Kenya we builded up by our labour, by our money, by our men? We went there as genial adventurers in quest of home and food. We opened up an inaccessible land by dint of toil and patience; we cleared up the forests and swamps and brought prosperity to the land. If we wronged anyone we wronged the native African inhabitant; but we are proud that our hands are clean, that they are not soiled by the blood of the indigenous residents of the country—we did not follow in the wake of the convict ancestors of the bragging Australian of to-day. We have not exterminated tribes by the score. We were a helping hand and we achieved our pioneer aim when by toil and effort we made a home for ourselves; and none could say 'thou hast killed and robbed and usurped'. It was a fair adventure. You turn to us now and by might of sword wish to dispossess us of our carefully nurtured lands, disenfranchise us so that the outer world may not hear, segregate us in order to wrest from us the premier position we hold by right of efficiency in the trade of the land. You would monopolise the healthiest tracts for yourselves irrespective of the sanctity of prior possession. You have not scrupled to hit below the belt and have in a shameless and brazen manner indicted us of immorality and unchastity. Do you forget your escapades of

brutal vampirism in the East, in the South and in your own fair lands? Would you blink at your sordid doings in France amidst the throes of war when ten scores and more of you lined in a queue at the door of a brothel which contained a couple of registered women? You conveniently forget the growing Eurasian community in India, the mixed Africander of the Cape and the unfortunate lot just beginning to grow up in Kenya. And you accuse us of immorality! The impudence and hypocrisy of it! We have to learn a lot from you but we would wish to be spared from your standards of morality and chastity.

This then is war, which when undisguised appears most cowardly. We have attempted to persuade you by reason, by compromise, by special pleadings by offer of submission to various humiliations if you will only let us keep our honour and respect. But in vain. We can no longer submit to injustice born of lust. Yes, we will fight you and if you succeed it will be because you will be stronger in arm and not because we will be weak in heart. That is our call for future action. Our countrymen abroad have suffered long and enough. India cannot afford further humiliations. While we extend our heartfelt sympathies with their ill luck we admire the heroic spirit which gives promise of a brighter day.

India is passing through the ordeal of self realisation and discipline and we humbly lay before the country a plan for action on behalf of our countrymen abroad. Few of us donot believe in the virtues of the Non-Co-operation movement; few others ridicule the inefficacy of non-violence in Politics. There can be no difference of opinion in our attitude toward Colonial questions. Even domiciled citizens of India (I include the sober-minded Britisher who has eaten of the bread of the country and can afford to be dispassionate) feel ashamed at the humility of the conditions abroad. Our suggestion is the recruitment of a voluntary defence corps for service abroad. Let each town and hamlet organise its bands of selfless youths prepared to enter the field as occasion demands. A body of disciplined men pledged to fight the wrongs of our country abroad would form a valuable contingent for foreign politics. Kenya Indians have declared "No taxation No representation" as their war cry. They would

be sent to jail in their hundreds; let thousands from us be ready to replace them and carry on the valorous fight. It will be war against the white settler and unless His Majesty's Navy interferes to prevent our reaching those shores, we will carry on till one or the other is submerged. And if the *Komagata Maru* scandal is repeated, we will know where we are, for the day of reckoning is not far distant.

I plead for an earnest consideration of the problem, for the need is urgent. The suggestion of a defence corps does not involve any violation of the Arms Act or of the Law of Conspiracy; it does not break faith with the non-violent programme of the Congress. The material is there, made ready by the enthusiasm of non-co-operation and disciplined by the fire and ordeal of non-violence. A venue will be provided for legitimate action and our organisation powers will receive a strict test. If we succeed, our action will carry a twofold message—a message of cheer and hope to our countrymen abroad, and a message to the Planters' tribe that India means to have her own and no d—d nonsense. *

* * * * *

The Optophone.

I have been reading lately of the recent triumphs of human knowledge over the miseries of fate. It is a cruel irony that so much of energy and effort should be spent in repairing the havoc wrought by another of man's triumph over nature. Blindness caused by liquid fire is perhaps the greatest and most pathetic tragedies of war. The 'bliss of inward eye' is but a poor consolation. So far the only way in which the blind could read was by feeling the letters in specially embossed books—the Braille system. Dr. E. E. Fournier d'Albe of London invented the optophone in 1912 which has been since modified and developed to a success by Messrs. Barr & Stroud of Glasgow. I have a particular interest in the discovery for I had the honour of meeting Dr. Fournier d'Albe when he came out years ago as University Professor to the Punjab and I remember well the zeal and enthusiasm with which he used to talk of his projected research which ultimately took the shape of the Optophone.

Being a non-technical man I have not the ability to present to the readers a lucid explanation of the new invention. I would refer the interested reader to a brilliant article by Mr. Edward Cahen in the current issue of "*Discovery*". I will content myself with a few extracts from his contribution.

The Optophone enables a reader to read ordinary printed matter, such as books or newspapers, by listening to the letters in a telephone. As the instrument traverses a line of print, each letter produces in the telephone receiver a series of musical notes forming tunes or musical motifs. As the majority of blind people have a good sense of hearing, it is not long before each letter in the alphabet is identified with its musical motif in the receiver, and in this way the words and sentences formed from the letters can be read. When the sound alphabet has been learned, the more extended motifs for syllables and even words become familiar to the reader's ear. Just as a telephone operator can interpret easily a succession of clicks on the Morse code, so the optophone reader recognises words in his instrument. Already it has been found with the latest type of optophone that a blind reader after some practice has attained a reading speed of 25 words a minute.

The principle upon which this instrument is based depends upon the vagaries of the substance selenium, an element which is closely allied chemically to sulphur. It had been noticed that selenium offered a very great resistance to the passage of the electric current, but it had not been observed that the degree of resistance was affected by the amount of light falling on it. It is this peculiarity of selenium that is the basis of the optophone.

The optophone is quite small, not much bigger than a portable typewriter, and externally there is not much to be seen, just a glass table on which the book or other printed matter rests face downwards. In the optophone a selenium bridge is exposed to successions of sets of light pulsations, which vary according to the form of letters as these are passed over in traversing a line of printed type, each letter being indicated in the telephone by a characteristic motif comprising successions of single notes and chords. And the letters of this sound alphabet can be readily learned.

The actual working principle is as simple as it is ingenious : each letter is illumined in turn by the light which is thrown up from beneath, and which is made to travel along the lines of print by a specially designed variable governor. The source of light is a small straight electric filament lamp, the rays of which are made to pass through a diaphragm on to a perforated disc, which is caused to rotate rapidly by means of a small magneto-electric motor driven from secondary cells. The light which passes through this disc is directed by suitable lenses on to the printed page, and traverses an aperture in the selenium tablet which is placed directly under the glass table. As this tablet travels along with the rest of the optical apparatus to which it is attached, it catches the light diffusedly reflected from the white paper surrounding each letter in turn. The light which passes the five rings of perforations in the rotating disc falls on the printed matter as five dots in a row, and is known as the "scala". Each spot pulsates at a rate corresponding to the number of the perforations in the particular circle to which it belongs, multiplied by the number of revolutions of the disc per second. The pulsations of each spot of light are translated into a definite musical note in the telephone attached, the pitch of the note varying according to the speed at which the disc is rotating, but the intervals remain the same whatever the speed may be.

Mr. Cahen concludes his interesting paper with a characteristic remark : "It seems a fitting atonement that a firm which formerly devoted itself to instruments of precision for use in warfare should make an effort to repair the ravages that war has created."

* * * * *

Tilak Swarajya Fund.

It was late in life that the Indian National Congress awoke to the ghastly reality that an organisation, howsoever popular and representative it may be, can achieve at most a puerile success if its efforts are not backed by a powerful purse. Congress funds have always been the mockery of the Jingo Capitalist Press and

of the anti-Nationalites. That money provides not merely the sinews of party warfare but lends an extra weight of prestige to the spoken word at a critical moment finds repeated illustration in the history of party politics in England. That we in India have come to realise the power of Mammon is of good augury for the future, for no amount of pious hopes or spiritual imaginings can beat the jeering reality of facts. Money connotes power in the present day world of Might and Force. And any political organisation, ambitious of achieving its goal must needs pander to powers that gather in the dribblets of strength.

Mr. Gandhi's unerring political vision foresaw the necessity of a big reserve of fund behind the courageous plan of action which he placed before the country. The Bezwada programme definitely asked for a crore of rupees by the 30th of June, and it is indeed a matter of pride and gratification that the remarkable tour-efforts of Mahatma Gandhi and his devoted lieutenants have succeeded in collecting the desired sum and over.

The linking of Mr. Tilak's name to the fund affords a small though chivalrous recognition of the redoubtable services that great son of India rendered to his motherland. Tilak felt ever so much handicapped in a successful prosecution of his work by the poverty of his organisation. The last time I had the honour to see him was on a grey, cloud-beset afternoon in London. He had just received the news of his appointment by the Congress as India's Ambassador at the Peace Conference. His rich, penetrative eyes gloamed at the vision of India's entry amid the comity of nations as an equal, but a regret soon filled his soul as he realised the futility of his mission: he had not the sufficient power of arms behind him. But he never gave way to despair, never yielded an inch, although he divined that he will not live to see the end of the struggle. The country has done herself an honour in assuming his name as her own and the generous response she has made to Mr. Gandhi's call measures also the gratitude and affection she cherishes for, perhaps, one of her greatest sons.

Any party would be proud of the strength that a crore of rupees provides, and safely garnered the foundations of a virile

and courageous institution can be well and truly laid. That the Congress organisation under the inspired and selfless leadership of Mahatma Gandhi will achieve the needed measure of constructive trustee-ship is a consummation devoutly to be wished for.

WHIP.

BRITISH LABOUR AND INDIA—II.*

IV.

Inasmuch as British Labour was openly charged in the British press with being inconsistent in its relations with India, it should have immediately issued an authoritative statement to vindicate its honour. The *Times*, in its leader, had gone so far as to say that not

“a single Labour leader to-day dares to tell the working men of Lancashire the truth about the injustice done to India.....the moment an Indian question arises which they think may affect votes they run away from it.”

Even as a matter of political expediency, it would have paid Labour to accept that challenge.

The Labour Party could easily have said that the Lancashire Labour M.P.'s and the representatives of the United Textile Factory Workers' Association who took part in the deputation to the Secretary of State for India, had acted on their own responsibility, that they had not consulted Labour men outside their own particular area, nor had they been authorised to make the sort of statements that they made at the India Office, which, on the surface, were in conflict with the general Labour policy towards India and, therefore, obviously *ultra vires*. British Labour might even have gone farther and declared that the action taken by Labour in Lancashire and contiguous counties was taken in a fit of absent-mindedness. In the panic created by the sensation-mongers who see Lancashire shut out of India by the ever-rising Indian tariff, those Labourites forgot, for the moment, the principle of self-determination recently laid down at the Annual Conference at Scarborough and followed the traditional policy of re-inforcing the Capitalist demand for the manipulation of the Indian tariff for the benefit of the Lancashire industry and trade. While the Conference at which that Resolu-

* Part I. appeared in the June issue—Ed.

tion was passed was held only last summer, Lancashire Labour had, for almost half a century, been re-inforcing the demand of Lancashire Capitalists for the manipulation of the Indian fiscal arrangements for the benefit of the English cotton industry. This habit that they had acquired had betrayed Lancashire Labour into inconsistent action.

V.

Since British Labour did not see the necessity of issuing a pronouncement that would clear up the matter, I took upon myself the task of securing such statements from Labour leaders who could speak with a measure of authority. I, therefore wrote on March 30, 1921, the following letter to the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson, M.P., Secretary of the Labour Party and Chief Whip of that Party in the House of Commons :

“Dear Mr. Henderson,

May I call your attention to the statements which are now appearing in the Press suggesting that the Labour Party is inconsistent in its attitude towards India, advocating self-determination for India in theory but in practice seeking to suppress India when Indian self-determination conflicts with Labour's interest. In this connection I especially invite your attention to the following extract from a leaderette in Monday's *Times* :—

“The inconsistency of the Labour Party was never more glaringly revealed. For some obscure reason the Labour leaders profess to take an overwhelming interest in the welfare of India. Mr. Ben Spoor is only just back from Nagpur, where, in addition to much other rhetorical nonsense, he told the National Congress that ‘however hostile the British Government might be to them, the British Labour Party was whole-heartedly with them’. When the wicked British Government tries to shield India from unjust demands, where is the voice of Mr. Spoor? For Labour, this question is a test of the sincerity of its policy towards India, as it is for the whole British nation. During the past twenty years the Labour Party has persistently evaded the issue of the Indian cotton excise duties. Not a single Labour leader to-day

dares to tell the working men of Lancashire the truth about the injustice done to India. The Labour leaders make any number of inflated speeches about Amritsar, the Rowlatt Act, and similar topics, but the moment an Indian question arises which they think may affect votes they run away from it."

Mr. Montague, in the reply that he made last Wednesday to the Lancashire deputation, stated:—

"The Labour Party, it is quite true, gave valuable support to the passage of the Bill with all it contained, but they always protested that they took it because they could not get anything better—that they wanted more liberty for India, that the time had come to concede to her, if not complete self-government, something very near it. Now when, despite the limitations of the Bill, you concede to her the right to mould her own fiscal destinies, a section of the Labour Party feels that those rights and liberties which she has achieved are even too large for the well-being of the interests that they are here to represent to-day."

I remember that in 1917, when the question of cotton duties came up, you yourself refused to vote in a manner which could be construed as a desire upon your part to interfere with the fiscal arrangements in India for the benefit of British Labour or British industry. I assume that your attitude remains unchanged. It will, I think, serve a useful purpose if you will kindly let me have a statement which would assure our people that there is no room for the sort of suggestions which are being made to the detriment of British Labour.

Yours sincerely,

ST. NIHAL SINGH."

At the time my letter reached the headquarters of the Labour Party, Mr. Henderson was away on a Labour mission, and his Private Secretary wrote me that he would call Mr. Henderson's attention to my letter on his return. When Mr. Henderson came back to London, however, the critical Labour situation left him no time to attend to such a non-domestic issue as the one

I had raised. As soon as the situation eased, he was good enough to approve the following statement :—

“It is hardly necessary for me to contradict the suggestions made recently in certain sections of the British press that British Labour has become frightened at the action taken in India in increasing duties on British goods, and now feels sorry for having given support to the reform legislation. Upon their face they are absurd. The last definite pronouncement was made at the Annual Conference at Scarborough on June 24th, 1920, when a resolution moved by Mr. Ben C. Spoor, M.P., on behalf of the Executive of the British Labour Party, pledged that Party to the ‘full and frank application’ of the principle of self-determination ‘in the reorganisation of the Government of India that is now in progress, in such a way as to satisfy all the legitimate aspirations of the Indian people.’

“Anyone who knows anything about the Labour movement must know that material considerations cannot influence the Labour Party to recede from that position. The Party stands by the Scarborough Resolution.

ARTHUR HENDERSON.”

Inasmuch as the *Times* had chosen to read a lecture to Mr. Ben C. Spoor, M. P., because he, during his tour in India and upon his return to Britain, had chosen to champion the Indian cause, I asked him to explain his position in regard to this matter. I reproduce the memorandum of the conversation which we had :

“Asked if he had seen the strictures passed upon British Labour by the *Times* and other newspapers, in regard to the clamour raised by Lancashire Labour to interfere with the exercise of such measure of self-determination in fiscal affairs as India has been given, Mr. Ben C. Spoor, M. P., stated that the newspapers in question were merely indulging in that sort of writing in order to have a fling at Labour, and not because they were inspired by any love for India. Mr. Tom Shaw, M. P., and the representatives of the Textile Factory Workers’ Association of Accrington, who took part in the recent députation on the cotton

duties to the India Office, spoke only for themselves. They did not and could not speak for the whole of the Labour movement, which, so far as he knew, had never receded from the position defined at the Annual Labour Conference at Scarborough in June, 1920, and did not intend to do so.

"Mr. Spoor added that he had been entrusted by the Executive of the British Labour Party to move the resolution relating to self-determination for India at that Conference, and he, for one, stood by it and would use his utmost influence to have it respected not only in the letter but in the spirit. Labour could and would not do otherwise.

"Personally, Mr. Spoor was not enamoured of Protection, or of Imperial Preference. He was a Free Trader by instinct and by conviction. So was every Labour man. As a friend of the Indian people, he would warn them against committing themselves to Protectionist principles, or allowing themselves to be manoeuvred into a system of Imperial Preference, because in his heart of hearts he felt sure that it would work a hardship upon the masses of the people and expose them to exploitation from their own as well as British Capitalists. He had evidence in his possession which showed that British capital was drifting to India, in order to be able to exploit India's resources in men as well as materials, and that tendency would be greatly strengthened should India go Protectionist. It would be the same old story of the exploitation of the many for the benefit of the few.

"All that Mr. Spoor, as a friend of India, could do, however, was to warn the Indian people against adopting a principle economically wrong, and, so far as humanity was concerned, utterly indefensible. After having said that, his duty ended. He would leave the people of India entirely free to decide their own destiny. Even if he knew for certain that India would have to pass through the hell of Protection in order to get to her appointed goal of self-government, he would not, for a moment, waver in his belief in the doctrine of self-determination for India as well as for other free countries, or for a moment think of interfering in any manner. Having once conceded that principle, Labour cannot ask for interference from this country with any tariff policy that may be decided upon out there."

In returning this memorandum to me without alteration, Mr. Spoor wrote to me :—

"I return statement herewith without any corrections. You seem to have summarised my opinions pretty accurately."

This statement is entirely worthy of the member of the Joint Select Committee on the Government of India Bill who moved an amendment to that Bill with a view to conferring fiscal autonomy upon India.

Though Mr. Spoor's motion was not accepted because, as was pointed out, its acceptance would encroach upon the Crown's power of veto, and, therefore, every Dominion Act was silent upon that point, yet the Committee laid down a special convention to the effect that India "should have the same liberty to consider her (fiscal) interests as Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and South Africa," and, therefore, "the Secretary of State should, as far as possible, avoid interference on this subject when the Government of India and its Legislature are in agreement," and when compelled to intervene, his intervention "should be limited to safeguarding the international obligations of the Empire or any fiscal arrangements within the Empire to which His Majesty's Government is a party."

The statements obtained by me from Labour leaders show that British Labour in general is not prepared to jettison its pledge regarding self-determination for India in order to please Lancashire Labour or Capital.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

SHOULD MATRIARCHY BE REVIVED?

The subject of this paper is framed in the form of a question. In a matter of this kind it is not necessary for me to dwell very long upon the subject, but to point out certain facts, direct thoughts into a particular channel, and then to place the question again for consideration.

The question is : Should matriarchy be revived?

Those who are familiar with ancient history will know that Matriarchy is a very ancient institution; even in the earliest historical times it was a superseded and almost forgotten institution, although, at the present day, it is still the rule in one part of India, namely in Malabar. Regarding the sequence of the two institutions of Matriarchy and Patriarchy there are two opinions. The first is that Matriarchy alone existed in the earliest times as a universal rule, and was gradually superseded by Patriarchy. The second opinion is that Patriarchy often even gives place to Matriarchy, and that no rule can be laid down regarding what the original form of family was, and that the form differed according to the particular conditions of each society. We have no evidence for presuming that matriarchy necessarily preceded patriarchy in all cases.

In the Matriarchal family the mother, not the father, is head of the family. The mother, not the father, is custodian of the child. The husband has no rights whatsoever over his wife, and he is not called upon to perform the duty of maintaining wife or children. This duty belongs to the wife or her kin.

Regarding the authority of the mother in Matriarchal Societies, we find wide differences. In some cases women *did* have the power, and those societies may truly be called Matriarchal. The word "Matriarchal" is, however, loosely applied to societies in which woman's power is rather small, and in which the important person in the family is the woman's brother. In such societies woman is regarded chiefly as a contrivance for the tracing of relationship. Such societies cannot be called Matriarchal, in the strictest sense of the word, but merely Matrilineal.

In sociological terminology we find another word connected with this subject, namely "Matrilocal". The Matrilocal family means a group consisting of a woman and her kin, sometimes only herself and her brother, or her mother's brother, her husband being only an occasional visitor, either for long or short periods. Society in Malabar is both Matrilineal and Matrilocal.

The question treated in this paper is not how we should trace relationship, but where the power should be located. The question is asked of you, whether, without injuring the form of family that exists around us, we can recognize, side by side with it, a form of family in which thorough Matriarchy could be realized. The paper does not aim at suggesting a re-modelling of the existing family life, which has been found to be useful and almost the only appropriate form by the experience of centuries. The same experience of centuries has shown that patriarchy is not suitable for all classes in the community, and has given to society an unrecognized Matriarchy. The cases which are considered here represent only a small but important minority in society.

In this paper I offer a suggestion for the recognition by law of a form of family in which the husband would on one hand be absolved from the duties of maintenance of children and, on the other, would have no control over them nor over his wife. This proposal should not be considered as a substitute altogether for the existing form of family. The re-establishment and legalization of the Matriarchal form of family is recommended for the benefit of those who, in the absence of this form, are required to lead a life of no restrictions, or who, being prey to the current moral ideas, are condemned to unwilling celibacy altogether (for mostly celibacy is unwilling!). These classes should be provided for by the creation, for them, of a suitable form of institution. Although this arrangement is for a special class one must admit that a certain number of people who at present create patriarchal families, would take advantage of the new institution if we bless it with legislation.

The question of matriarchal family is not to be approached merely to remove a social inconvenience of those who are condemned to unrestricted life or to celibacy. It is intended also for

the realization of the highest expectations of equality, which have sprung up in the mind of modern womanhood. A modern woman can claim that although a woman has a right to determine what the State shall do, and may also have the right to be Queen, as queens existed in the past, and exist in the present—yet she has no right to assume supreme authority in the household as long as she is married. If she is unmarried, or a widow, then, of course, she can assume the authority. Shall marriage, therefore, be entirely inconsistent with the possibility of a woman holding the chief executive office in the family?

There has been a desire on the part of woman to assert herself in the sphere of the family and this desire has had certain effects. The old-fashioned vow, which the bride has to take according to the marriage service in the Church of England Prayer Book, has now been altered, deleting the word "obey"—but the law determining her position remains. As long as husband and wife are together, and the husband is responsible for the obligations of the family, the chance of woman's equality is a far cry. Equality of man and woman should not mean perfect equality in a particular family, because that is impossible. Man and woman may be equal, but husband and wife cannot be so. No business can ever be transacted unless the power of final decision is given to one party in case of disagreement. If somebody has to decide it will be just as unfair to say that woman shall decide as the reverse, which the modern woman very often considers unfair. It is not contended that woman should have the first place in the household, but that it should be possible for her to have this place. Of course, both in India and elsewhere, the woman's second place often is nominal. A great number of men give a fairly large extent of freedom to their women, and sometimes the household simply means a place of expenditure governed entirely by woman's will, the function of the man being only that of providing money for expenditure in the family. This happens when the woman spends her husband's money. Women with money of their own of course spend it irrespective of their husband's wishes. The alteration suggested here is to make possible by law what is at present in practice in many cases by the husband's concession.

Matriarchy is a matter to be thought of for optional adoption by all civilized countries which so legislate as to make the daughter share patrimony equally with the son. Greater equality in the distribution of patrimony has resulted in a class of women who have property, and even large fortunes, in their own right.

Matriarchy is again to be desired for a change of attitude in our moral conceptions. There is, at present, a difference in the standards of morality for men and women. This difference of moral standards is one of the factors which contribute towards making the position of many women very unfortunate. Everywhere this difference is recognized and remarked upon, but no remedy has as yet been attempted. In all countries the woman is punished far more severely for any offence against the current ideas of morality than is the man. If a woman commits such an offence she loses her position in society, and is shunned by her former friends; even her own father may cast her out. But if, on the other hand, a man commits a similar offence he is dealt with very lightly, or not at all. His position in society is in no way affected, and even excuses may be found for him. At all events, he does not go through life branded as a sinner, as the woman has to do. We may well ask, therefore, why chastity is demanded so implicitly of women and not of men. In the patriarchal family the man has to support his wife and her children, and he therefore wants to be quite sure that the children he has to maintain are his own and not those of another man. So much for married women. Celibacy of maidens is demanded by all advanced societies, that is, in societies in which man has become more fastidious regarding the woman he marries. The culmination of this fastidiousness we find in India, where girls are usually married before they could go wrong, and where a widow is not regarded as a person fit to marry.

First of all, we should frankly enquire what are the causes of the moral conceptions. Moral ideas are promulgated in society so that some members of society who control, should find others responsive to their expectations. In a monarchical country the king wants loyalty because he wants to make his throne stable, so he, and the publicists who support him, praise loyalty as a

great virtue, because the king is the gainer thereby. Hindu supporters of monarchy have told the people to regard the king as God Vishnu incarnate. Priests admire devotion to priesthood and religion, because they are the gainers thereby. So the active or governing element in society, who want a certain attitude of the rest towards themselves, create it by preaching it and attaching high value to it. Almost all religious or dharma writers attach very great value to chastity on the part of woman. A poet like Kalidas advises Shakuntala to make friends with her co-wives who are wives of the king, and the queen, in Vikrama and Urvashi, is shown as permitting her husband to make love to another woman. Thus woman is not only expected to be chaste herself, but also to serve her husband in all his designs, even to the extent of procuring other women for him. The causes of such phenomena are not difficult to understand. Man is the paymaster of woman, of her dress-bill, and of her children. That the children are hers is a matter beyond doubt. That they are his he has to infer. Lubbock has properly said: "Maternity is a matter of observation, Paternity is a matter of inference". Before a man will undertake the responsibility of maintaining a woman's child, he wants to be sure that the child is his. Thus there is enough economic reason for him to demand chastity on the part of his wife, whereas she has no such reason to demand chastity from him. The only real reason for which she can exact it from him is that he might not communicate disease to her. Other reasons she may have, but they are sentimental ones. Under Matriarchy a woman will be able to exact better fulfilment on the part of the man of obligations towards his wife.

Let us now proceed to consider more particular cases in detail, and try to discover where the proposed form of family may be of special advantage—not only to women, but to men also.

A class of women called Dancing Girls attracts the attention of every visitor to India, as well as that of social thinkers in this country. At some time or another this class is courted for its merits by high and low alike, while at the same time it is treated as outcast. The Missionaries and so-called social reformers, with their pious but juvenile wisdom, when they turned their attention towards this matter, simply tried to persuade the public

to have no dealings with these women at all. "Do not call dancing girls to dance and sing at your house," they said, "because their character is immoral." They might just as well add: "Do not let nurses attend on you, because many of them are immoral." Unfortunately it is true that the morality of many nurses, both in the East and in the West, is not above reproach. But that can hardly be regarded as sufficient reason for boycotting nurses as a class, and depriving society of the useful and indeed necessary functions fulfilled by these women. Similarly, this method, when applied to those women whose profession is dancing and singing, is extremely injurious to the advancement of civilization in society.

The condition of a dancing girl to-day may be that of a lady-doctor to-morrow. Dancing and singing may have some characteristics which will lead to a sort of Bohemian life, but that alone is not an adequate reason for the social separation of the dancing girl. No existing form of family that is available in civilized society is suitable to a woman who has to look to her own profession, and has to maintain professional reputation. In the West, where dancing and acting on the stage are regarded as legitimate professions for respectable women, actresses very often are required either to have a series of admirers while living a life of single blessedness, or to marry, but regard marriage only as a temporary affair, and for practical purposes ignore it almost entirely. A large number of actresses appear in the divorce courts. Quite a number of married actors and actresses make a sort of mutual agreement between husband and wife, that each should ignore what the other does, and that they should nevertheless remain good friends. So, marriage of the existing form under such conditions is but a huge farce.

The dancing girls of India lead unmarried but immoral lives. The actresses (though not all) in the West lead married but immoral lives. Women in the medical and legal professions all over the world can neither afford to lead immoral lives nor to marry, and are thus condemned to lifelong spinsterhood and celibacy, and yet it must be admitted that all medical women do not succeed in maintaining a life of celibacy. The few medical women one sees in Western India do not seem to enjoy the best

reputation for celibacy. The remedy for the class of dancing girls is to give them a form of family in which their independence will not be sacrificed. This could be secured only if the husband is not responsible nor expected to maintain her and her children.

Since it is not desirable to encourage matriarchal family at the expense of a well-governed patriarchal family, provision should always be made for converting the matriarchal form into the patriarchal. If the matriarchal marriage of dancing girls is recognized, there should be a provision to enable her, or her husband, to divorce at will, or to register a patriarchal marriage. The dancing girl is to be encouraged to have only one man, who will be recognized as her husband in society. Their children will thus be legitimate. This form will be useful to those dancing girls who are fairly well-to-do through inheritance from their mothers, but who are compelled to follow in their mothers' footsteps, either on account of their education, or on account of social ostracism. People are not prepared to marry daughters of dancing girls, although they are prepared to live with them. One of the reasons of their unwillingness is that they will be required to give their property to their children by a dancing girl, whom with the present caste ideas, they regard to be of a different species altogether—although cases do arise, in which a man would rather give all he possesses to his illegitimate son than to his legitimate son, but such cases are rather the exceptions. The property notions forge or prevent unions, and for this reason it should be made possible to encourage a form of marriage in which property is not at stake. With the present joint family system—if any man in the family wants to marry a woman outside his caste, every other member of the family will feel that the property is going to an entire outsider, and will make an effort to render such a marriage impossible. Again, nobody should be asked to sacrifice his caste or social position in order to marry a dancing girl. Even a man who is at the lowest end of the social scale will be offended at the suggestion that he should marry the daughter of a dancing girl, but a man who is in the highest social position will not scruple to keep a dancing girl as his mistress. Such being the psychology of man, any effort towards the betterment of the

daughters of dancing girls should be of such a character as will involve the least sacrifice on the part of the man, or the least change from existing custom. Therefore, a marriage by which the man undertakes no liability should be thrown open.

Let us take some other cases.

On marriage, women are more or less expected to give up the work which they have hitherto been doing. Take the common cases of doctors, teachers, artists, and so on. In most of the professions the woman is probably well-trained and performing a useful function. Girls in professions are very often told by their *fiancées* that their earning an independent livelihood must cease on marriage. Thus the marriage of a skilled woman is a loss to society, and may perhaps mean to the woman the sacrifice of exercising the qualities which she has given much time, thought and labour to acquire. The natural desire of most women is for marriage, would be still more so if the marriage laws were not exactly what they are at present. If a woman marries she becomes dependent. Why? Because her husband is responsible for her legally, and being thus responsible, feels himself entitled, nay even compelled to exercise his authority over his wife, more or less as an absolute monarch. He expects to know how and where she spends her time, and makes demands upon her time which she must satisfy, practically whether she wishes to or not. In the matter of procreation, also, she is expected to submit entirely to his will.

If, by chance, the wife has not given up her work on marriage, she will find it a difficult task to do justice to her work and to her "duty" to her husband. To the woman who takes her work seriously, her duty to her profession, that is, to society, means as much as her duty (as at present understood) to the man she has wedded. Thus she is faced with a great problem. To obtain the chance of motherhood, which, we take it, is the ambition of most healthy women, she must, then, as a rule, give up her occupation. Which path shall she choose? If she renounces marriage and adheres to her profession, the probability is that, though fulfilling her duty to society in that way, she may yet go through life filled with vain regrets for what might have been, longing for what she cannot have, and lavish-

ing her affection on the children of others and on dumb pets. And not only that—but how much latent motherhood, of perhaps the best and highest type, is lost to the nation through just these women.

The problem, then, is to find out a way by which women of this kind may have the opportunity of becoming mothers, at the same time being able to continue their professional work, except just at those times when their health does not permit it. It is taken for granted that such a woman will be able to make suitable arrangements for the care and education of her children. Being a professional woman she is financially able to support herself and her children, and should also be able to maintain herself, from her earnings or insurance, during the periods when she is incapacitated for work through child birth and so on. Thus she owes nothing to the father of her child except his paternity. Who will not agree that, in this case, the child should actually belong to the mother and not to the father? The household and its arrangements also should be hers because she provides the money. Why then should she and her child be responsible to the man who gives only fatherhood? Why should they be under his guardianship? Rather should the mother, the actual founder of the family, be also its legally recognized founder. It should then be a matter of mutual agreement whether husband and wife should continue to live together as husband and wife, or whether they should separate. A decision should be reached, whether the desirability of this matriarchal state of marriage continues, or whether, at a later period, it should change into the patriarchal form.

The matriarchal form of marriage not being intended to replace the patriarchal form, there will be cases in which it should be supplemented by, or merge into the patriarchal.

For instance, a man may be at the beginning of his career, and therefore would usually be inclined to postpone marriage until such a time when he may be better able to support a wife and family. He may thus perhaps be obliged to wait for a considerable number of years, and thus lose the years of greatest fecundity. If, however, he marries by matriarchal form, a woman who is possessed of sufficient means to tide over the inter-

vening time, the marriage can take place early, on the mutual understanding that as soon as the man's position is established on a sufficiently sound basis, the terms of the marriage shall be changed to those of the usual patriarchal form.

The woman with property may also be benefitted by this system. Often it is difficult for such a woman to marry at the proper age, or to many a suitable man, or even to marry at all, because men who may be desirous of marrying her, and who may be her equals in education and in social status, will be deterred from proposing marriage on account of their comparative poverty. But, if the matriarchal form is resorted to, such a woman need not be denied marriage and motherhood.

Often it happens that a woman of the working classes in England marries a man whom she well knows to be a slacker as far as work and wage-earning are concerned. She foresees before marriage, that if she marries him she will probably have to be the household drudge as well as the wage-earner. Nevertheless, she marries him; perhaps not because of her great love and predilection for this particular man, but more because she knows that chances of marriage do not come every day, that there are not enough men for every woman to be married, and other such considerations. So, looking prophetically into the future, she links her life with that of a husband who wants her always at his beck and call, but who does not bring her sufficient money to keep the little home together. The woman soon has to resume wage-earning, and is expected to fulfil her household duties before and after her regular working hours. In addition to this the husband, of course, claims his marital rights. This is all very well while the family is small. But among these people it is not infrequent to find particularly large families. The poor, overworked woman, being, so to speak, the property of her husband, can do nothing but submit to his desires, even though they be unreasonable and though her strength is all but exhausted.

This picture could be reversed, however, if the woman could enter upon such a marriage according to the matriarchal form—and if, by this means, she also has the legal power of regulating the increase of the family. Thus, in the case

of these labouring women, could be obviated the choice between spinsterhood on one hand and a life of misery on the other—for the husbands seem to have no objection to being kept by their wives, though they expect to retain control over wife and household.

There has been a considerable amount of sympathetic opinion in recent years regarding widow re-marriage in India, and yet we see that widow marriages do not take place in large numbers. When the unmarried woman finds difficulty in the marriage market for economic reasons, and when men available for marriage can marry maidens with some dowry, it is not possible that widow will get much advantage over the maidens. What motive shall a man have in marrying a widow without money? If widows have money, they very often feel that they should not be subject to another man. A matriarchal form of marriage, however, will make widow re-marriage easier, because it involves the man in no liability.

One fact of matriarchal marriage deserves proper consideration. Should the matriarchal marriage be a life-long one, as the present patriarchal marriage is supposed to be? I should emphatically say not. Our object is not to enable man to become an irresponsible and lazy creature. That will lead to national degradation. Then again a life-long marriage will mean life-long authority for a man to bring into the world children whom he is not bound to maintain. Moreover, this form of marriage, unless it is joined with a free divorce, will defeat its own purpose. Men are to be induced to accept a second place in a kind of family which is consistent with the independence of woman. Respectable men will not risk that kind of marriage if the status of husband created thereby is to be life-long. If we introduce legislation to legalize marriage of this nature, every opportunity should be given to re-register the same marriage later under patriarchal form.

It should be remembered here that this will entail free divorce at the desire of either party. The man may discontinue a relationship or form of family in which his ego feels offended. The existence of this kind of provision, will prevent man's lot in a matriarchal family, from

becoming miserable, as the lot of those who are married to heiresses very often is. It should not be regarded that a free divorce will corrupt society and make sexual relations very loose. The freest divorce exists in Malabar, yet those who know the society there well say that the moral conditions there are not any worse than elsewhere, and although marriage can be terminated at the will of either party, 75 % of the marriages are life-long.

The re-institution of Matriarchy in India is likely to bring about one important result, and that is, that the unrecognized existing matriarchy of a certain class will be so modified that patriarchy will partly take its place. Matriarchy should no longer be regional, that is, confined to a land like Malabar, but should be one of the national, if not universal institutions, to meet the want of a section of modern society. The patriarchal and matriarchal families may dwell in this country and elsewhere, side by side, in every city and perhaps even in country districts.

To review what I have said :

A matriarchal form of family is recommended for legalization. In this form of family the man will not be required to support wife or children.

This form of family is not recommended to displace patriarchy, that is, the modern type of family, but intended to make a provision for those who are unable to marry under the existing conditions, and are thus required to resort to unwilling celibacy or to a loose life. Provision should be made in a matriarchal marriage for its conversion into patriarchal. This form of marriage will on one hand serve professional women, and, on the other, it will recognize a woman as a citizen and as the head of a family. Thus it will fulfil the expectations of progressive modern womanhood.

In view of what I have said, I now repeat the question : Should Matriarchy be revived?

SHILAVATI KETKAR.

INDIANS IN EAST AFRICA.

As is patent to all, acknowledged by all, into the making of East Africa has gone Indian enterprise, Indian grit, Indian thrift, and, I may add Indian blood. Indians discovered East Africa, traded with it, and settled there even before England discovered and traded with India. This is amply borne out by the remarks made by the then Commissioner of Lands in 1907 when transmitting the resolution of the Land Board to the Secretary of State. He said :

"The claims of the Indian Community could not be lightly disregarded, seeing that they were in the Country long before Europeans had settled there, that but for Indian labour the Uganda Railway would never have been constructed, that most of the trading wealth of the Country was in the hands of the Indians and finally that Indians were British subjects."

Persons interested in the affairs of that Colony might have read heartrending accounts of the terrible loss of Indian life at the time of the construction of the Uganda Railway. In "*The Man Eaters of Tsavo*," Mr. Patterson, an Engineer engaged in the construction of that railway, makes it clear that hardly a night passed without at least one Indian being devoured by lions.

In 1914, when the war broke out, the whole country was in a state of panic. The life and property of the handful of white settlers—and the white women in the country—were at that critical moment protected by troops from India. The troops came with a large stock of ammunition, rails, engines and rolling stock and saved the grave situation.

I was personally present in Nairobi when the Indian troops first arrived there. Most of them met with a horrible fate in the sanguinary battles fought in the thick jungles of East Africa.

The Europeans were apparently very grateful to Indians, at the time, for saving the country at that critical juncture, and some of their prominent men actually acknowledged from the

public platforms, their deep debt of gratitude. As soon, however, as the danger was averted gratitude evaporated and racial rancour, arrogance, and selfishness were substituted in its place. In spite of their indefeasible rights, their immense sacrifices, and, their large vested interests in the Country, Indians in East Africa never asked for preferential treatment. They did not take up hostile attitude towards the Europeans. They did not say to the white man, "this is not a white man's Country, but an Indian Colony," as in fact it is.

Now, however, Indians are being denied equal opportunities. They are, being humiliated, deprived of their rights and forced out of the country.

Take the question of franchise. What we Indians ask for is equality of treatment. We do not desire to overwhelm the white population, even though numerically and economically we are immensely superior to the European community. We merely desire to have the power and opportunity of protecting and safeguarding our own rights and interests. We only ask that our community shall be given at least the same proportion of representation on the legislature as the Europeans, and that for that purpose we shall be given franchise on equal terms.

There are at present only two seats on the Legislative Council earmarked for Indians as against sixteen elected European members, not counting a number of European nominated members. Both the nominated Indian members on the Legislative Council have resigned their seats as a protest against the passing of the so called Public Health Bill, about which I shall say a few words when I come to refer to the segregation question. There is not a single Indian on the Executive Council.

There is not a single Indian on the Nairobi Municipal Council, which is a most important public body. It is proposed, however, to give three seats by election to Indians against twelve European members.

Europeans in Nairobi number about 2,000 and pay about Rs. 70,000 in taxes. Whereas Indians there number about 5,000 persons, and pay Rs. 1,20,000 in taxes. This means that Indians, who contribute the greater part of the taxes, have got no say at all in the matter of expenditure. No doubt most of

the municipal funds are lavished upon improving the roads, drains and other sanitary arrangements in the European section, while the Indian quarter is almost entirely neglected.

That consideration is not at all taken into consideration by an expert like Professor Simpson, who, in his report recommending segregation gives the impression that Indians are responsible for the insanitary conditions of their location.

The underlying object in denying effective representation to Indians on the Legislative and Municipal Councils is to repress them in every possible way and goad them to desperation so that they will leave the country.

It is often asserted that to grant Indians equal representation on a common electoral roll would enable them to dominate the Legislative Municipal Councils, and that that would be incompatible with the responsibility of the Government for the welfare of the colony as a whole and more particularly to the native population. That objection is untenable. Indians as I have already stated, do not desire to dominate the Councils, and, I am sure, machinery could be devised whereby the interests of the white settlers could be safeguarded.

No one takes seriously the white settlers who affect concern for the African native. Anyone who has been in East Africa can cite instances of inhuman cruelty inflicted by European settlers upon Africans.

Indians in East Africa naturally feel sympathetic towards the Africans, for both are fellow-sufferers. Indians, for instance, would, in no circumstance be a party to the exaction of forced labour from the poor African in peace times. The natives of Africa as a matter of fact like the Indians and realize the immense good that they have derived from them. Sir Appollo Kagwa, Prime Minister of the Native Parliament of Uganda made that point quite clear to Professor Andrews. I myself interviewed him shortly before leaving the country, and he told me in the plainest possible words that the Africans do want Indians to remain in the country, for they have done so much to improve it.

This statement is remarkable, in view of the fact that most of the Europeans in East Africa, especially the farming class, seek to poison the mind of the natives against Indians. I personally

heard a responsible European say to an African, in a public place, "Wahindi Mbaya Sana," which means, "Indians are very bad."

Turning to the question of segregation: That system is based, not upon sanitary requirements, but upon colour-prejudice, trade jealousy and fear of economic competition. That is manifest from the demand made by the white settlers that it should apply both to commercial and residential areas. Europeans have, however, realized the weakness of their position, and even before I left East Africa they had practically abandoned the cry for segregation in commercial areas.

The chief reason why there is so much fuss made about segregation is that if Indians are given equal opportunities of purchasing properties in the area which the Europeans want to reserve for themselves, the latter will not be able to buy them at so cheap a price as at present.

The segregation policy does not object to an Indian serving as a shop assistant in a European commercial house or as a domestic servant in a European house situated in the so-called European quarter, but it excludes an educated Indian from living as a neighbour in that area. Were sanitation the real object, it would not be difficult to secure it by an equitable administration of the municipal revenues and by strict enforcement of sanitary laws. As a responsible official of the Nairobi Municipality said in March last, "there is no man more willing than the Indian to conform to sanitary regulations."

Indians will not tolerate segregation in any form. It hurts their racial pride and does them incalculable harm economically.

As an instance of how Indians are being squeezed out of East Africa, let me recall what Mr. Winston Churchill announced in the House of Commons in 1907. Indians would be invited, he said, to emigrate into the country lying between the coast and Kiu and from Fort Ternan to the Lake Victoria Nyanza on the village community system. In spite of that pronouncement a considerable portion of the area between Fort Ternan and the Lake has already been alienated to Europeans. The position now is that even in this area which was held as being unsuitable for European occupation, and reserved for Indians by way of compensation for excluding them from the Highlands, (reserved for Europeans on

the plea of administrative convenience) there is more land given to Europeans than to Indians.

Muhoroni and Kibos are entirely within the Lowland area as defined by Mr. Winston Churchill, but in this particular area a large acreage has been given to Europeans in spite of the willingness of Indians to purchase it. About 1,900 sq. miles in the so-called Lowland area have already been granted to European settlers, whereas Indians hold in this area only about 30 sq. miles of which 20 sq. miles have been purchased from Europeans, and the remaining 10 sq. miles have been obtained from the Government. The Europeans buy these lands at a very cheap price from the Government and sell them to Indians at a profit of 100% or more. The Europeans buy these lands for purposes of speculation and sell them to Indians at prices which no European would pay. But for the Governor's veto to transfer a large portion of the Highland area at present owned by Europeans would also have thus found its way into Indian hands.

If the 'administrative convenience' is not interfered with by shuffling a European farmer right into the heart of the Indian farming area, how is this policy interfered with if Indians are allowed to purchase lands in the Highlands?

An auction sale of agricultural land is advertised to take place on June 6th of about 24,732 acres at Kericho, Kyambu, Machakos, Trans Nzoia, Athi River, Naivasha, Molo Mbagathi, Limoru and Muhoroni. But as usual the advertisement contains a clause that :—

"European British subjects will be permitted to bid and purchase. Non-British subjects will require the consent in writing of H. E. the Governor."

This clause means that "No Indians need apply."

The longer the settlement of the Indian question is delayed the more injurious it will be for them, as, in the meantime, the administration in the Colony is alienating these lands to Europeans to the total exclusion of Indians. If any enquiry is, therefore, to be inaugurated Indians must be given an assurance that things must not be so manipulated, that, at the end of the investigation, the colonial authorities may say it is too late now, as all the land has already been alienated to Europeans who can-

not be dispossessed. All alienation of land must be stopped, pending the settlement of the question.

Indians expect much from Mr. Winston Churchill, for did he not ask some years ago?—

“Is it possible for any government with a scrap of respect for honest dealings between man and man to embark upon a policy of deliberately squeezing out the native of India from the region in which he has established himself under every security of good faith? Most of all we ask, is such a policy possible to the Government which bears sway over three hundred millions of our Indian Empire?”

MOHAMMED HUSEN MALIK.

Nairobi, Kenya.

TORU DUTT.*

To those familiar with the recent literary history of Bengal a book on Toru Dutt means an evening full of Victorian cadences and artificial lilt of the mid-eighties. The fine flower of the graft of English education on an alien mind was then in full bloom, undimmed by the lustreless reaction that was destined to set in at a later date. The culture plant sympathetically nursed by the majesty of an all powerful government and backed by a feverish activity in proselytizing circles, presented no unworthy sight as long as Michael Madhu Sudan and Toru Dutt were the two fine blossoms on its bough. But possibly they grew inspite of the glass case, as indeed the sterility of later years testifies.

Toru was veritably a child of cultural growth. Her education, her study, her play and her thoughts—for what else is religion?—were moulded on a foreign ideal and if the workmanship produced as delicate an art as Toru's we might well shelve our national heritage and take to an assiduous cultivation of foreign *Kultur*. That it was despite these conjunctural environments, and not because of them, that Toru Dutt developed the fine genius of expression becomes clear to an observant reader of Mr. Harihar Das's book. Not that Mr. Das has set out to establish a thesis of the kind—he is too sympathetic and ardent an admirer for nice discriminations. But as we read through the numerous letters that Toru managed to inscribe in her four short years of active adult life we cannot help the regretful feeling that Toru did not bring the offerings of her genius to the shrine of her native heritage. One feels that the loss was great, but he hastens to gather the "fragile blossom of song" even though the fragrance be a shade unfamiliar.

Born in 1856 of a family of literary traditions Toru Dutt from her infancy imbibed the rich delicacy of poetry and song. Her father belonged to the Victorian age of fetish worship and in India of those days—a politically subject country—the worship

**Life and Letters of Toru Dutt* by Harihar Das (Oxford University Press, London and Calcutta), 1921.

obtained the ludicrous form of egregious imitation of the rulers, in language, in dress, in social life, in religion. Govin Chunder Dutt, a man of sterling brains, did not escape the atmosphere and became in his turn not only an orthodox and devout Christian but an altogether blind though enthusiastic admirer of Western art and letters. We believe that such wholesale conversion results in the thinning out of the fibre of independent thought which alone gives a backbone to the man, and ends in invoking outside supports for growth and development just as does the transplanted tropical palm in the green-house at Kew Gardens.

That Govin Chunder was a man of rich talents, his own contribution to the *Dutt Family Album* stands full testimony. Could anything improve upon the impromptu lines which he wrote on his son, Abju's death?—the sad night of death provoking a dawn of hope and promise :

“Whispering, what matters if we part awhile?
Love never dies, and there no parting's known ;—
The hour approaches, soon the morn must smile,”

Govin Chunder's literary output was small and by no means remarkable. But his diligent devotion to literature made of him a fine educationalist for his family. We regret that it was not given to him to draw out his own country's genius for so his children were deprived of a training they needed most. But he amply made up by his eager zeal and interest in the studies of his two daughters, Aru and Toru. We get occasional glimpses of the intellectual friendship between father and children in Toru's letters, as, *i.e.*, when they sit in the dark and repeat “pieces of poetry English and French, or else it is a stray Sanskrit line as we do not read much by the candle light”. Toru's own tribute to her father is frank and unassuming :—“Without Papa I should never have known good poetry from bad.....He has himself a most discriminating mind and is an excellent judge of poetry.”

Toru Dutt's life presents no sensational touches. Her favourite poet, Mrs. Barrett Browning's cryptic description of her own life would as well suit Toru : “A bird in a cage would have as good a story”. Toru Dutt travelled to England when she was fourteen and her three years' stay witnessed a remark-

able growth in her powers of study and absorption. She always claimed a wonderful memory: "She could repeat almost every piece she translated by heart, and whenever there was a hitch, it was only necessary to repeat a line of the translation, to put an end to it, and draw out of her lips the whole original poem in its entirety."

For a girl of such tender age to achieve mastery of diction and fluency of expression over two foreign languages in the course of bare three years is indeed a remarkable achievement. During these years Toru developed an affection for English and French literature which promised a rich harvest of genius. To England she gave her admiration—the same sort as one feels for the milk-bottle one has fed upon but does not feel inclined to go into rhapsodies over. For France she cultivated a devotion of the heart—a devotion born of intellectual pleasure in her literature and of an emotional feminine sympathy with her misfortune.

As "*A Sheaf gleaned in French Fields*" was her first and only book published during her life time, her last project and unfulfilled ambition was to place before the English readers a translation of Mlle. Clarisse Bader's "*La Femme dans l'Inde Antique*". That she left in her papers a complete novel in the French language "*Le Journal de Mademoiselle d'Arvers*" shows the deep attachment she had for France and her dear ambition to reach the charmed circle of her literati.

"Poor, poor France, how my heart bleeds for thee!", she wrote in 1870:

"Not dead,—oh no,—she cannot die!

Only a swoon from loss of blood!

Levite England passes her by,

Help, Samaritan; None is nigh;"

It is perhaps surprising to note in passing that she expressed at no time any appreciation of the misery and lowdown status of her land among the comity of nations. She was indeed an exile in her own *patrie*. Carelessly she adopts the contemptuous tone and phraseology of the Anglo-Indian for her countrymen and customs of her land; and it is only when her friend and correspondent, Miss Mary Martin, remonstrates with her and pulls her

up for her frequent references of her countrymen as "natives" that she promises to give up the habit. But as she grew she seemed to realise the hapless servility that surrounded her. Her caustic comments on justice as between Indians and Englishmen have lost none of their relevancy. Perhaps a little regretfully she penned these lines :

"We have no real English gentlemen or ladies in India, except a very few. People generally come out to India to make their fortunes, you see, and real gentlemen and ladies very rarely leave their homes and friends for the 'yellow gold'."

With her realisation of the tragedy of India awoke her latent interest in the ancient literature of the country of her birth. She began her serious study of Sanskrit and though forced to interrupt her readings by frequent illnesses she contrived to add to her translations some of the finest verses she ever wrote. "*Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan*" comprise, according to Mr. Edmund Gosse, her chief legacy to posterity. We believe that Toru was gradually coming into her own as she bridged the gap between her foreign culture and her innate instincts bred of a glorious heritage of traditions. There lies the explanation of the great appeal which the few intensely personal poems at the end of the *Ballads* make to us. They reveal the real spirit of Toru's genius and vehemently proclaim the artificiality and limitations of alien culture. We agree with Mr. Thompson's discriminating judgment (in the Supplementary Review at the end of the book) that these few poems are deserving of far higher merit than her translations. And the secret of their charm lies in the realisation by Toru of her own soul. Was it unconscious mockery that penned the last Sonnet in the *Sheaf*?

"The flowers look loveliest in their native soil
Amid their kindred branches; plucked, they fade
And lose the colours Nature on them laid,
Though bound in garlands with assiduous toil."

To Toru was not given the full maturity of experience. Her innocent little heart, the fount and inspiration of her songs, beat to no dithyrambs of life's din and confusion. Her profound study

of literature taught her an "absolute and unaffected exactness" of expression; her native genius broke forth in a rapture of song. But there was not the plenitude of action behind her to give fullness and sense of balance to her work. She had not the time in her short life to plunge into the vortex of life's kaleidoscopic gyrations and her work suffered in consequence. Goethe with a true insight saw that only half the man could be developed unless he threw himself into the stream of life:

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille
Sich ein Character in dem Strom der Welt."

But enough of which could not be. Toru's was a great unfulfilled possibility but we are grateful for the vision of charm and beauty she gave us in her cruelly short years. We would have liked Mr. Harihar Das to have exercised a little more judicious discrimination in the choice of letters he published, but, as it is, his eager enthusiasm has helped us to read the pathos of Toru's life—her beautiful love for all that is gentle and delicate, embracing within its ample fold her tender affection for Aru, her great delight in regaling with sugarcane Gentile and Jeunette (her two horses), her open and unbounded joy in life's simplicities at Baugmaree, coupled with a sadness at her inability to reach again those free shores where she drank deep of the music of poetry and cultivated her sense of freedom of thought.

"Young

As Eve with nature's daybreak on her face,"

would be a suitable description of her work as it is of her charming portrait, *si vivant et si expressif* of the beauty in her soul.

K. C. M.

WHY AMERICA IS NOT IN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

The greatest of the world's Republics has decisively rejected the League of Nations by an overwhelming majority. Shortly after the election, President Harding declared that the League was "now deceased". "The League of Nations", exclaimed the *New York Sun and Herald*, "is deadlier than a door nail". As a political issue in America, observed the *New York Call*, the League "is as vital as a dead cat in a gutter".

During the last four months I have been travelling in Europe, I have had unusual opportunities to meet the statesmen and diplomats of many countries who are the champions of the League of Nations. From the many conferences I had with these men, I find that they have a very grotesque misunderstanding of the reasons which induced the United States to keep out of the League.

The American people are quite willing—as they always have been—to fulfil their international obligations up to the last dollar and the last drop of blood. They are not a nation of back-sliders. But when the pro-Covenant supporters of Europe tell me that "the American people are under obligations to enter the League of Nations upon the terms of the Covenant and subscribe to the peace terms formulated in the treaty", they are not quite clear. One should like to know exactly what these obligations are, what they spring from, and to what they extend. Those who ascribe obligations to America make two gross assumptions. The first one is, as stated by an American journal, that "Mr. Wilson, by appointing himself to be the American representative at the Peace Conference, by helping to formulate the covenant and terms of peace and by giving these his approval, thereby bound the Senate and the people of the United States to acceptance". The other assumption is that the American people are morally obligated to enter any league and support any terms acceptable to governments with which they were associated for the defeat of Germany in the late war. These assumptions are so wild and so extra-

vagant that a mere statement of them is sufficient to dispose of them so far as Americans are concerned. The President had no mandate from the American people to act as their representative at the Peace Conference. "Without consulting members of Congress", wrote *Kansas City Star*, "Mr. Wilson announced his determination to head the peace delegation. When he reached Europe he made the League Covenant the American issue, although it was merely his private issue. In the midst of the deliberations he was informed in writing by Senators whose approval was necessary that the Covenant could not be ratified. Without regard to the warning he proceeded with the treaty as though he had the Senate with him".

It is not possible for any man—not even the President—to compel the American nation to embark on a dangerous international scheme, which it did not approve. Americans are not made of the stuff to submit to the Presidential autocracy. No one, who really knows the American character, need therefore be surprised when the Americans refused to obey Wilson's ukase to accept the covenant.

Let me now mention a few of the most serious reasons which forbade America to enter the League. In the first place there is a general apprehension that a membership in the League would keep America involved in European wars continuously. A little while ago, as many as thirty wars were being waged in the world with the League of Nations in full operation and with a membership of twenty-seven nations. Indeed, the League utterly failed to prevent—if not actually encouraged—one of its own members (Poland) from engaging in one of the most unjust and imperialistic wars which have disgraced Europe this century.

Here in Geneva at the headquarters of the League of Nations, I have been told again and again by some of its highest officials that the League will bring about world peace. Their arguments are, however, far from convincing. They ignore some very fundamental facts. For, how can there be peace so long as there are oppressed peoples, so long as there are nations held in bondage to a conquering race, so long as there are subjugated countries groaning under economic slavery? Moreover, the Carthaginian peace treaty imposed upon Germany and her allies

is bound to breed new quarrels and make it impossible for Europe to settle down to peace and work. "The existing boundaries", writes *The Chicago Herald and Examiner*, "and political systems set up by the treaty are to be maintained by blockade and military force employed against any people dissatisfied with the rule of the principal powers". Indeed, the League will make the world safe not from war, but for war.

European countries have not yet risen to the point of governing for the benefit of the governed. In spite of the high-sounding words and unctuous phrases in the Paris document, the dominant motive of the imperialistic countries is not service. "There would be no scramble for mandates if service was the predominant idea", says Mr. William Jennings Bryan, the peerless leader of the Democratic Party, in his organ *The Commoner*. "But service is not the predominant idea; it is commercial advantage and we would at once become involved in the schemes of the commercial nations, each seeking an advantage over the other. We should not do justice to any of the rivals without offending the others and we could not favour outsiders without doing injustice to domestic interests." Commercial imperialism will reign supreme. Political imperialism will go on blithely as before. And the technique of imperialism, in the countries of rich resources, will remain the same to-morrow as to-day. But what is this technique from the American point of view? It is, as set forth in the terse language of *The New York Nation*, "to emphasize internal disorder, the peril to investments, the insults to foreigners, to intervene benevolently on behalf of order and justice, and to annex the territory for the sake of its inhabitants and the cause of democracy. Subject peoples become a sacred burden, exploitable raw materials a public trust, and great possessions great responsibilities." The League of Nations, will, in short, become a camouflage machine of political and economic conquest. Hence it is that the American people with liberal sympathies look upon the Covenant with doubt and suspicion.

Provision has been made by which subjects of vital interest could be appealed from the Council to the full League; but there England has six votes and America only one, and the decision is

binding. It is rather strange that the United States with several millions of more English-speaking people than there are in the whole of the British Empire should have one vote, while England no less than six. Moreover, on matters where the United States is a party to the controversy before the Council, America will have no vote at all, and hence will lose even the veto power. Isn't that a beautiful arrangement?

No discussion of the League of Nations would be complete without a reference to the Monroe Doctrine, which is the basic principle of the American foreign policy. There is, however, only a scant reference to the Monroe Doctrine in the Covenant. It provides that nothing shall nullify "regional understandings, such as the Monroe Doctrine". Now, the Monroe Doctrine is not most emphatically a regional understanding. It covers the entire New World. "Continents are not in any political sense regions", says a recent Paris edition of *The Chicago Tribune*, "and the Monroe Doctrine is not an understanding. It is an assertion. It has stood without the asked for consent of any nation. It has been agreeable to British policy. It has been hostile to French and Germany. It has stood as the peace protecting policy of the United States, and it has operated for nearly a hundred years to keep North and South America from European complications, aggressions, conquests, and wars. Because of it Europe was not fighting in Asia and Africa during the war. It is a tried instrument of peace."

Now this great Doctrine, under the treaty, is to be interpreted by the League! How absurd! America has always interpreted the Monroe Doctrine alone. It is American policy. No one has ever attempted to interpret it, and no one will ever be given that right even by the most remote implication.

America minds her own business, just as she wants others to mind theirs. But the Covenant, through its prerogative to interpret the Monroe Doctrine, would have this altered now. "When George Washington", declared Senator Reed in voicing the popular sentiment upon the subject, "compelled Cornwallis to haul down the flag of Great Britain at Yorktown he established the right of American citizens to attend to the business of America. When Woodrow Wilson left the peace table at Versailles he had

sought to grant the right to attend to America's business to the representatives of thirty-one nations.....The man who is willing to give to any nation or assemblage of nations to mind the business of the American people ought to disclaim American citizenship and emigrate to the country he is willing to have mind America's business for her."

Closely connected with the Monroe Doctrine is the Article X of the Covenant which makes the League virtually a military alliance. This article, generally called "the heart of the Covenant", is :

"The members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League. In case of any such aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled".

Under this plan, if the United States enters the League it will be obliged to protect the territorial integrity of member nations by its own physical resources. What does this really mean? It means that the "United States becomes involved in all the European disputes and accepts the obligation to put its armed forces at the disposal of a League the majority of whose members have their own ambitions and are out of touch with the ideals and habits that move the American people". It means, in short, American troops to Europe, Africa and Asia whenever the next outbreak occurs.

The treaty has set up something like ten new sovereignties in eastern and southern Europe. The treaty, having apportioned a large part of the remaining inhabitants of the earth among France, Italy, Greece, Japan and England, wishes to obligate the United States for ever to preserve these territories as established. This arrangement, observes Senator Cummins, is "an immoral, destructive and impossible obligation for a free country to undertake." It will make weak people weaker, and oppressed people more heavily oppressed. It will destroy the power of the subjugated nations to revolt against tyranny. As the League is now

constituted, all the countries would unite to protect any League government against civil war or revolution. Had there been a League of Nations, it would have prevented the United States from leaving England, it would have forbidden the French people from changing their most abominable monarchy into a magnificent republic. "If government were perfect everywhere", writes an American journal, "a league to keep everything as it is would be all right. But is government perfect anywhere?"

Moreover, Article X threatens to impair the sovereignty of the United States. Under its provisions, a Supreme Council assumes to direct the American government how to meet its obligations and determine whether it must send troops overseas. Pushed to its logical conclusions, this dangerous article takes from the American Congress its constitutional power to declare war. It will involve the United States in war without the consent of the Congress. Americans will never surrender their sovereignty. They will never consent to leave the integrity of the nation to foreign powers, and allow them to decide whether American soldiers shall be sent to far lands whenever European, Asiatic, or African boundary lines are overstepped by an external enemy.

From this it will be evident why almost the entire body of patriotic American liberal opinion is opposed to the League of Nations: it will violate the sovereignty of the Republic. Then, too, the League is "nothing but an organization of the victorious nations to safeguard the spoils. But America has received no spoils of war and America does not need the League of Nations to safeguard anything she has." After all, the League is a nice little game of imperialistic European diplomats. The only trouble is that America is not in mood to sit out the game. How inconsiderate!

SUDHINDRA BOSE.

Geneva, Switzerland.

"I suppose then she is not a native?"

"She has lived here nearly all her life," replied Mrs. Penrith.

It was not long before Ralph made the acquaintance of the schoolmistress; not altogether an unusual circumstance in a hamlet where everybody knows each other, and usually their business as well. It was perhaps a little remarkable the number of times they met, apparently quite by accident. If Ralph went to St. Kern in the evening he nearly always chanced upon Ruth either going or coming; and if she walked along the cliffs it was strange how frequently the idea struck Ralph for a ramble there also. In these encounters both found plenty to interest them. Ralph was fond of art in all its branches and Ruth although in some respects a country girl yet in music and education was far beyond her station.

One particularly fine Saturday Ralph suggested that she should go with him to the Lizard, and see Kynance Cove. The day was lovely, and the sea smooth so Ruth consented. Directly the steamer, a transformed tug, from Falmouth put in to call for passengers, the two embarked. They both enjoyed the passage immensely. It was the first time Ralph had seen Cornwall from the sea, and the undulating cliffs, rocky crags and sheltered coves filled him with delight. Upon landing at the Lizard they set off to walk to Kynance along the coast. On the way Ralph told her the story of Tristram and Iseult, and how unhappy the ill-fated pair were in their love. Fortunately the tide was low and they were able to see the rocks changing colour as the waves covered and uncovered them in the sunlight.

"One cannot help being romantic here," said Ruth, looking out at the blue sea.

"No, not even motor cars have entirely killed beauty in England," replied Ralph.

"I wonder if Tristram and Iseult really ever walked along these shores, and lay down in the sun and watched passing ships! Do you think the scene has changed much since those days?"

"Very little, I imagine. A little deeper indentations in the cliffs, a greater stretch of sand, that's all."

"A thousand years hence it will appear exactly the same as it does to-day," said the girl musingly.

"A thousand years is but a second in geological time," answered Ralph. "Let me read you a few of Swinburne's lines on Kynance," continued the young man, "I like to conjure up the past until it becomes the present."

Opening "*Tristram of Lyonesse*" at the canto which describes the Cove, Ralph proceeded to read that wonderful description of sea and land.

When Ralph had finished they walked back to the Lizard to catch the steamer, and as they went their conversation was of Arthur, and the ancient days, of mailed knights, and langourous maidens.

This episode was only the beginning of many such until the pleasant intimacy which existed between them merged into real affection. Ralph, however, did not speak. It seemed at the time so unnecessary and there were no possible rivals, and none of the conventions of the more sophisticated townlife to prevent him seeing Ruth as often as he pleased.

One day after she had come out of school, they went to the fields where haymaking was in progress, or to use the rustic parlance, "'ay cuttin' ". The sun was shining in a clear sky and a gentle breeze off the sea tempered the air. For some time they watched the men and women at work, as they turned the hay. At length Ruth suggested that it would be less tiring to sit, and so together they seated themselves on the sweet smelling grass.

"Wouldn't you like to help?" queried the girl, as she lay back and looked idly into the sky.

"When I was a clerk," answered Ralph, "I should have done so gladly, but now a lazy life is making me lazy. Besides, I have you to entertain."

"Oh, don't consider me."

"That's the last thing I shall do," replied the young man, but in a tone which belied the words.

As he spoke Ralph felt an irresistible desire to tell his love, to claim the girl by his side as his own. And it must be admitted that any young man would have been justified in so doing. Ruth

THE WAY O' THINGS.

The hamlet of Prallow lies in a hollow between high cliffs stretching on one hand towards Falmouth and on the other towards the Lizard. At night the revolving lights from both lighthouses are visible. Ralph Hodson, tired and hungry, arrived at Mrs. Penrith's cottage, a warm room and supper awaiting him. Having refreshed the inner man he felt more contented and certainly more inclined to take a cheerful view of life.

When he had smoked his pipe Ralph went out to look at the cove and the hamlet where he had come to stay. It was dark now, but the mist had passed away and the stars were shining. He walked down to the beach, and as everyone does, whose home is not by the sea, threw pebbles into it. Having tired of this aimless pastime he strolled back enjoying the perfect calm after the incessant roar and hubbub of London. He stopped at the gate of Mrs. Penrith's cottage and leant upon it drinking in refreshment and peace. After he had stood for a few minutes thus, from a cottage a little nearer the sea on the opposite side of the road he heard the sound of piano. It was obvious to him that someone was idly letting her fingers run over the keyboard. The effect however was not that of a beginner strumming, it was the careless improvisation of a musician. Soon, the opening bars of a song Ralph knew well were played and a deep passionate contralto voice began to sing a setting of one of the lyrics from "A Shropshire Lad."

"From far, from eve and morning
And yon twelve-winded sky,
The stuff of life to knit me
Blew hither : here am I."

"Now for a breath I tarry
Nor yet disperse apart—
Take my hand quick and tell me,
What you have in your heart."

"Speak now, and I will answer ;
How can I help you, say ;
Ere to the wind's twelve quarters
I take my endless way."

Ralph listened with growing attention to the song perfectly rendered, with a passion and pathos which betrayed the keen perception of a highly trained mind as well as musical ability. To say that he was enraptured is not to overstate the case, although it must be admitted that the hour, time, and circumstance may have contributed somewhat towards the enhancement he felt. No more singing or playing was forthcoming and soon he saw the light put out in the cottage and the only sound was the break of the waves on the beach of the Cove.

As it was late and he was tired after his long journey Ralph entered the cottage and retired to bed, but not before he had resolved to find out who the singer might be.

Thus early in his newly acquired freedom Fate began to spread the net destined speedily to envelop the young man in the meshes of tragic circumstance.

Ralph rose early the next day and while awaiting breakfast walked to the beach and strolled slowly home. As he was entering the door he saw a young girl come out of the cottage where the singing had proceeded from the previous night, and he lingered to scrutinise her carefully. She was not pretty or beautiful, her features being too irregular, but she had large blue eyes and a mouth betokening keen sensibility. She had no characteristic which stood as unusually fine yet she had a face and figure one would instinctively notice. Ruth Polgarth, for such was her name, came up to the cottage with a jug in her hand and asked Mrs. Penrith for milk. Ralph went into his room and sat down to breakfast.

As his landlady was clearing away he said casually

"Was that young lady at the door just now the one who sang last night?"

"Yes, sir," was the answer, "she is the schoolmistress here."

her passionate nature she lived through the scene in which Isolde curses Tristan and finally offers him the death-potion which is really the love draught. To her the love duet in the second act was a pure delight equalled by nothing she had ever conceived, and the third act with the death of Tristan and the lyrical outburst of Isolde over his body, in the "Liebestod" moved her as only a temperament such as hers can be moved.

"That is what I should do if anything happened to you, Ralph."

"Nonsense, people don't do that in real life."

"They can't really love, then."

"They don't, as 'Tristan and Isolde' loved. What we have seen is the veil of life lifted a moment, if it endured long we should die."

Ralph took her home and talked of the Opera and the great happiness awaiting them to-morrow. He bade her good-night and turned to go.

"Good-bye, dearest," he said.

"Wait a moment, Ralph, I have something to tell and show you."

"It is late now," he answered, "keep it till to-morrow."

"No, I would rather tell you to-night."

"Go on, dearest, what is it?"

"I have never told you," replied the girl, "the secret of my parentage. I wanted you to think me just a country girl. But I feel that I ought to let you know that I am a waif thrown up by the sea. An old fisherman and his wife named Polgarth adopted and brought me up."

"But why tell me now?" said Ralph. "I love you for yourself and care not a jot though you be a waif of the sea."

"I want you to realise that I am not a fisherman's daughter," replied Ruth, with a touch of female snobbery. "And here is the proof," she said, taking a ring and a locket out of her pocket, and handing them to him.

Ralph took them and looked. The ring was a signet and had a crest—a lion couchant between two flags—engraved on it, and the locket on the back was marked "T.H."

The young man started suddenly and said in a hard voice,

"Are you sure these are yours? Can you swear it, Ruth?"

"Of course I can, Ralph dear."

"My God!" he exclaimed and sat down with the perspiration pouring down his face.

Little wonder at his perturbation. The crest was his and the locket engraved with his mother's initials. Fate or chance had indeed played them a scurvy trick.

"How old were you when found?" he questioned at length.

"About two years of age. But what's the matter?" continued the girl. "Surely this little thing can make no difference."

"Make no difference,—none at all, dearest," bitterly replied the young man with cutting irony.

"Why, then, are you so pale and trembling?"

Ralph stood up and controlling himself to the best of his ability said,

"Ruth, I have discovered something, which will take a lot of thinking over. I must go and be alone."

"Don't you love me now, Ralph?"

"Love you, Ruth, better than all the world, but I must be alone. Good-bye."

He strode out of the room into the street.

It was a terrible situation to be in. So nearly to marry his sister, who had never been a sister. To go by chance to a little fishing cove and find there a girl whom he had learnt to love and finally to discover that she was his sister who, he believed to have been drowned years before. One thing was certain, Ruth must never know, but how was he to avoid telling her? Thus he passed on, musing and cursing his fate. Heedlessly he rambled, crossing streets and taking turnings without noticing, blind in his terrible grief. Unknowingly he arrived at Piccadilly and stepped into the road. There was a warning cry, a thud of a body knocked down and the bump of the motor bus as it passed over him—Ralph was beyond feeling grief and pain for ever.

* * * * *

A few months after a slim figure clothed entirely in black moved quietly and sadly about a little parlour. Ruth had come back to Prallow to live. Life for her had lost all interest and she

as she lay back in the hay made a picture of youth and happiness hard to beat. He looked at her with quickening pulse and shortened breath for some moments, then slowly he took her hand, held it for a second and dropped it.

"What a pretty ring that is," he said.

"I don't much care for it," responded the girl, flushing a little.

He again took her hand pretending to look at the ring. Suddenly he bent down and kissed her hand. The girl snatched it away quickly.

"I don't like that."

"Now don't pretend to be cross."

"But I don't—really."

"Ruth, if you make a fuss I shall kiss you on the cheek."

Without waiting for a reply Ralph stooped and kissed her. Ruth flushed and for a moment it appeared she was likely to be angry. Then looking at him, she said with a laugh,

"You had better balance it."

So Ralph stooped again and kissed her on the other cheek. Soon after they arose and went home.

Ralph called in later that evening at Ruth's cottage ostensibly to have some music, but really to find an opportunity of formally asking Ruth to become his wife. He prevailed on her to sing some songs and he also joined her in a duet. At the close she said,

"It's hot here, let us go in the garden."

Ralph opened the door and Ruth walked out. He did not follow her but stayed a little behind standing in the middle of the doorway.

"Ruth," he said, and his voice as he spoke was pitched higher than usual and shook.

The girl turned quickly.

"Yes."

"Come here."

Slowly Ruth walked up to him, a smile on her face.

"What do you want?"

Ralph put his hands on her shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"I want," he said deliberately, "I want you to give me the right to do always, what I did in the hayfield this afternoon."

"Are you serious?" said the girl.

"Absolutely."

"Then you may, dearest."

Ralph folded her in his arms and for that night at least those were two happy living souls.

Thus again was Nature carrying out the eternal plan of life, using fresh material, employing new implements in the accomplishment of her purpose. But behind the plan of Nature there lurked something greater, something more tragic, more sinister, which seemed to breathe in breaking wave, in gentle breeze as the lovers walked together—"*Thou shalt not.*" Unfortunately neither they nor the onlookers could perceive the figure or hear the voice.

Contrary to the Poet's dictum the course of true love in this case did run straight. Ralph and Ruth were perfectly happy. It was decided as neither had any relatives to consult that the marriage should take place soon, in fact directly the school at which Ruth was mistress broke up. Ralph determined to have the ceremony performed in London where he intended to spend his honeymoon before returning to Cornwall. And so the last week in July they travelled up together. Ruth went to stay with some friends for a day or two while Ralph put up at an hotel. As may be imagined he did not miss the opportunity of showing Ruth "the sights" of London. Once she said,

"I shouldn't like to live here always."

"You won't have to," replied the young man.

It was the evening before the wedding and Ralph, as a signal mark of the occasion, had designed a great treat.

"I am going to take you to the Opéra to-night," he said.

"How lovely! Ralph, what is it?"

"My favourite—'*Tristan and Isolde.*'"

Ruth had never heard an opera before of any description, much less Wagner's overwhelming tragedy of love and death. She sat through the first act spellbound by the music and hypnotised by the singing and acting. Ignorant as she was of modern music, it made an instantaneous appeal to her nature. With

performed the necessary household duties quite mechanically. It was growing dark and she lighted the lamp. Sighing she went to the piano and started to play the opening phrases of the "Liebestod," singing at the same time.

"Soft and mildly is he smiling,
See his eyelids open sweetly
See, my comrades, how he beameth
Ever brighter, bathed in starlight....."

There was a knock at the door. Ruth arose and opened it with more than the suspicion of tears in her eyes.

"Can I come in, Miss Polgarth?"

"Oh, it's you, Mr. Jones. Come in."

A short and fat man with a high-pitched and weezy voice, entered the room dressed in the conventional parson's collar and coat.

"I thought as I was passing I would call in," said the reverend gentleman, peering round the room, until his eyes fixed on the open score of "Tristan" on the piano.

"I am pleased to see you," said Ruth without enthusiasm.

"I hope you are not still brooding over the sad event," went on Mr. Jones, and, pointing at the music, "such stuff is not very Christian in sentiment."

"At least it soothes me a little."

"Ah! my dear Miss Polgarth, we must all remember—each one of us—that God is Love."

Ruth looked up quickly and put her hands on her face, her elbows resting on the table.

"Are you sure—quite sure of that?" she said quietly.

EVERARD GILBERT-COOPER.

COMMERCIAL MISCELLANY.

With this issue we commence a series of talks on matters of industrial and commercial interest. It is not proposed to offer a comprehensive survey, but an attempt will be made to present the subject from varied points of view. We do not claim partisanship but we believe in dispassionate criticism of what is wrong and detrimental to the material betterment of the country, being open and frank.

EDITORS.

A TALK ON ASSURANCE.

I

Life assurance like every other form of insurance is merely a contract of indemnity to damnify the insured person for the loss sustained on the happening of the event insured against—in this case death—but unlike other forms of insurance it is not possible to reduce to a monetary value the actual loss sustained. It behoves life offices therefore and ultimately if necessary the law-courts to watch that people do not assure their lives out of all proportion to their means and position in life nor gamble on the lives of others by whose deaths they incur no loss.

In its earliest days the life assurance contract was of the simplest :—merely in consideration of payment of the premium or subscription, a fixed sum, or a proportion of the accumulations, this latter system being soon abandoned as unsound), was paid on the death of the assured : no surrender value or other return in the event of discontinuing the premium nor share in the profits made being allowed. In process of time however in deference to competition and from a sense of fairness all the various concessions and privileges now enjoyed were gradually evolved, the endowment assurance and other special forms of policy being later and natural developments. By means of these a life policy has now so developed from the simple death-indemnity that it originally

was that by a combination of different forms of assurance and annuities it has now generally become a remunerative and attractive form of investment, which it is difficult to equal or surpass by other means, in addition to the death-indemnity, more particularly for the rich man to whom the family provision is a secondary consideration and who can afford relatively large sums for investment. Practically every conceivable contingency can be met and provided for by various combinations. Only too frequently however people forget or ignore the primary or main outstanding object of life assurance and regard it too much from the personal or investment point of view. This does not so much matter for the man who takes a policy mainly as an investment and to whom family provision is a secondary consideration but how often is or should this be the case? With the rapid spread of education in these days it should hardly be necessary to have to emphasise the extreme utility of, nay, absolute necessity and obligation for life assurance as a death provision in the case of the very large majority of the inhabitants of any country and while in the abstract few people would wish to deny this, when it comes to the practical personal application how many fail to act up to it? The various poor-laws or their equivalent, the numerous charitable institutions, orphanages, private charity, the recognised necessity for State or compulsory insurance and pensions introduced in European countries and yet in spite of all these the widespread want and distress known to all is convincing and incontestible proof enough of this fact, if any proof is wanted. Yet in life assurance in some form or forms, and in life assurance alone, can a remedy for this state of affairs be found. Thus life assurance has a National and Imperial aspect as well as a personal one. The war has proved, if it has proved nothing else, that the individual must sink his individuality and that all must work together for the good of the State, even if at some apparent present sacrifice to themselves as only by so doing do they secure their own good in its truest, highest and most permanent sense. Fortunately in this matter of life assurance the process is simplified for the individual as he only needs to look to the good of his own family in order to best serve the State. If this principle is in the main conceded then it follows that no man without sufficient

private means has any more right to refuse to assure his life than he has to refuse his family bread; and not only so but that he has no right to refuse to assure it for any smaller sum than will maintain his family in some such position as that in which they have been brought up and to which they have been accustomed. Some may say "That is excellent in theory and life assurance is a most excellent institution but I personally cannot afford it." The reply to that is "You can and must afford it and you would find the way if you thoroughly realised your duty and acted up to it." If your wife or child gets ill you do not sit down and cry that you cannot afford a doctor but you simply call him in and by self-denial or otherwise so re-arrange your affairs as to be able to afford his help. So too in other matters in which your own immediate personal interest is aroused. But the man who knows that if he was to die to-morrow or next month or next year his wife and children would be reduced to straightened circumstances, if not to actual want, what right has he to close his eyes and ears to the fact and without making any effort be satisfied to plead that he cannot afford to assure? Remember that however poor a man may be there is always some one else who is poorer. He almost certainly has friends who have a smaller income than himself and yet they manage to pull along somehow and very often just as comfortably as he does himself. Emulate their example and the necessary margin for that policy will find itself. If it was the man himself who was to be reduced to poverty to-morrow or next year or even 20 years hence and he knew that he could absolutely and certainly avert it by so simple and so cheap a means as a life policy do you believe that he would still plead inability? I very greatly doubt it.

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It is not pleasant to realise it but if one looks facts straight in the face I think that one must admit that the man who goes his own way day after day knowing full well that his wife and family are wholly or insufficiently provided for and is content to silence his conscience with the old old plea of inability is nothing but a selfish coward; the worst enemy of his kith and kin and a traitor to the State. Whether he so acts wilfully or thoughtlessly makes no difference in fact and little in degree. If it was

the man himself who was to suffer personally for his neglect after his death would he ever rest until he had done everything that lay in his power to provide for it? I think not. Why then just because it is another—and that his nearest and dearest—who is to suffer, and because it is a future not a present contingency why, I say, should he be *allowed* to ignore his most obvious duty which should be at once his greatest pleasure and pride? The ease of mind engendered by the knowledge that, come what may, his dear ones are provided for will be found in itself more than ample recompense for any sacrifice involved and will not a little strengthen him for the battle of life both morally and physically. One thing more, having secured your assurance hold on to it. Never allow yourself to be induced to let it go unless you are satisfied that you can secure a really better policy elsewhere and even then secure that better policy first *before* you let the other go. It can hardly be necessary to expose the all too common fallacy that a provident fund or private savings are in any sense the equivalent of a life-policy. They might be provided if you could guarantee that you would live 20, 25 or 30 years or so and could be certain of your ability and willingness to add your contribution or saving regularly and without a break; but not otherwise. They are both excellent in themselves but make certain of the future by getting the life policy first and then by all means invest your surplus as you will.

Some one may say "All that is very true but it is not every one who can assure as life offices always decline some risks." That unfortunately is only too true but even there the fault lies largely with the public. Investigations into the subject have led to the conclusion that in the large majority of declinatures delay has been one of the chief factors. Many a life which has been declined to-day would have been accepted if it had been proposed yesterday. Further if every man in our ideal State proposed for assurance it is practically certain that an assurable value of some sort could be assigned to every life. Life assurance is based on the law of averages and if a sufficient number of lives was offering, good, bad and indifferent, it is almost certain that it would be found possible to calculate rates at which practically every life could be assured.

II

The special form of assurance, known as Industrial, which is making great headway in Europe and elsewhere has hardly as yet even been seriously contemplated in this country and for technical reasons and others it would hardly seem at present within the bounds of practical politics, except perhaps to a very limited extent in specially selected instances. This is all the more regrettable as probably in no other country is such benefit more required than in India but with the spread of education it is not too much to hope that a way may be found to overcome the many and manifest difficulties. This fact however in no way lessens the duty laid on all to do what in him lies towards the evolution of our ideal State in which poverty and destitution are at a minimum.

Industrial assurance is a scheme of death-provision for the working man conducted on exactly the same principles as ordinary life assurance: only the sum assured and premium both being small. As the work-man is usually paid weekly in most countries the premium is also collected weekly. The word "collected" is used deliberately as the assured cannot be expected to take or send the premium to the Company or its local agent as in ordinary life assurance and "collectors" consequently have to be employed to make house to house visits for the realisation of the weekly amounts due. This entails heavy expenditure on the Company as is shown by the fact that according to the latest available accounts of sixteen Industrial Offices in England the expenses averaged 45.3 per cent. of the premium income. The system moreover is liable to certain abuses, and it is impossible to avoid the suspicion that some portion of the premiums collected never get as far as the office. Notwithstanding all drawbacks the system works well on the whole and has conferred enormous benefits on the families of those who have been wise enough to avail themselves of it.

As mentioned above however there are obvious difficulties in the way of its application to India although it would be almost impossible to exaggerate its value and desirability under Indian labour conditions. The two greatest

obstacles, which for the moment appear almost insurmountable, lie (1) in the fact that Indian labour is very largely casual and (2) in the practical impossibility of preventing abuses. That labour is still very largely casual the records of any mill or other large works will probably amply bear out. This in practice would mean that after one, two or more payments the subscriber would be lost sight of with the result that he would lose the money he had already paid while the Company would lose the business which would thereby go off their books. As regards abuses, while these are difficult enough to guard against and prevent in England there is only too much reason to fear—taking the difference in education etc. into account—that the situation would be very much worse in this country. Technical difficulties also stand in the way, such as the absence of any reliable data on which to base rates, etc., and first attempts therefore would be entirely empirical which would not be conducive to successful working; but although this is an undoubted difficulty it would not in itself render the business impossible. The writer knows of a scheme which was carefully worked out a few years ago with a view to introducing the benefits of industrial assurance to a small and strictly limited section of the community but when it came to translate theory into practice it had reluctantly to be abandoned. Likewise an attempt was actually made a few years ago in a small and tentative way but it too came to nothing for financial reasons.

Trade-Unionism is trying to make a start in this country but is itself—so it appears to the writer—faced with very similar difficulties. If however it can solve these satisfactorily it ought to be perfectly feasible to devise a scheme whereby industrial assurance could be combined and worked together with trade-unionism. Just one word of warning:—care must be taken not to confuse industrial assurance with Benefit Societies. The former is an actuarially sound and workable proposition but the latter, unless it approximates the principles of the former as some of the best do, is otherwise fundamentally unsound. Further discussion of these points and how best to combine assurance and trade-unionism is not within the scope of this article.

I. ALSTON.

BRITISH INDIAN SEA CUSTOMS DUTIES AND INDIAN STATES.

One of the chief sources from which the Government of India can hope to derive an increased amount of revenue to meet the growing expenditure caused by the war debt and the requirements of civilization, would be the sea customs duty. It is easy to collect and being an indirect tax is not felt.

Under the influence of the free trade doctrines, the sea customs duty, until a few years ago, was levied for revenue purposes only. Even under the stress of the expenditure caused by the war, the object has been adhered to. Although there was an all round enhancement and the levy of the duty on many hitherto free articles, yet, except perhaps in the case of the cotton cloth, to only a slight extent, it had no taint of protection. It is only lately that apparently a protectionist policy has been adopted in the case of raw hides. It is, however, more in the interests of the British Empire than of India. But it shows the direction in which the wind is blowing. It is almost certain that this source will be increasingly utilised for the purposes of revenue as well as for protectionist purposes.

Apart from them there is one more reason why this source must be looked to for supporting the increased expenditure of the nation. In all industrially advanced countries, the land revenue bears a progressively less ratio to the revenue from other sources. At present it brings in about one-third of the income to the exchequer and although it is likely to be increased, due to high prices and general prosperity, yet as India progresses industrially its income from other sources will be more increased.

But while British India would be perfectly justified in looking to these sources for meeting its increased wants, yet it should not, and cannot legitimately, desire to profit at the cost of others. Such would be the case if it fails, as it has hitherto failed, to take account of the inland Indian States.

By reasons of its geographical, no less than political position, the British Government holds a predominant position in

India . But its relations with the numerous Indian States are regulated by means of treaties or other solemn engagements. Freedom from British taxation is their predominant feature. In that respect they stand on an equality with European States, like, for instance, Switzerland.

This fact, however, is ignored in the case of the sea Customs duties. As at present enforced they operate as transit duties. Recognizing their deleterious effect on trade the Government of India abolished all other transit duties, the last of them disappearing in 1870. But it was not until 1887 that it succeeded in inducing the last of the Indian States to do away with them. While abolishing it some of them did so unconditionally, while others reserved their right to levy them, in case they wished to revive them. It is unthinkable that they could ever do so in view of the development of the means of communication in the country, but is not the British Government morally bound not to levy any duties in the nature of transit duties?

The trade of the inland Indian States is with the ports. Goods, which are there in the market, have already paid the sea customs duty and they come to the territories of the Indian States burdened with it. Even if their subjects were to arrange for the import or export of goods directly from or to foreign countries, the customs authorities at the ports, as at present guided, will enforce the duty on the arrival of goods there.

The result is that even if the subjects of the States arranged for direct imports or exports, they cannot escape the sea customs duty. The Governments of States are also handicapped because for fear of burdening their subjects too much, as their own duties impose an additional burden, they cannot derive the advantage from their State duties. So neither can these be utilised for revenue purposes and assuredly not for protective objects. Even as it is the subjects of the States, which at all levy a customs duty, are doubly taxed. The Indian States, however, on their part, to respect the undertaking of not levying transit duties, grant drawbacks on goods even breaking bulk in their territories.

This situation had arisen in America and Europe, but has been impartially solved. Goods intended for Canada going

through the port of New York, when not breaking bulk there and passing in bond, are allowed to pass duty free. The same is the arrangement in the case of Switzerland. In the case of Servia, as it existed before the Balkan War, a strip of land was allowed for its goods at the port of Salonica and they were then carried by rail to Servia.

In India too the British Government has not been unmindful of the claims of some Indian States at least. When the Government of India abolished the last of the transit duties in 1870, it entered into special negotiations with the State of Cashmere not to charge customs duty on goods passing through it. Probably a similar arrangement existed with Afghanistan for goods intended for that country. In the case of the maritime State of Travancore, the Government of India placed no customs barrier on its frontier on the former's undertaking to enforce the latter's tariff at its ports. Recently the same arrangement has been entered into with the maritime States of Kathiawar and Gujraht. It is believed that if Mysore builds its own railway to Bhatkal or Mangalore, it will be allowed the same facilities. In fact the principle adopted in the case of the Indian maritime States, has been followed in the case of inland States in the matter of the cloth Excise duties. The cloth produced in mills located in such States is allowed to come freely to British India if it has paid the same duty to the State.

Justice demands that the Indian States should get the same relief as regards sea customs. Different methods can be suggested under this head. One method would be to allow the goods coming from other countries by sea to be consigned to a place in *e.g.* the Holkar States in bond, without breaking bulk at the port of entry. Special seals would be placed on the parcels, or on the whole railway trucks by the customs officials at the port, and the railway authorities would be required to deliver the consignment with seals unbroken beyond the British territory. Another method would be to allow the Holkar State to have the right to acquire at each port a strip of land at the Docks on which it could erect its own warehouse and customs stations. The State Customs duties would be levied here, and goods would be consigned from here to the State under the seal of the Holkar

State customs. This method has the advantage that consignments from abroad could be broken and sub-divided at the port town itself, the British duty being paid only on the part not entered into or retained in the State warehouse. A third method would be for the British Indian Government to collect at British Ports customs rates on all goods consigned direct from abroad to a place within the Holkar State and conversely an export duty on goods consigned from the Holkar State to a foreign country, and to credit and pay over to the account of the Holkar State the exact amount of such collections. The fourth method would be to allow the collection of customs to continue as at present, but for the British Government to pay over to the Holkar State a share of the whole customs revenue. Finally the method already prevalent in India in the case of re-exports by sea and by certain specified land routes may be adopted. (This method resembles (1) in certain points.) If the re-exports be by sea the British Government allows a drawback of $7/8$ th of the import duty.* Re-exports by land are allowed a drawback only if the goods* 'in bond' reach Jammu or Cashmere. Muzaffarabad and Alibag† as also on those transmitted under customs seal by the Hoshiarpur route through British India and the territories of His Highness the Maharaja of Cashmere and‡ Jammu. In the case of the Holkar State, in compliance with sub-section (5) of para, 223 of the Calcutta Customs House Manual or any similar code, the customs authorities may send the duplicate of the invoice direct to the Agent to the Governor-General in Central India.

This last method seems to be the most appropriate for adoption in the case of Indore, since it is already in force in India for which the customs House at the ports of entry are in possession of adequate laws. It has moreover this feature to recommend it that it would secure the distribution of the customs revenue not according to the number of population merely or the

*See s. 42 of the Sea Customs Act 1878.

†See Calcutta Customs House Manual standing orders page 85, para 223.

‡*Ibid*, page 86, para 224.

income of a State but according to the volume of trade which may be taken as a reliable index of the economic development of a State.

When the British Indian duties were small and the subjects of Indian States had not become cognizant of the drawbacks of purchases in the ports only, the question did not attract much attention. Now the British Indian duties bid fair to be greatly enhanced and extended. The wants of the Governments of the Indian States, which cannot remain aloof from the progress in thought and material prosperity in the surrounding territories, are increasing and they must have expanding finances to meet them. Such a fruitful source of revenue as the customs duty cannot long be cut off from them.

Once the principle of how to meet the legitimate demands of the Indian States is settled, a few other questions of detail will require solution. But they would be matters of detail. If India is to progress and prosper it must do so as a whole. One part of it cannot prosper at the cost of another. The question requires solution at the hands of politicians as well as of economists.

M. V. KIBE.

CULTURAL PROBLEMS OF FACTORY LABOUR.

One of the greatest social problems which India is facing to-day is that of providing cultural facilities for her labouring classes, especially in the large industrial centres. Man cannot live by bread alone. There must be something else to satisfy his moral and intellectual cravings. This, country life supplies to a more or less extent.

Agriculture is not only an occupation, but a mode of life. The calmness and quietude of the country, the freshness of the air, the georgeousness of the rising and setting sun, the magnificence of the oriental sky, the green verdure of perennial vegetation, with fruits and flowers following one another in rapid succession—all these cannot fail to create a spirit of awe and admiration in the Indian farmer and form not only the background of his moral and spiritual being, but all his economic activities as well. The very piece of land which he cultivates as a means of livelihood, he inherits from his forefathers and bequeathes to his children as a sacred trust, and his spirit is thus imbued with the feeling of continuity of life, in which he is merely a link. Nor less important is the moral and spiritual influence of his relatives and the neighbours with whom he comes into close contact and to whom his life is an open book. It is again the village elders who more or less regulate his public activities. The village life is a social, political and industrial whole of which the cultivator is only a part.

With the migration of a large number of people from the country to the city has arisen, however, the problem of developing new cultural ideals. The industrial life in the city means not only a change in the occupation of the labourer, but also the adoption of a new mode of life. The conditions of city life are vastly different from those of the country or village. In place of the chime of the temple bell or the prayer call of the minaret of the mosque, it is the factory whistle which awakens the labourer from his unfinished sleep. He works with tools and implements

which do not belong to him. He dwells in a house which he does not own. Instead of the village priest or the family preceptor, it is the trade union man or the employment agent who is a constant caller. It is not the chant of the Ramayana or the Koran under the banyan tree, but the voice of the street corner agitator that greets his ears. The monotony of life is broken not by the advent of a saint with his message of the immortality of soul, but by a labour leader bringing the news of his recent labour victory. Thus, socially and industrially the labourer is in an environment wholly different from that in the country.

Urban life is not, however, without its bright side. Ideas and events which crowd upon one another in quick succession have also their moral and intellectual significance. Many desires which remain dormant or are suppressed under the localism and sectionalism of the country, find channels of expression in the city. The contact with different classes of people awakens new ideals and aspirations which can be realized only in the broader atmosphere of the city. Life in the city is more extensive than in the rural community. In fact, the city offers a better opportunity for self-development than does the country.

In the very awakening of desires and aspirations lies the danger of urban life, unless adequate provisions are made for their realization and satisfaction. The city is full of temptations. Drinking, gambling and other vices are much more common there than in the country. In the city a man feels much more free from restraint, most of his neighbours and fellow-workers are strangers. There are very few who are really interested in his affairs. Thus, in the midst of a crowd, man is often lonesome and necessarily seeks diversion. Even the family ties are not so strong in the city as they are in the country. Since most of the workers in India live away from their families, their sense of responsibility also becomes weaker. Moreover the earnings of the workers, especially of the younger persons, instead of becoming a part of the budget of the joint family as in the country, remains individual property which they can dispose of at will. Since all human desires have not ethical ends as their goal, and as youth especially cannot be altogether free from "folly", without proper restraints and higher ideals, they

are more liable to be addicted to vice and dissipation in the city than in the country.

One of the problems of the city is how to utilize, for the social welfare, the abundance of energy which is generated under the influence of divergent interests. Not in suppression but in substitution and sublimation lies the solution of the problem: There must be scope for the realization of the aspirations and for the satisfaction of desires. Rural gossip about miracles, ghosts and one's neighbour's wife have their counterpart in the city in the form of murder cases, detective stories and divorce suits, so common in the "yellow journalism" of the West. But the intensive work in factories demands proper relaxation in recreation and amusement and for this purpose there must be playgrounds, parks, gardens, parties, musical clubs, "movies" and similar institutions. While religious gatherings should be encouraged wherever possible, arrangements should be made for imparting education through evening sessions of school. Illiteracy, which is only a misfortune in the country, is a calamity in the city, and all social efforts should be directed toward removing this greatest of all curses which has befallen India through the loss of her independence. Courses of lectures, given in a simple manner, must be arranged for the elucidation of social, political and economic problems. Libraries should be established and should be supplemented by museums, art-galleries, zoological and botanical gardens and expositions.

RAJANI KANTA DAS.

New York.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Sakuntala of Kalidas: A New Study.*

III.

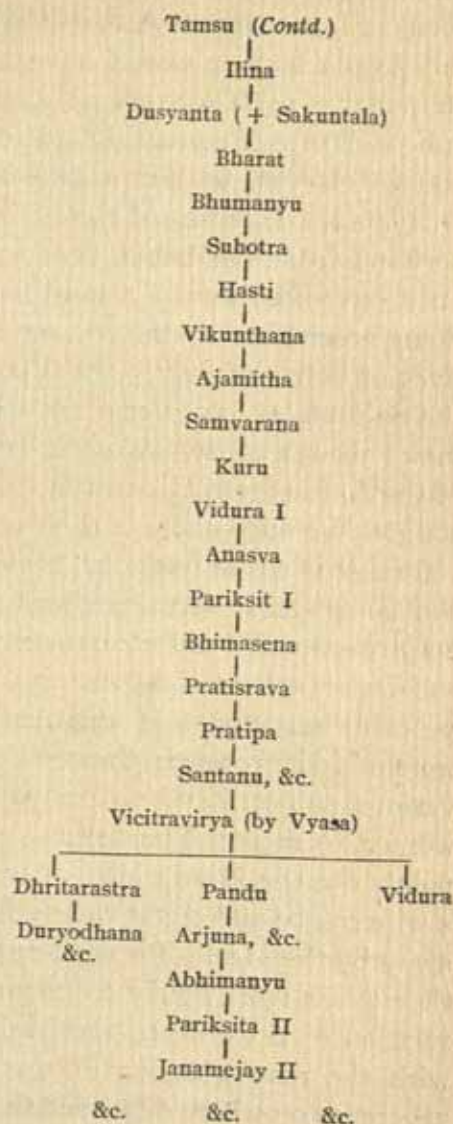
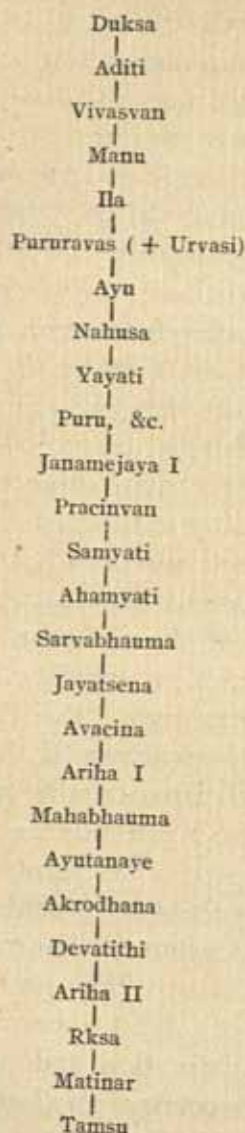
ORIGINALS (*Contd.*)

In the last chapter I gave the outline of the story in brief as it is given in the Bharata. Now we might ask "out of the innumerable stories contained in the Epic of the Pandavas why did Kalidas select this particular story? What were the reasons, at least the chief ones, that guided him in the selection of this particular story? Were the motives at the time of the composition of this world-drama conscious or unconscious? The history of Kalidas is unknown; unknown too is the date of the composition of Sakuntala. Is it possible to trace the mental attitude of the author in the pages of his book?"

Our belief is that in the selection of this particular plot he was guided out of several reasons by the following principally: (1) The ruler, the juvenile boy and successor to King Dusyanta is named Bharata; then there is Bharata the composer of Indian Dramaturgy; there is the country Bharatavarsa; there is the family of the Bharatas. By a peculiar operation of mental activity all these names and others allied to them in sound may have come to his mind and his attention must have been more particularly drawn towards this story. (2) He was a very great dramatist and gifted as he was with a keen penetrative insight he must have seen the great dramatic possibilities that existed in the original story in the Bharata. The loves—the loves at first sight—of the hero and the heroine in the Ashrama of her foster-father, the separation caused when she was sent away to her husband, the being discarded by him and the consequent anger of the lady whose solemn trust was supposed to have been abused by the man, the preterhuman intervention on behalf of the injured lady whom he had wooed and won and who was of no earthly origin—these were eminently capable of being pressed into service by a dramatist of unsurpassed

*Continued from June issue.—Ed.

abilities with extremely enjoyable effect. (3) As will be seen from the geneological tree, Dusyanta came nearer to



the five Pandavas who are most principal figures in the Bharata than any other whose actions also have been made by the narrator of Bharata stories full of subsidiary interest. From Pandu, it will be seen from the geneological tree, Dusyanta was a member of the 17th remove while Yayati whose subsidiary

action is described at some length in the Bharata is of the 36—37th remove. Dusyanta on account of his distance in time was a legendary hero, but he was not more legendary than, not even as legendary as Yayati. It was thought very likely that the people had or would have sufficient human interest in his character. (4) There are only two great kings who have married ladies who are of no earthly origin. They are Pururavas who has married Urvasi who is a heavenly damsel; and the second is Dusyanta. He selected the lives and actions of both these kings, perhaps from the belief that to marry heavenly women there must have been some extraordinary qualities in them which made them acceptable to the women. He therefore dramatised the lives of both—of one in the Vikramorvasiya and of the other in the Sakuntala. (5) Very probably he was also guided by his own views about women. Women have perhaps ever since the coming of the Aryans into Hindustan, been the favourite subject of poet's song. We find echoes of their relationship in the Vedas; but the reference is not so frequent, as they were times of expansion when the conquerors were struggling to extend the limits of their empire over the unfortunate children of the soil, the people of the darker colour. As we move down to later times, with a more peaceful settlement of the Aryans into India, the interest in womankind grows on them; they philosophise and theorise on various subjects and as companion to these on the relation of women to men. The lecture given by Sakuntala to Dusyanta points out the Hindu ideal of womanhood. She points out what a wife can be and ought to be; Kalidas was very probably carried away by the ideal; for what subject was more charming or what theme was more likely to inspire the muse of the poet than the relation of the wife to the husband—a subject ever surrounded with the rosy glamour of mystic illumination and apocryphal reverence on which depended the very poetry of life? (6) Kalidas must also have found in what great esteem Dusyanta was held by men of his race. When Vicitravirya, the son of Santanu, is dead without any issue, Satyavati his mother thinks that the race of Dusyanta* will be extinct if no issue can be got by some other means; and she invites her former son Vyasa by sage Kanina

*Ma Dausyanto vamsam ucchedam vrajet—Maha; Adi; Sambhava 95 verse.

to get some issues to succeed Vicitravirya by the religious allowance of Niyoga. She does not denominate the race after any other sovereign—Yayati, &c. Dusyanta was most respected as perhaps he was a very powerful king, or because he was the father of Bharata who was near related to Hasti after whom, in all likelihood, Hastinapura was named. Be that what it may, the fact is that for some reason or other Dusyanta was held in great respect by his descendants; and Kalidas was the last man not to avail himself of a story in which such a king was concerned.

But these are conscious reasons. There was one more reason too. It is one which is by no means so obvious as those others that are enumerated above, but nonetheless it was more potent than any or all of these. That was the subconscious cause that unknowingly gave a direction to the poet.

To find out what this cause was we must go to the drama itself bearing in mind the fact that all our external operations and all our outward expressions are an index to and the result of our mental attitude at the time. We do not know the real history of the mentality of Shakespeare; but this history has been found out and almost accurately studied in his works. The works cannot but be coloured by the colours of his mental pose.

We do not know the definite mental chronology of Kalidas. No history, no document exists which may give us an inkling of the mental situation of this great poet. We have to fall back upon his work to find out what his mind was when he wrote this particular work.

What is the pivot on which Sakuntala turns? What is the *leit motif* in the drama? What change Kalidas has introduced in the character of the Dusyanta of the Bharata? We have to answer these questions inductively; and in this answer we shall see the working of the subconscious cause.

It is not that loves of the hero and the heroine, nor the origin of the heroine, nor the strength of the hero that are the strongest points in the story. It is not the description of the tranquil life in the hermitage that is the more strongly emphasised idea. The *leit motif* is here. There goes a bright, beautiful and graceful young lady to a man—a lady, who any one can say is possibly of no earthly origin—saying that he has married her in secret. The

very beauty of this lady will charm away any man into her acceptance however strong his mentality may be especially when the lady declares, and her whole appearance and attitude give no ground to doubt the veracity of her statement, that he has married her.

Such a case now stands before us; but there is something more than merely this. Dusyanta in the Bharata already knows and remembers that he has married her*; that she is his wife, religiously wedded wife and that the boy is his son by her; but feigning forgetfulness, he does not admit the marriage as he is afraid of public opinion, the marriage having been performed in secret. This is the criterion in the story. In the Mahabharata, *Dusyanta is conscious that he has married her and yet he does not accept her; in the drama, he is not conscious that he has married her and therefore he does not accept her.* The step from the Mahabharata explanation to the drama explanation is extremely great. Simple as the step might appear at first sight, it is of tremendous significance in the history of Kalidas's mind. In the original, the action of Dusyanta in not accepting this lady, is referable to two causes. The first is (i) his fear of popular doubt or disapproval; for were he to accept her now on her own story the public would have thought, "well, how is it that the King did not remember the marriage? why is it that he did not send for his wife so long if he did marry at all? Why is it that the lady, if she married the King as she alleged, waited so long—for six long years? Why did she not send any message to the King to remind him to take her away to his capital? Where was the necessity of her coming there in person, in a manner rebelling against her queenly dignity?" A fear of such public criticism was the mainspring of his action; but there was another reason and that was (ii) an apparant love for truth superimposing this fear. It would be humiliating to so great a King like Dusyanta to show that in refusing to acknowledge so beautiful a lady, he was suffering from a fear of public criticism; he tried

* So'tha srutvaiva tadvakyam tasya raja smarannapi

Abravinna smaramiti kasya tvam dusta tapasi

Dharmartha Kamasambandham na smaranti tvaya saha.

—Maha, Adi, Sambhav.

to show that he was a truthful person; that he had no illegal ambitions and desires to possess the belongings of others—much less women however beautiful they may be—otherwise than by fair, moral, legal and religious means. Thus his refusal of Sakuntala was due really and essentially to King's (1) fear; but apparently to his love for (2) truth; but as we have seen this love was not the real love for truth.

Kalidas with a flight of imagination, eliminates this element of fear and change the superimposition of apparent truthfulness into real truth by making the hero really not remember the marriage.

In the Bharata, the fear of public opinion is the stronger point in Dusyanta; in the drama the regard and love for truth is a more special trait.

Why this change? Kalidas emphasised this character in his Dusyanta as at this time he possessed eternal ideas about truth. Master-productions are generally the result of matured intellects—Kalidas had probably passed the meridian of his life when this play was written. Gifted as he was with an extraordinary sensibility, he had passed through various stations of human life; he had travelled very extensively throughout India—probably visiting the heights of the Himalayas and hearing the roars of the southern seas; he must have witnessed human passions in their various phases; he must have experienced both personally and imaginatively the miseries that flesh is heir to; he must have seen that the rich people are not more happy than the poor; nor the poor more miserable than the rich; he probed into the vesture of the world to its hidden reality; he uncovered external wrappers and found that at the heart of the Universe was indelibly printed in bold letters the word truth—truth, self-existent and identifiable with God.

This and other allied ideas grew on him with a weird subconscious effect and under the operation of these he selected the loves of Dusyanta and Sakuntala, from the Bharata for his plot, and produced subconsciously a beautiful allegory which we shall notice hereafter.

IV.

KALIDASAN STORY.

Act I—After the benedictory service of the Stage Manager, Dusyanta appears in his chariot following the deer. He comes near the hermitage of the sage Kanva on the banks of the Malini, and as he is on the point of discharging the fatal arrow, two hermits intervene saying that the deer belongs to the Asrama and that therefore it should not be killed. The king obeys them, gets their benediction and an invitation to enter the abode of Kanva who, it is said, is gone out to propitiate the evil star of his daughter Sakuntala. The King keeping the chariot and all the royal insignia behind enters the confines of the chariot and all the sees Sakuntala and her two companions in the act of sprinkling water on the plants, and he is struck with her beauty. Meantime tormented by a bee she calls out her attendants to help her and Dusyanta comes forward. Welcomed by her two friends the King asks and learns the birth history of the heroine and is smitten with great love; the heroine reciprocates the sentiment; and after sometime they separate owing to the fear of some elephants who begin to run mad goaded by the king's beaters.

Act II—The king was not disposed to return to his capital when he had once seen and was smitten by the beauty of Sakuntala. He ordered that no further trouble should be given to hermitage animals. He spoke of his mental state to his friend Vidusaka, and of how thoroughly he was struck by her. Meantime two ascetics come to him with a request that he should pass a few days with them to guard their Asrama from evil genii as they were going to perform certain religious rites. He also got an invitation from the Queen-Mother that he should be with her at the time of her breaking the fast in connection with some ceremonies relating to her son. The King found himself in a difficulty; for on one side was the attraction of Sakuntala; on the other the order of the Queen-Mother. At last he sent Vidusaka to the Queen-mother in his place as he too was regarded by her as her son. But Dusyanta did not of course forget to remark that whatever he had said about Sakuntala was purely in jest and that he was not staying behind out of any regard for her.

Act III—The King in the love-lorn condition while wandering on the bank of the river saw the heroine lying down on a slab of stone attended by her female companions. Desired by her friends she writes a letter to Dusyanta who comes on the scene and to give them privacy, the two friends go away under several pretexts. When the two were left alone, Gautami happened to come up and Sakuntala had to go, her desires unfulfilled. The king too felt dejected as the cup of bliss which he was on the point of tasting was as it were taken away from his hand at the critical moment. He went away to see if the sacrificial rites were going on unobstructed. Then he married Sakuntala secretly and giving her his signet-ring and promising that he would send for her, he went away to his capital.

Act IV—Then comes Durvasas who is famous for his irascibility, in Kanva's Asrama, and not being well received as Sakuntala and her friends were occupied with their own thoughts, he pronounces the curse:—He whom thou rememberest with so singleness of mind, shall not remember thee however thou shalt try to awaken his memory. Anasuya hearing the fateful pronouncement of this severe malediction sent Priyamvada to pacify the sage who relented so far as to say that as his curse was irrevocable, he could only modify it to the extent that the King would remember Sakuntala when some sign of recognition would be produced by her. This modification of the curse of Durvasas was not told by the two lady friends to Sakuntala. Kanva learnt of Sakuntala's marriage and it was approved by him. When pregnant she was sent by him along with Gautami and two of his disciples to her husband, the King. On the eve of departure, her friends remarked to her to make use of the ring the king had given in case of necessity.

Act V—Reaching the capital, they were ushered into the presence of the king where the sage-boys presented Sakuntala to the king and delivered the message of Kanva that he had approved of their marriage and that being pregnant she should be received by him, her husband; but as the king was under the curse of Durvasas, he did not remember anything of the marriage. The sage-boys then unveiled the heroine thinking

that he might recognise her; but still the king could not remember the marriage. Sakuntala then tried to produce the ring which he had given to her when he set out to return to his capital, but it was unaccountably lost. She tried to convince him in other ways, but in vain. She was taunted by her companions who went away. In the meantime the king was advised by his chaplain that the lady ought to be kept in the royal apartments till delivery, for it was prophesied that he would get a sovereign son. If then she got one with such characteristics she should be accepted as his wife and her son as his son. The king assenting to this, the priest set out to find Sakuntala; but he was amazed to find that a superhuman light in the form of a woman descended at the Apsaras Tirtha and took Sakuntala heavenward.

Act VI—There appears a fisherman who is caught while trying to sell off a ring which is found in the belly of a fish. He is let loose because the king has recognised the ring as his own, and has remembered everything pertaining to the ring and its disposition. Dusyanta feels extremely miserable and passes his time in the company of Madhavya, in drawing the picture of Sakuntala whom he has now remembered, and in daily reprehensions of his own actions and attitude toward her. This state of the King is reported to Sakuntala by an Apsaras who is specially deputed for this work. Meanwhile, Madhavya is caught by some unseen being and the king takes up his bow and arrows to free him from that unseen oppressive being. That being is Matali, the charioteer of the God Indra. He said that Kalanemi was unconquered and unconquerable by Indra, and the heavenly King therefore requested Dusyanta's aid. In response to this request the king started out.

Act VII—Having finished the duty for which he was requisitioned in the Heaven, he was honored by Indra, and while returning to the Earth, he got down on Mount Hemakuta to see the sage Marichi who was engaged in his penance there. When the charioteer Matali had gone to inform the sage of the arrival of King Dusyanta, the king sat at the root of the Asoka tree. There he saw a young boy attended by a hermit woman, playing with lion-cubs. The King was affected at the sight of the boy as though he was his own son. The king incidentally saw

marked signs of sovereignty on the outstretched palm of the body. Signs of hope revived in the King. When he touched the boy he felt a sort of electric thrill and was almost assured that the boy was his son. He learnt the story of the boy's parents from the attendant woman; by that time Sakuntala arrived and was welcomed by the king. The charioteer congratulated the king who after paying his respects to the Sage returned to his capital with his wife and his son.

I have synoptically traced the story of the loves of Sakuntala and Dusyanta in the drama of Kalidas. What are then, we ask, the changes that Kalidas has introduced in the original? What has he added to or subtracted from the original story? We may leave aside minor changes and note the important few.

1. In the Bharata story, the bee-episode is absent. Dusyanta sees Sakuntala in the Asrama and not in the garden, as in the drama, in all her natural loveliness and surrounded as she is by natural objects.

2. In the Bharata, there is absence of the ring episode, the Matali Episode and the killing of Kalanemi.

3. There is no mention of Gautami in the Bharata.

4. Durvasas is absent from the Bharata where the King remembers the marriage with Sakuntala who goes to him with her son; but he feigns forgetfulness in order to save reputation. In the drama, the King being under the influence of the curse forgets all about his marriage with Sakuntala who goes to him without son but with, she supposes, the ring.

5. Vidusaka is naturally absent in the Bharata.

6. There is no disappearance of Sakuntala in the Bharata; only heavenly voice vindicates the claims of Sakuntala to be the Queen-Empress of Dusyanta. In the drama, she is taken off the Earth by some preterhuman agency.

Now a further question arises—are these changes due merely to the fancy-heated brain of the poet? or do they betoken a progressive development in the mind of this super poet who had surely made his name?

These changes may be due to reasons that are dramatic, aesthetic or allegorical—in all cases they are psychological.

Not only Kalidas in India but every great poet outside India has done this. It is rarest to invent new plots. To quote Prof. Ten Brink "as a rule the story is handed down to the poet and it is indeed the greatest poets who trouble themselves least with the invention of a new plot. The story is the substance which the dramatist shapes in accordance with his own ideas."

The dramatist had to so change the existing plot that it may appeal to (1) the feelings of anxiousness of his hearers or readers; (2) the sense of dramatic proprium; and (3) the allegorical or mystical instinct implanted in man.

It is not within the purview of this thesis to enquire into how the plot of the Bharata was changed so as to satisfy the feeling of wistfulness and expectancy and to be consonant to dramatic propriety. We are concerned only with the consideration of how the plot was subconsciously changed so as to suit the allegorical instinct in man.

I propose to enquire into this in the next chapter.

V.

ALLEGORY.

Having thus cleared the ground before us in the preceding chapters, we have now to come to the main portion of this thesis—the allegory in the Sakuntala of Kalidas.

The world is full of dualism. Intrinsically, essentially and ultimately it is monistic; but for all practical purposes we have to take it and Emerson constantly harps upon the idea, as dual in its composition. The Absolute, the Relative; the Positive, the Negative; the White, the Non-white; the He, the She. Such is apparently the composition of the world which has another dual element—Truth and Beauty. The dual is not the opposite which is distinct from the dual. The dual (two together) forms the whole. Just as then Man and Woman, Above and Below are complementary or together form a whole complete entity, so also the other dual elements Truth and Beauty are complementary; and it is of these two and apparently distinguishable and separate but really one and interchangeable elements that the

whole world is composed. Truth is conceived as Male as it appeals to our sterner faculties; whereas Beauty is conceived of as the Female as it appeals to our softer side. The poet then conceives the world of ours as the production, in abstracts, of these two fundamental principles and he has in the story taken from the *Epics* subconsciously allegorised the idea.

Dusyanta and Sakuntala represent then these two eternal elements—Truth and Beauty. They are really one. An English poet, in his moments of inspiration has thrown out with startling truth "Truth is Beauty, Beauty is Truth." This is axiomatically true. They are manifestations of the same ultimate reality. They are however, at the same time two discriminate tendencies which are represented in the make-up of the world. We cannot say which element precedes which; we cannot say whether Truth or Beauty is of prior existence.

But although Truth and Beauty are one, it is not necessary that under their dual existence they should be always near. They may stay apart, and by force of inherent attraction they come near.

In *Sakuntala* when Sakuntala bursts upon the view of Dusyanta, Beauty is come near Truth; till then Truth is unconscious of Beauty—beauty in this world which is full of Ugliness too. They long for mutual company for there is a most subtle and inherent suitability of the one to the other. For what is Truth at bottom? It is the most correct representation of the structural rhythm and harmony (beauty) of the world. And what is Beauty? It is merely a symmetrical exposition, in a sensuous manner done with great fidelity, in terms of certain psychic experiences of the existing form of things (truth). This suitability is determined by inner affinities and an intrinsic homogeneousness. Kalidas shows us in his drama these two fundamental elements, not in their Absolute relations, but in their relative growths and in their respective processes of evolution, and under their mutually influential bearing.

It is universal that nothing is relatively ever the same; for this state of sameness is stagnation which is the death of all progress. The world as a whole is the same, but when our gaze becomes more settled and penetrative, we behold a tremendous

change in its details. So too Truth and Beauty when considered relatively seem to present a series of changes in certain periods of their existence.

Such a phase of change is represented by Kalidas in the *Sakuntala* when the bee bursts upon our view while pursuing the heroine. Is it a real bee? Scenically speaking it is a real bee which serves a useful purpose apart from the allegorical, in the dramatic evolution of the story; but when we penetrate behind the concrete idea we find that it is representative of the indefinite something which brings on a crisis which Beauty in its relative state of existence undergoes. It is the cause along with others of the change which are antagonistic to the penance forest*—the changes which are foreign to the ordinarily quiescent state of Beauty.

What is as permanently abiding as, or at least not less permanently abiding than Beauty except Truth, or what is more intrinsically kindred with Beauty than Truth? This change in Beauty to which we have referred above is induced by the presence of Truth. Were it not so why did Beauty not feel those changes before. Before this change was induced in Beauty by the presence of Truth or Dusyanta, it was Absolute, that is in the quiescent state. The penance forest befits this state of quietude, for a place where there is a continuity of grave and unimpassioned experiences is eminently fit to be the abode where Beauty before she underwent these changes, should have resided.

Beauty in whatever form it is, whether it is grave or dignified, magnanimous, light, frisky or voluptuous, whether it appeals to the steadier qualities of human life, or whether it controls the lighter emotions of humanity—it appeals to one and all. To analyse this Beauty is a superbly difficult task. It would be impossible to find any one element or characteristic under this notion. Beauty cannot be said to be only grave or otherwise; no one element, that is, goes to form our notion of the Beautiful. Beauty is a commixture; however, two different qualities stand out more distinctly. They are (i) Sense knowability, *i.e.*, the quality of being perceived by the sympathetic person having a penetrative eye; and (ii) Irresistibility, *i.e.*, the power to charm one as it were, in spite of oneself; and along

with there two it possesses (iii) a peculiar Sublimity. It is therefore that Sakuntala is the daughter of Menaka (Guilty Sensualism) and Visvamisra (Frank Obstinacy) and is fostered by Kanva (Sedate Gravity).

Beauty which as we have seen above possesses the three principal and outstanding qualities has two further distinguishable qualities, namely, (i) the ability for captivating representation; and (ii) the capacity for not being affected by others; that is to say, the power of retaining one's own power of affecting others, although relatively different types of beautiful objects may be brought near each other; each one appearing beautiful not at the cost of any other object but by itself and in itself; or to take a very familiar term from domestic life Non-jealousy. These two special characteristics of Beauty are very finely allegorised by power of Personification under the female attendants on Sakuntala—Priyamvada and Anasuya whose very names allegorically signify what they are desired to represent. To make clear what I have said above, let me graphically represent the various qualities of Beauty and the persons in the Sakuntala under tables I. and II.

TABLE I.

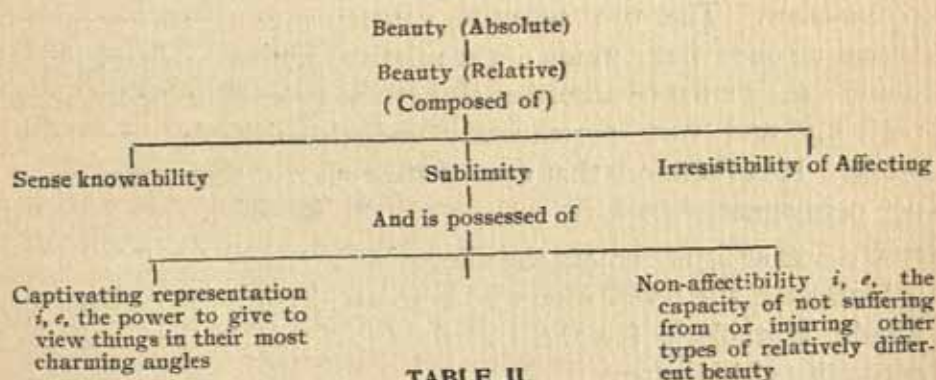
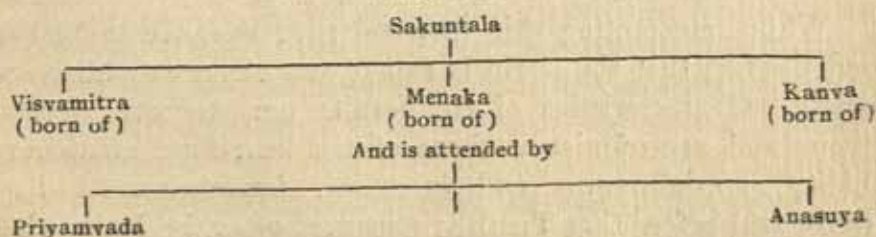


TABLE II.



On a comparison of these two tables it would be quite evident that the anatomy of Beauty by Kalidas is charmingly apt and closely resembles the geneology of Sakuntala.

VI.

ALLEGORY—(*Contd.*)

In the last chapter we saw the anatomic analysis of Beauty made by Kalidas; we now proceed further with the allegory in the story.

Vidusaka enters and he is representative of that indisposition to change which is attendant on Truth Absolute. This Truth Absolute is near Beauty Relative; and it is difficult to conceive any relation between a relative and an absolute and therefore Kalidas manages to separate the characteristic of the Absolute—unchangeability, from Truth by having Vidusaka taken away from near Dusyanta. When Vidusaka goes away to be present near the Queen Mother, Permanence or Changelessness is removed from Truth Absolute which therefore now becomes Truth Relative and as such is extremely homogeneous to Beauty Relative. These two come near in Act III, and a great activity commences. The two separate entities are on the point of becoming one; but a union of the relatives cannot be a permanent union; they must be absolutes if they are to be so unified as to be perfectly and very permanently indistinguishable from each other. It is therefore that even if they marry, their marriage is not permanent.

Another figure enters the allegorical arena in Act IV. This is Durvasas, the hoary sage who is so well known throughout the Hindu Mythology for the irascibility of his temper and the extremity of his anger.

While interpreting this reverend sage we have to bear in mind the fact that the world is full of two elements—Male and Female. Characteristics of the former are strength, vigour, fervour and masculinism; those of the latter are gentleness, timidity, appealingness and in short, femininism. I have already said before that Truth is conceived of as the Male, while

Beauty as the female; and the conception of their relationship under this character has led Kalidas, apart from other causes, to introduce Durvasas who represents Conjugal Anger. This anger brings on new difficulties in the way of their permanent marriage. Temporary marriage there will be; for as the two elements have come very near to each other, it is impossible for them to remain apart, but this marriage or indistinguishability of Truth and Beauty is not yet permanent; and it is only when they shall reach their pristine condition of the Absolutes that they will be fit for a permanent marriage. Kalidas therefore conceived of Conjugal Anger as the cause which separated them till they reached their primordial condition.

Truth and Beauty have been married in secret; that is, they have known of their intrinsic homogeneousness; but this marriage is not yet permanent, such as the marriage of the Absolutes alone can be.

After a time the Female element goes to the Male for a permanent unification; but as Truth the Male is under the influence of Anger, he does not remember their marriage and therefore does not accept Beauty. Beauty disappears, *i.e.*, having none to appreciate it, it has ceased to be, although in reality it exists. Truth, now that it has passed through the ordeal, remembers Beauty which having reached its former quiescent state (in the heaven) has become Absolute; and now it is only when Truth too can be Absolute that there will be a permanent unification.

Much of the book hereafter is taken up by heart-rending lamentations of King Dusyanta; they have no allegorical significance. Truth receives a call from Order—Moral Order in the Universe—to go to heaven a place where there is perfect quiet. Truth and Order are almost akin; and as such Truth cannot refuse the help which Order requests it for.

We now reach the last act in the drama which is the most important as it shows how this beautiful Allegory terminates. Truth has done the bidding of Order; and when they have come near how orderly, how regular and how full of purpose does everything appear to Truth. It now beholds everything in the Universe as nonchaotic and is made to believe that Beauty is beauty because it is Regularity. But this is not the only step

that is necessary which would make Truth fit to conjoin with Beauty. It has yet to meet Reverential Contemplation for they both are fed by almost the same undercurrents. It therefore is next made to meet Marichi and this meeting has enormously benefited him. It is now fit to permanently associate with Beauty which it now finds in the Asrama of Marichi. Their meeting is pregnant with momentous results; for there is a production of a gigantic Reality—Bharata.

(to be concluded)

N. S. ADHIKARI.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

A VINDICATION OF AURANGZEB.

The estimates formed of Aurangzeb have varied surprisingly and the general impression left on our minds is that he was the greatest religious fanatic that ever ruled. In the celebrated "Rulers of India" series he is treated to a reward very much ruder than might justly belong to an Emperor who ruled as well as reigned for a period of fifty years. The charges of religious bigotry and the harsh treatment of the Hindus are partly the result of the perversions of truth handed down to posterity by Khafi Khan, Bernier, Manucci and a host of other writers more or less known to fame, and partly the result of the extravagances of the Wahabees in the Great Mutiny of 1857. Such frontal attacks were in progress till 1871 and received a quietus at the hands of Sir Saiyad Ahmed Khan who exposed the flimsiness of the allegations. A critical study of the reign of Aurangzeb collated from numerous original authorities written by the late Mr. Gullam Mahamed Sheikh Abid Miyan Saheb of Junagad is likely to supply a hiatus in our knowledge of Aurangzeb much in the same way as Vincent A. Smith's recently published mono-

graph on Akbar has done. The avoidance of all extremes, the reverence for the past modified by respect for the present and the sifting and balancing of divergent views have prevented the author from running into the fatal futility of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*.

The author refutes the common imputation concerning the Moslem rulers' temperamental incapacity to deal even-handed justice to their Hindu subjects by adducing the instances of Kutubuddin, Altamash, Phirozeshah and Sher Shah, to say nothing of the seven centuries of Moslem domination in Spain. Another criticism commonly levelled against the Moslem rulers relates to their alacrity to impose their religion on their subjects of other persuasions. The hollowness of this allegation is proved by the chapter and verse quoted by the author from the Koran where utmost tolerance is enjoined upon "the faithful." If Aurangzeb's conduct towards his Hindu subjects is painted in lurid colours the reason was that Aurangzeb was a Sunnee of somewhat rigid sort while his historians, such as Akil Khan, Nemut Khan and Khafi Khan were all Shias and were in sympathy with Shah Jehan, Sujah or Murad. Among the European travellers who have written about Aurangzeb, Bernier, and Manucci reveal their partiality to Dara. Other sources of error emanated from the lays of bards in the employ of the Rajput princes which Colonel Todd has collected without weighing the evidence with his usual acumen. One instance would suffice to illustrate the danger of accepting oral traditions as historical truths. Colonel Todd mentions how the then Rana of Udaipur wrote an angry letter to Aurangzeb who had resumed the *jazia* or poll-tax on the Hindus. Now, the letter, apart from the inherent absurdity of a vassal writing in such strains to his liege-lord, is without the date or the year when it was written. Orme regards Rajah Jeysingh as the author of the said letter while Duff attributes it to Maharajah Jashwant Singh of Jodhpur. According to the author of "*Masire Alamgiri*," who accompanied the Emperor in his Deccan tour as a confidential amanuensis, both the Rajput leaders were dead before the *jazia* was resumed while Khafi Khan asserts that shortly after renewal of the *jazia* Maharajah Jashwant Singh died.

The Maratha legends are likewise unfair. Thus, Krishnaji Anant writing in 1695 compares Afzhul Khan to Duryodhan and calls Diler Khan by an epithet still more opprobrious. Even the late Justice Ranade relies too much on *ex parte* judgments about the so-called malice prepense of Afzhul Khan in relation to Shivaji without taking the trouble of consulting the "Alamgirnamah". If Shivaji's intentions were pure why did he arm himself beforehand with the destructive *wagh-nakh*? Was it not treacherous to have dealt a death-blow to a confiding general in the act of his generously extending the hand of friendship to Shivaji? Contemporary Mussalman historians make no mention of Afzhul-khan's alleged malice prepense nor do they lend any the remotest support to the treacherous confidence trick played on the Sikh Guru Bahadur by Aurangzeb, for in these accounts there is not even a passing reference to the Sikhs. The various tales that have passed muster as genuine were mentioned by Khafi Khan on hearsay evidence which likewise coloured the judgments of Bernier and Manucci, who occasionally doubt the veracity of the sources of their information, and who were so little known to fame that the contemporary Mussalman chroniclers never refer to them even casually. Even such a judicious historian as Elphinstone credits the so-called treacherous invasion of Hyderabad by Aurangzeb, although there is no trace of any such thing in the "Shah Jehannamah," which says on the contrary that so far from treacherously attacking Hyderabad at the instance of his father, Aurangzeb, Mahomed Sultan issued strict orders to his army not to enter the city and so far went out of his way as to send his trusted men to assure the inhabitants of his good faith. Elphinstone picked up the story from Khafi Khan who was scarcely born when the events he narrated with so much circumstantial detail came to pass. There is the same want of authenticity in Khafi Khan's ingenious fib about the letter which Aurangzeb is alleged to have addressed to Murad about his (Aurangzeb's) intention to renounce the world and to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca, for no contemporary Mussalman historians bear him out.

Manucci charges Aurangzeb with having demolished Hindu temples, although no places are specified nor any reasons assigned. Besides, does it stand to reason that the Christians and

Zoroastrians were like the dairy maid in the rustic poem, who found the dun cow that was vicious to others, gentle to her? Moreover, it must be carefully borne in mind that in Aurangzeb's time religion was not, as now, dissociated from politics, and in the Hindu temples at Benares, Muttra and other places, teachings antagonistic to Islam were given to ruffle up the minds of the Hindus against their Mussalman rulers. When Aurangzeb's timely warning was not heeded and the Hindus rose in revolt against his authority, Aurangzeb was constrained to order demolition of the hotbeds of sedition.

Aurangzeb is also accused of gagging the chroniclers. As a matter of fact when the account of the first ten years of his reign, viz., "*Alamgirnamah*" was read to him, Aurangzeb is reported to have said: "It is better to maintain purity of heart than to blazon forth the works of public interest." Since then, no further account of his reign came to be written. Such "a round, unvarnished tale" is construed by dear old Khafi Khan as tantamount to rigorous prohibition of all chronicle writing enjoined by Aurangzeb. It is much to be regretted that the European historians of the nineteenth century should have been betrayed into placing implicit faith in Khafi Khan's narrative and thereby perpetuating the lies about Aurangzeb, but then, other chronicles were not available, and so Khafi Khan came to be held up as an oracle.

Bibliography—"Padshahnamah"; "*Badshahnamah*"; "*Shah Jehan namah*"; "*Badshahnamah*" (a continuation),—all written in the time of Shah Jehan and making our Aurangzeb as being the best of the princes. "*Amale-Saleh*"; "*Tarikhe Mulke Asham*"; "*Miratul Alam*"; "*Alamgirnamah*"; "*Vakeate Alamgiri*"; "*Ekkame Alamgiri*"; "*Rukate Alamgiri*"; "*Jungnamah*"; "*Vakaye Nemut Khane Ali*"; "*Masire Alamgiri*". "*Fayyazhul Khvanin*"; "*Zintul Tavarikh*"; "*Tazkara Salatine Chugataiya*"; "*Tarikhe Chugatai*".

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Recent Legal Literature.

1. *Law in the Modern State*. By Leon Duguit. (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 40, Museum Street, W. C. London) 1920.
2. *A History of Factory Legislation in India*. Compiled by J. C. Kydd. (R. Cambray & Co., Calcutta) 1920.
3. *Mofussil Courts of Justice: A Plea for their Remodelling*. By Jnanendra Nath Chaudhuri. (Rai M. C. Sarkar Bahadur & Sons, Harrison Road, Calcutta) 1920.
4. *The Effects of War on Contracts*. By Praphulla Chandra Ghosh. (R. Cambray & Co., Calcutta) 1920.
5. *Trial of Thurtell and Hunt*. Edited by Eric R. Watson (William Hodge & Co., Ltd., London) 1920.
6. *The "Yearly Digest" for 1920*. By R. Narayanaswamy Iyer (Madras Law Journal Press, Mylapore, Madras) 1920.
7. *Trial of Nirmalkanta Roy*. "Notable Indian Trials" Series (P. R. Rama Iyer & Co., Madras) 1921.

We welcome an excellent translation into English from the French of M. Leon Duguit of his work called *Law in the Modern State*. The author, who is Professor of Law in the Bordeaux University, is well known as perhaps the most brilliant of living French political thinkers, and this book is generally regarded as his best and most suggestive work. The decline of the omnipotent state has forced into review the problems of representative government. M. Duguit discusses the mechanisms by which the state may be made effectively responsible to its citizens. The book is not only a guide to the most vital of modern political problems, but an analysis of jurisprudence which no lawyer can afford to ignore. In India our students are yet too much under the spell of old theories in Jurisprudence and Austin, Maine and Holland are the only writers whose theories are familiar to them. They know almost nothing of the great Continental Jurists whose writings have revolutionised the Science of Jurisprudence. Such Indian Students as may be anxious to widen their mental horizon by gaining some familiarity with the latest French theories on the subject, should make a careful study of M. Duguit's *Law in the Modern State*.

Professor J. C. Kydd of the Scottish Churches College, Calcutta, has compiled *A History of Factory Legislation in India*. Though the book is

admittedly a compilation, it is nevertheless an exceedingly informative work and brings together in a short compass and in a compact form a great deal of useful information on the subject, not easily accessible to the average student. Beginning with the first Indian Factory Act, the writer traces the history of the evolution of our factory laws, in lucid terms, down to the Act in force at present. At a time like this when considerable interest is being displayed both by the Government and politicians in the problems of Indian labour, Mr. Kydd's excellent historical sketch of Indian factory legislation will be useful to publicists, political reformers and officials.

Our valued contributor Mr. Jnanendra Nath Chaudhuri contributed some time back a thoughtful series of papers on the reform of our mofussil courts to the *Hindustan Review*, and we are glad to find that he has now given them—as they fully deserved—a permanent form. The treatise—called *Mofussil Courts of Justice: A Plea for their Remodelling*—is to be welcomed as offering within reasonable dimensions a statement and well-reasoned criticism of the data on which Indian reformers have been pressing for the reconstruction and reconstitution of the mofussil Judiciary and magistracy. The book is comprehensive and no important problem is left unnoticed, and it deserves earnest consideration alike at the hands of the Government and our political reformers.

The late great war led more than one Indian student of legal principles to turn his attention to its effects on different branches of law. Dr. Alma Lalifi published in 1919 his *Effects of War on Property*, and now we have before us Mr. Praphulla Chandra Ghosh's *Effects of War on Contracts*. The book was originally written as the Onauth Nauth Deb Law Research Prize Thesis of the Calcutta University for the year 1917. It has been revised and enlarged by the writer with a view to publication. Though but a slight sketch of a great subject, the writer has brought to bear upon his work both knowledge and a spirit of critical research and his little treatise should appeal to serious students of the subject he has dealt with.

The latest volume in the "Notable Trials" series is the *Trial of Thurtell and Hunt* edited by M. E. R. Watson, the editor of the *Trial of Eugene Aram* in the same series. The trial of Thurtell and Hunt in 1824 is—says Mr. Watson—"a landmark in our legal history for several reasons." These are lucidly set forth by him and will interest students of the evolution of English criminal Jurisprudence. But the layman will be even more

interested in the many dramatic episodes culminating in Thurtell's defence of his own case and the arguments he addressed to the Judge and Jury, without avail. The volume under notice is an interesting addition to a very useful series, which is of equal interest to the lawyer and the criminologist.

Till recently there were several annual digests of the Indian legal reports, but for the last one or two years the only one of importance that is left in the field, by the discontinuance of its competitors, is the *Yearly Digest*, the 1921 edition of which—digesting the reports for the previous year—is before us. It is very carefully compiled and is so planned as to facilitate reference. Its scope and range are truly comprehensive and it brings within its purview alike the authorized and the private reports of the cases of all the High Courts and the other highest Judicial tribunals in the Indian Empire. Altogether it is a most useful digest and no Judge, Magistrate or practising lawyer can do without it.

In imitation of Messrs Hodge's well-known "Notable Trials" series—the latest volume of which is noticed above—Messrs. Rama Iyer of Madras have been enterprising enough to start a series of Indian trials beginning with that of the Chitpore Murder case before Mr. Justice Stephen in the Calcutta High Court in 1914. The book is carefully compiled and judiciously put together and the dramatic interest of the evidence and the remarkable display of forensic eloquence by Sir B. C. Mitter and Mr. Norton make it enthralling.

Our Library Table. Miscellaneous Literature.

The Angami Nagas: with some Notes on Neighbouring Tribes, (MacMillan & Co., Ltd., London) by Mr. J. H. Hutton, of the Indian Civil Service, is an important addition to the series of studies of Indian tribes which has appeared in recent years, under the direction of the Assam Administration. The author undertook the work under a conviction that there was danger of losing much valuable material relating to the Angami Nagas and their neighbours. He found that old beliefs and customs were dying, old traditions being forgotten, the spirit of change invading and pervading every aspect of village life. He therefore set himself to collect and publish information while there was yet time, and the outcome of his endeavours is a volume which must be of the very greatest interest to the reader who finds pleasure in the study of such matters. The introductory chapter deals with the physical details of the country and the affinities, appearance, dress and

ornaments, the weapons and character of the people. The remainder of the book, which is amply illustrated, consists of separate sections which treat, respectively, of Domestic Life—Laws and Customs—Religion—Folklore—and Language. Altogether Mr. Hutton's work is a valuable contribution to the literature of Anthropology.

Freedom's Battle by Mr. M. K. Gandhi is a comprehensive collection of his Writings and Speeches on the present situation including The Khilafat Wrongs, The Punjab Agony, Swaraj, Hindu Muslim Unity, Indians Overseas, The Depressed Classes, Non-co-operation, etc., with a historical introduction by Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar. It should interest all connected with the non-co-operation movement, whether as its supporters or opponents. It is issued by Messrs. Ganesh & Co. of Madras.

India's will to Freedom (Ganesh & Co., Madras) is a collection of the writings and addresses of Mr. Lajpat Rai on the present situation in this country. Its contents are: What India Needs; Why India is not Happy; "War Gift" from India; A Hindu Under-Secretary; A Call to Young India; Suggestions to Indian Leaders; Message to the Punjabees; Suffer in Pursuit of Freedom; Greatest Need of the Country; Modern and Ancient Ideals; Towards Freedom; Sympathy Abroad; I shall not stand for Election; Non-Co-operation; Swaraj; Indian Situation; Message to Young India; India's Economic Bondage. How so much one may differ from Mr. Lajpat Rai, he can not be refused a hearing and his book is bound to attract attention.

The New Systematic Atlas (George Philip & Son, Ltd., 32, Fleet Street, London) is bound to prove a most helpful work of reference. Its striking feature is that the political divisions on the physical maps or the politically coloured map are so placed as to be readily compared with the physical. The political boundaries are the new ones determined by the various treaties of peace; density of population and regional vegetation are adequately dealt with in a series of special maps; the main through railways are shown; there are climate maps as also those dealing with races, languages and creeds; a list with summaries of the several peace treaties is affixed and an exhaustive index appended. On the whole it is a most up-to-date atlas and deserves wide distribution.

The attention of students of the great War may be directed to the recently published *Historical Atlas of Modern Europe* edited by Dr. F. J. C. Hearnshaw, Professor of History in King's College, University of London. (MacMillan & Co., Ltd., London). It contains a selected series of eleven

maps illustrative of the recent history of the chief European States and their Dependencies, arranged in the following order:—I. Europe: 1815-1914. II. The Eastern Frontier of France: 1598-1871. III. Poland: 1772-1914. IV. The Growth of Prussia: 1415-1914. V. Germany. 1815-1914. VI. The Austrian Empire: 1815-1914. VII. Italy: 1815-1914. VIII. The Balkan Peninsula: 1815-1914. IX. Africa: 1815-1914. X. Ethnographical map of Central Europe. XI. Europe after the Peace Treaties: 1919. Each map is accompanied by an explanatory introduction, in which attention is concentrated on political and ethnographical features. It is at once a handy and instructive atlas and deserves attention alike for its high quality and cheapness—it being priced at six shillings.

The Sadhu: A Study in Mysticism and Practical Religion (MacMillan & Co., Ltd., London) by Canon B. H. Streeter and Mr. A. P. Appasamy, deals with the life and teaching of Sadhu Sundar Singh, an Indian Christian mystic who is exercising a profound influence in the United States and England both of which he visited in 1920. Between ourselves and the mystics of any past age there must be a barrier hard to penetrate. This book is a study of a mystic who is a contemporary of our own; and he is a mystic who can appeal to the present age because the intensity of his religious experience is precisely what impels him to practical service. Sadhu Sundar Singh, it is said, lives a life closely resembling that of St. Francis, while his inward experience is said to recall sometimes Mother Juliana, sometimes St. Paul; but he is believed to belong to the same type. The Sadhu is a Punjabee who was born in 1889 and was in 1904 converted to Christianity. The study of the career of this Indian Christian saint and mystic ought to be of interest both to Christians and non-Christians.

Mr. Hugh Cynn's *Rebirth of Korea* (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London) ought to fascinate the Indian political reformer. The author is an enthusiast and gushes over his subject. "Mansei! Mansei! Mansei! Ten thousand years for Korea! Long live Korea!" Thus, in the midst of mighty shouts, the Korea that had been 'dead and buried' for eight and a half years 'rose from the dead' at two o'clock in the afternoon of the first day of March, 1919." With these striking words Professor Cynn begins his authentic account of recent happenings in Korea—a story at once graphic and compelling, pathetic and inspiring. The book is a vivid portraiture of a great contemporary movement and should enjoy a large circulation amongst Indian nationalists.

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FROM THE DESK.

Three Portraits.

I

He has hankered,
And has sold his soul
For the fleshpots of life.....
Once,
He aspired
To be a Rebel,
But I told him :
"Man, you smile much too smugly, and too complacently."
Now,
He runs with the yelping pack,
That snarls at the men and women
Who fight Oppression.....

II

He is utterly respectable,
And disgustingly conventional;
Of Beauty and Song.....
But, why throw pearls.....?

He works hard,
 And will some day marry,
 And raise a large family,
 And die
 With the benefit of Clergy.

III

He has small, ugly eyes,
 That come to a glittering point;
 To skin and fleece his neighbour
 (Within the limits of the Law)
 Is his sole and only ambition on earth.
 He is virtuous,
 And has a nice little provincial code of honour.....
 Some day
 He, too, will marry,
 And grow smug, fat and hog-jowled,
 And become
 A sainted Pillar of Society.....

"Damn"

* * * * *

The Great Boycott.

The All-India Congress Committee has sent out direct instructions to its constituents that foreign-made cloth should in future be tabooed. The principles and sentiments that swayed the minds of the originators of the policy of wholesale boycott will perhaps remain undigested as long as they are not clearly analysed. It behoves publicists to bring to this complex issue all their knowledge of the under-currents that influence the crossplay of Politics in India. We will not assume the pose of such "Knights of the Mid-Night Venture" who suggest a perfect knowledge of the lobby, for we possess not their insouciance. We will not claim either a sort of psychic intuitional telepathy which belongs by right of tradition to a section of the press that reads motives and attitudes

and reservations hidden behind the declared word. We do not believe in scare-monger journalism: honest 'copy' means a straight deal with facts as they are, without the smear of innate prejudice or the glorified varnish of eager zeal characteristic of scoop-hunters. In our humble opinion, it will pay if every thoughtful student will dispassionately consider the pros and cons of the problem and attempt an honest and rational solution.

The problem of the Great Boycott is not a new one—it has simply changed its bearings and fresh soundings and plumb-lengths have become necessary. The 1907 agitation was a localised effort to achieve a definitely local and comparatively insignificant object (from the national standpoint), which had for the time being served the politicians as the jumping off plank for their stunts. The partition of a province may have been a blunder but it was after all an administrative blunder committed by an overzealous satrap fired with enthusiasm for the abstract doctrine of efficiency. Such tactical mistakes occur every day in a business office and readjustments take place automatically as the mistakes become realised. Such errors in themselves never form the cyclonic centre of a storm. The Partition agitation owed its inception to other forces than the administrative blunder of the act; it drew its vitals of strength from deeper rooted energies; its inspiration was fed by different, though cumulative, series of race insults. The Partition Act in itself formed the occasion for the outburst and served to ignite the stored-up magazine of smothered humiliations.

We trace in our mind this reading of the tempestuous years 1905-08, in order to be clear in our appreciation of the present conflict. The weapon which failed to strike in 1907 is again being appealed to in sublime faith that it will not, it cannot fail this time. No doubt the efficacy of Boycott is largely a measure of self-development, and no one will disagree in the assertion that India of 1921 differs by a real advance in her capacity for discipline and self-sacrifice from the India of 1907. And the partisans of a new virtue in an old weapon rightly pin their faith and hope on this factor. We are not disposed at present to question the ultimate success or failure of the Boycott movement for the simple reason that we possess not the vision

of a seer. We will be satisfied if we could clarify our minds of confusion and correctly appraise the merits and ills of the Boycott weapon.

A comprehensive survey involves consideration from three different aspects—ethical, economic, and political—aspects, not wholly different from each other yet sufficiently divergent to enable a separate view-point being reached.

* * * * *

Ethics of Boycott.

Ethical values have not yet reached a standardisation limit—they are still in the flux and therefore capable of mis-directing us in our search for right conduct. Conscious as we are of the truism that all human values must remain relative to time if progress is to be reckoned as a reality, we can not dignify Ethics with the exactitude of Astronomy or even with the objectivity of Economics. There is an uncertainty, a vagueness about our ethical judgments which is explicable only because morality is largely a question of individualistic view-point, and subjective consciousnesses play an important part in framing the individual attitude towards an act in the arbitration of right and wrong. Yet with all these drawbacks Ethics presents a tolerably consistent and definite ideal for the collective conscience. Rousseau's conception of the General Will ("*la volonté generale*") was derived directly from his personal conception of what is *good* for the society. That is good which the General Will dictates and what is dictated by the General Will is good, without fear of contradiction from particular wills. Perhaps it smacks of the autocracy of communal decision—a tyranny of the majority; but Rousseau lived in an age of oppression by the few, the age of Feudal serfdom. He idolised the idea of Freedom as arrived at by collective thinking, where one man counts as one vote. Rousseau laid an undue emphasis on the elimination of exterior influences on the individual conscience—influences that a powerful purse or a sharp mind may bring to bear on less fortunate people. But there is essential truth in his doctrine. The communal good is the decision of free, untrammelled consciences of the members of the community. An act does good if it leads to progress or betterment.

A communal good, if it is really good, must *ipso facto* result in bettering the community, individually or collectively it matters little. Ethically therefore our judgments stand circumscribed by the supreme criterion of common good, *i.e.*, an act or behaviour will stand the test of ethics if it is expected reasonably to lead directly or indirectly to the betterment of society as a whole or of its members individually.

Is boycott a moral, ethically good, act? Leaving materialistic considerations aside, a boycott of foreign goods involves abstention—a negative pose; it also involves a resort to home-made wares—a positive attitude. On the individual is imposed the discipline of sacrifice and a courage to face discomfort. So far, boycott means rather an ascetic form of uplift for the individual conscience. A conglomeration of such human units of 'renunciation' may turn the community into a group of stoic "Back-to-Nature" enthusiasts, resulting as a consequence in a drought in the realm of Effort and Energy. We must recognise the danger of a mass movement towards asceticism ending in abnegation—a denial of even the necessities of fruitful life merely because they involve toil and labour. In the present day turmoil of international knowledge an isolated life in the jungle is not possible nor good for a nation. An overdoing of "Back-to-Nature" plank will result therefore in an *un-moral* contingency. But if we understand correctly, the authors of the Boycott movement regard it essentially as a means towards an end—means that will automatically be discarded as soon as the goal is attained, unless of course if the same method gives promise of richer fruits to the commonalty later on. Guarded therefore against a policy of eternal asceticism, boycott will not involve any ethical evil. Discipline and capacity for sacrifice are *good* things both for the community and the individual, and if the boycott of foreign goods tends to engender these faculties, boycott is morally tenable and therefore ethically above reproach.

* * * * *

Economics of Boycott.

Turning to the economic aspect we meet with no clear, guiding lines. The difficulties of economic science have not yet been

demonstrably overcome. Economics is a science of circumstance and conjuncture. So much depends upon the environment that almost in every proposition a careful thinker is persuaded to include the celebrated condition "*ceteris peribus*" ("other things being equal"). The trouble is that other things never remain equal and all conclusions become tentative guess works and can at best be termed tendencies. We witnessed, for instance, the beatification of the doctrine of Free Trade in the England of mid sixties and seventies; but the great principle has become to-day a mere catchword and a history except for the diehards of the Manchester school. Germany by precept and practice gave the lie direct to the Free Trade theory. Indirectly she illustrated the truth in the doctrine that a rich harvest may be expected to be gleaned from a thorough application of the Free Trade fertiliser *only under certain circumstances* and that, in fact, in absence of these favourable circumstances the effects may be quite adverse and instead of a bumper crop a nation may stumble into a legacy of barren sterility. England, the proud home of the Free Trade doctrine, to-day turns shy at the name and keeps it as a whip sermon for other nations who impose tariffs on alien merchandise.

Economics therefore is a science of position. If we appraise the time and the place value of a doctrine correctly we can be tolerably safe in our deductions. Economic welfare does not mean a mere abundance of national riches, it also means their equitable distribution. It is a truism that a nation is economically happy if the amount of its national dividend is big. But it is a greater truism that a nation is happier still if the portion of the national dividend accruable to each member of the community is big. Sound national economics therefore aims at not a mere increase in the total of national wealth, but an increase in the share of such riches that goes to the lot of each member. How does the Boycott weapon stand this test of economic welfare?

Boycott of foreign goods involving as it does a renunciation of more or less necessary articles can not directly lead to an increase in the national dividend. Nor does it by any means react towards a more equitable distribution of the present riches, unless the uniform semblance of home-spun articles of wear gives a bit of economic satisfaction to the democratic mind, for the man

with an empty pocket hides with dignity his poverty under the same style of apparel that clothes the man with the riches. Ultimately boycott is contended to produce indirectly a change in Production which will enrich the country. When it is asserted that the cutting away of our dependence upon foreign cloth means a saving of sixty crores of rupees, the entire truth is not expressed. A diminution in the import trade because of an imposed barrier of the nature of tariff or boycott involves *pari passu* a lessening of the benefits that international trade brings. The primary and essential good that an interchange of produce between two localities does is the drawing out of the maximum of satisfaction at the minimum of cost. The damming of one source of supply cumulates water in the pool; supply from the chief source being cut off, with demand at the same level of urgency, means fewer things to go round and the consequence is a rush of prices upwards. It may be said that the demand is deflected to another source, but where is the source at the moment? Boycott means giving up for the time the use of a certain brand of articles. If another brand is available near at hand, economics has nothing to say. To depend upon the prospective increase of supply—expected to be due largely because of the boycott—creates a gap at the moment. The demand for concealing the nudity of man and woman—the big factor in an all-India demand—remains almost the same as before, and unless supply from other sources is immediately added on, prices would, of a surety, jump up and bring misery to the poorer classes.

It may be urged that the practical application of boycott will be gradual as the principle filters down to the countryside and that the process of time will make up the gaps in the sources of supply, *e.g.*, from *charkha* and Bombay mill industry. We need not quarrel with the pious wish, but the removal of a formidable competitor from the market takes off the wholesome restraint on prices. While business knows no charity, individual businessman fears no God but his next door rival. I am afraid the *ukase* of an All India Congress even will not persuade the dealer to keep down his prices, when he can without the least effort enlarge his profits and perhaps refund part of the increase as conscience money to the Swaraj fund and thus buy repentance for his

dereliction from duty! No, economic forces are too strong for control by Instructions.

It has been fondly believed that boycott means protection to home industries. We rather think that it means a license to them to do wrong. To refuse to wear anything but Swadeshi cloth is a noble and patriotic resolve. But sentiments do not govern the economic world. The promoters of the movement, rightly or wrongly, choose to ignore the iron necessity of the laws of supply and demand—they consider the force of spiritual values alone and lay no weight by the daily bread of man. They may be right in their prognosis, but from a strictly economic consideration boycott appears to be a roundabout, if not altogether futile, method of giving protection to indigenous industries. It is possible, as I said above, that the creation of an All India sentiment in favour of rigid Swadeshimism will tend to give a fillip to home industries, but the transition period, until the supply is big enough to meet all demand, is bound to be full of great economic distress and misery. There are other means and methods for providing adequate protection (*vide* the German experiment) without this concomitance of distress. Boycott is but a poor substitute except for that it may discipline the communal mind to grip better the essentials of economic betterment and national greatness. Save for this disciplinary benefit—not a purely economic good—boycott appears to be economically unsound, because it will not lead to an increase in the national dividend, nor to its more equitable distribution.

* * * * *

Politics of Boycott.

To the political aspect it is not necessary to devote much hard thinking. Politics is a game of tactics and knows no hard and fast lines of conduct. When Sir A. Chaudhuri framed his historic *obiter dictum* that "A subject nation has no politics," he was satirising in a felicitous phrase the ideal of the drawing room politicians who find the greatest interest in their lives in personal controversies and *tu quo ques* of party politics. Sir Ashutosh, if we understand him correctly, was appealing for a common platform, recognising the urgency, as he did, of a

united front towards the rulers. Following up this line of argument we would fancy the only political platform in India is one that is "against the alien government". But how rapid the changes occur in the political horizon is evident from the multiplicity of platforms in the India of to-day; politics has assumed the hydra-headed morphosis of shifting shapes. Any suggested line of action comes under a multiple barrage of criticism from various platforms and it is good that it is so.

The political expediency of boycott may thus be viewed from different angles. Jaundiced eyes will see a picture of horror of destruction; soft, screaming eyes will helplessly moan the element of dislike and hatred they read in the movement for boycott of a particularly tough customer like Lancashire. A giant's eye will look down with a frivolous mockery on the repetition of the failures of the last decade; while the pigmy eye will hate to see beyond his own ken and will refuse to see the last of his fine garments just for a whim or a passion of the moment. These various readings from different angles of vision are however irrelevant. The Boycott movement is promulgated by the edict of the party known as the Congress organisation and we have to see if the executives have any political justification for launching such a momentous struggle of interests. To a subject people is given the inherent right to resist tyranny by all means within the law, and as a last resort justification is for them, if they break the law in their attempt to break the tyranny. The Congress group sees the tyranny of an alien bureaucracy sapping the vitals of the nation and sets out to break it. Boycott movement is extra-legal and there are no constitutional drawbacks to cover its steps. No established law or order of the day is infringed.

Political legalism has therefore nothing to say against the Boycott movement. But does expediency justify it? This is largely a question for ripe statesmanship. The decisions in political manoeuvres turn upon the varying chances of the hour. In India Mahatma Gandhi and his lieutenants have declared a moral and political war against the existing system of government. They have advised their compatriots to non-co-operate with the officials in their daily routine of life—the aim is to paralyse the

working of the machine. Non-co-operation comprises however vast spheres of human activity and a series of gradation has been worked out by the Congress Committee from the refusal to enter the Councils to civil disobedience. Boycott stands a shade apart from practical non-co-operation for it does not strike the government directly. In his scheme to paralyse the governmental administrative machinery Mr. Gandhi chooses to seek the aid of a sort of an "extra-territorial" weapon, if we may so call it. Possibly he is advised unconsciously in this course by the great Napoleon's dictum that diplomacy without force behind it is like music without instruments. The Congress is out, on a non-committal basis, to reach the goal of Swaraj as speedily as possible and to back up their efforts they have held out the extreme threat of starvation for Lancashire—Lancashire that rules the Counsels of Great Britain to-day more powerfully than ever. It is a correct reading of the force behind the British policy that induces the Congress group to advise the hazardous course of complete boycott. And it is by no means evident that the move is tactically wrong or inexpedient. The Congress politics is a game of high stakes and the risks are proportionately bigger. It is wise statesmanship that steers successfully the ship of state through shoals and pitfalls but until the ship is clear of danger spots one can hardly question the move of the skipper. The result could alone show the wisdom or otherwise of the move.

Prima facie, from the political standpoint, boycott was the next logical step in the Congress politics and if the men at the helm have taken courage in both their hands and advised the step, the expediency or otherwise of the move can not be judged until the storm and stress of the controversy had hushed and controversy a story of the past. All that one could be clear about is the inevitability of the step from the political standpoint, unless of course the Congress politics were to degenerate into an interplay of sordid timidity and personal rivalry.

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Boycott then as judged from the three standpoints, is ethically moral, economically unsound and politically justifiable. The expediency of the move turns upon the valuations we place on the items on two sides of the sheet. If economic ills outweigh

the expected ethical good and the political gain in strategy, the move is inexpedient and undesirable. If on the other hand even from the sufferings of economic discomforts is expected to flow a stream of self-purification and discipline leading to the sheltered haven of political and economic independence; if the present ills are supposed to be suffered for future gains of rich content; if again the sufferings to the poor will be worth while suffering for the attainment of Swaraj—then adverse economic effects deserve to be ignored in the count.

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Ireland.

The progress of negotiations between the British Premier and the Irish Leaders provokes a fit of caustic introspection. Ireland—the very sound of the name calls up horrors of ambush, arson and assassination with murder, pillage and reprisals in their wake! Now for over two years there has been going on a guerilla warfare between the Irish Republican Army and the “Black-and-Tans”. The might of Great Britain frowned upon the irascible petulance of Irish temperament and sought to repress the extraordinarily sanguine outburst for self-realisation in the Emerald Isle. The Irish people desired to live their own lives unimposed by the majestic crookedness of their Imperial neighbours. Of course Great Britain could not tolerate a powerful “entity” next her door—she wished Ireland to lead an ordered life under her wing, in fact, a dictated, subject and circumscribed existence. The Irish would have none of it and kicked. Under the inspired leadership of Arthur Griffiths and Eamon De Valera she kicked and kicked with a force that made England reel and pause and think.

Great Britain scratched her head and thought she could kick Ireland back into submission. A counter kick was ordered and we witnessed a display of bestial brutishness that we thought was reserved only for the prestige-loving people of the coloured complexion. ‘Strong’ men were hastened to the scene of action, but Ireland still kicked. Why the d—l ?

There seemed some reason in the blow now and England began to see it, for nothing appeals more to the British tempera-

ment than a straight hit. And Mr. Lloyd George invited the Irish leader for a *talk*. A cynical observer draws his own pet conclusions and as I do occasionally plead guilty to the charge of cynicism I shall attempt for my own salvation a reading of the moral in the tale.

A Britisher combines in himself the unconscious pose for the biggest bluff and a ready recognition of facts when they demand a moral withdrawal. In other words he is a mixture of adventurous bloatedness and unconfessed cowardice. He would promenade about the place as if he is the ordained ruler of the universe. But give him a kick and if the blow has sufficient force to bring him down to the earthly plane, he will forget about the pain down his spine and begin to wonder at the beauty and grace of the flourish as the boot rose high in the air and posed for conscious praise before it felled him. The man has the saving grace of chivalrous humour and by licking the hand that struck him down strives to save what little he can by prompt offers of compromise, of recognition, even of eternal friendship.

The Irish episode has its own lesson for India. The line of action most popular to-day in this country is to give a wide berth to the alien shadow. No kicking, no blows, no retaliation because no violence. No, only a refusal to co-operate with the British rule, and under physical reprisals from the hostile party a silent, disdainful submission. The attitude reminds me of Chesterton's reason for his dislike of Japanese civilisation: that the East always stoops to conquer.

Overburdened by a curious inquisitiveness one feels tempted to ask how the very obvious vulnerability of Anglo-Saxon temperament has succeeded in masquerading itself under an iron mask. Well, there are scores of instances of turning the foibles of a politic man into the virtues of a Britisher. They say that love of justice and fairplay is ingrained in the British character and even in adversity this innate consciousness speaks out and does the handsome by the victorious enemy. I am tempted to write off my conclusion again from the Chestertonian slate:

"As if everyone did not know that while saints can afford to be dirty, seducers have to be clean. As if everyone did not know that the harlot must be clean, because

it is her business to captivate, while the good wife may be dirty, because it is her business to clean. As if we did not all know that whenever God's thunder cracks above us, it is very likely indeed to find the simplest man in a muck cart and the most complex blackguard in a bath."

WHIP.

CAPITALISM VS. SOCIALISM.

I.

CASE FOR CAPITALISM.

In the notable contribution set out below Professor E. R. A. Seligman, the distinguished head of the Department of Economics, Columbia University, affirms in a remarkably lucid exposition the case for Capitalism. Prof. Seligman is a veteran American economist with a world wide reputation, and when he thinks loud his views demand a careful and earnest consideration by all students of human betterment. In our next issue we will present our readers with a rejoinder to Prof. Seligman's case by another distinguished scholar of America.—*Editor.*

At the outset it is pertinent to inquire what the words mean. What do we really understand by capitalism and what by socialism? Unless we are clear about that, we are wandering in a maze of uncertainty. Now, by capitalism, I think that we may understand that form of industrial organization where the means of production—and by that, I mean primarily under modern technological conditions the machine and the funds required to work the machine, are in the control of private individuals. The difficulty of defining Socialism is that while Capitalism is an institution, Socialism is only a theory, unless indeed we accept the sporadic examples that we find in the middle of the 19th century in America, and unless we also accept the gigantic enterprise that is now being conducted by Soviet Russia. There are all manner of forms of Socialism and Socialistic theory. There is the Anarchistic Socialism. There is the State Socialism. There is the sentimental and scientific Socialism. And finally there is the Guild Socialism. What is worse, the Socialists themselves are by no means in agreement. The scientific Socialist, the Marxist, scorns the sentimental Socialist. The Marxian Socialism is supposed to be interpreted by the Menshevik Socialist, but the Menshevik is put by the Bolshevik Socialist in the ranks of the bourgeois. So that you have choice of the different brands of Socialism as a theory. But as an organization, as an industrial from, all these various

forms and kinds of Socialism are permeated by one common idea. That is, that the control of the methods of production, that the control of capital—for, of course, Socialists like everyone else concede the necessity of capital—that the control of capital shall be in the hands of the group and that there shall be no room for private rent, private interest or private profits.

Having thus defined those two opposing ideas, the next point that I desire to make is that while there are all forms and kinds of capitalists, just as there are all kinds and manner of human beings, there are reactionary or stand-pat capitalists and forward-looking, progressive capitalists. While that is true, my contention is that there is only one form of capitalism and that is progressive capitalism. Every form of industrial organization is progressive. Slavery in the early centuries was very different from slavery in the later centuries. Serfdom at the beginning was was very different from serfdom at the end. Feudalism at its inception was quite contrary perhaps in many respects, to feudalism at the end. Capitalism is in the very earliest stages of its development and there are still huge portions of the world which have not yet entered upon capitalism, like parts of China, like Africa, like many other portions of the world. My contention, therefore, is that by capitalism we mean a progressive form of industrial society.

The next point that I desire to make is that capitalism must not be misunderstood. I confine myself strictly to the welfare of the laborer under capitalism. Now, it depends not alone upon the direct results so far as the laborer is concerned, what he gets in the way of food and remuneration for his services, etc., but it depends also upon the indirect results. Therefore, the problem is not simply an analysis of the better distribution of wealth, but it is also the far more important problem of the production of wealth. We must consider the two forms of industrial organization from both these points of view.

And finally, before we proceed to come to close grips with the subject itself, let me call attention to the fact that while I do not intend to discuss the theories of Socialism nor the ideal framework of society as elaborated by Karl Marx, I do wish to point out that among his many fundamental doctrines, two at least and

those most germane to our discussion are no longer upheld and maintained by many of the Socialists themselves. The ordinary Socialist will say to you that the rich are getting richer and the poor are getting poorer. That is simply putting into common language, the pauperization theory of society as outlined by Karl Marx. We all know however, that the facts have given lie to this statement and while it is true that the rich have gotten richer, it is also true that the poor are no longer so poor as they were. This has led no less important Socialists than Bernstein in Germany and Tugan Baronowsky in Russia to say, "Let us abandon that argument for Socialism."

The other argument which is germane to our discussion is the cataclysm theory of society, the argument of Marx that owing to the accumulation of capital, crises occur every few years, that these crises and panics go from worse to worse until finally they become so overwhelming in their nature that a catastrophic cataclysm of society will occur, and Socialism will come in. Marx wrote in the fifties and sixties, and indeed in the early period of capitalist society, it seemed as if his theory were being borne out by the facts. The panic of 1837 was worse than that of 1818; that of 1857 was still worse; that of 1873, the world-wide crisis, the worst of all. But, then, and for reasons that I shall mention, came a change. We had gotten over the top and in 1884 the panic was not quite so bad as in 1873 and in 1894 it was not so bad as it was in 1884 and in 1907 it was markedly less bad than in 1894 and to-day where we are again at the beginning of a period of depression and bad business and unemployment, we are no longer confronted by even the prospect of anything like what happened in the 19th century. And what is still more true, we find that where Socialism has been adopted as it has been adopted in Russia to-day, the lie again is given to the Marxian theory because the revolution has come not in a country where Capitalism has been most developed but in the country where Capitalism has been least developed.

Now, then, taking up the points in order, I want first to call attention to the achievements of Capitalism. We are now not discussing what might have been attained under other conditions but simply what has been attained. What are the actual facts

and achievements of Capitalism? I should sum them up as follows: first and foremost, I should say that we must recognize the accumulation of wealth irrespective of where it is and in whose hands it is—the cheapening of production and the accumulation of wealth—because it is undeniable that certain advantages from this accumulation of capital and wealth accrue to the worker. Take as an example the railway system of America with its twenty billions of capital, which would have been impossible in any preceding order of society and consider its benefits in taking the laborer to and from his work every day; take the accumulation of wealth in our Public Libraries, in our Natural Museums of History, in our Museums of Art and in all other things which make for the convenience and pleasure of life. None of these things would have been possible nor have they ever been possible in a state of society where there has not been an accumulation of capital. For while civilization indeed has its spiritual and indubitable ethical and religious ends, there is no doubt that civilization as we know it, even on the spiritual side must needs be built up on a certain material basis and sub-structure. The accumulation of capital itself is an undoubted achievement.

In the second place, I should put the diversification of consumption. Compare the world to-day with what it was in all previous ages and consider what the laborer—even though he be the most poorly paid of all laborers—eats and what he wears and what he has with which to shelter himself. All of this is the result of the capitalist system. The bread which he eats comes from the wheat grown on the farms of North Dakota, and milled in the great mills of Minneapolis and brought here by the railway. The meat which he consumes comes from the far west of United States or perhaps from the pampas of Argentine. The tea which his family occasionally drinks is brought from far off Cathay and the sugar with which he sweetens the cup comes from all parts of the world, from Cuba or the far east. Even the tobacco with which he solaces his leisure hours may for all he knows come from Sumatra or from other portions of the Orient. And so it is with what he wears. His shoe is made of leather, tanned from the hides brought from the wilds of Siberia, the

steppes of Russia or the plains of South America. The wool which make his suit may come for all he knows from Australia and even the soap with which he occasionally washes himself in all probability comes from the palm or the cocoa oil of Africa while the trolley with which he goes to his work is built very largely of iron produced in the mills of Pittsburgh from the raw material from all parts of the west. This gigantic capitalist machine has rendered possible a diversification of consumption which has been unknown heretofore in the history of the world.

In the third place capitalism is responsible for democracy. The democracy of classic antiquity was one based on sham, a pseudo-democracy resting upon slavery. The democracy even of our fore-fathers, when we declared our independence of England, was not a real democracy. It was an aristocracy. The policies of New Yorkers as late as 1800 at the time of Hamilton and Burr were run by the great families precisely as in England, and it is false to claim as many have claimed that it is the frontier that has given us our democracy. We had a frontier in the 18th century but we had no democracy. England has no frontier in the British Isles to-day and has produced a democracy. What has brought about democracy is the industrial revolution or modern capitalism and that means a public opinion which has never existed before in the history of the world. As a result, every workman, no matter how humble he be, to-day has democracy and enjoys a voice in influencing even to a small extent the management of the affairs of the states under which he lives.

In the fourth place, I should put as one of the achievements of capitalism, liberty of movement. In the middle ages, there was no liberty. The serf was bound to the soil and it is only since capitalism has developed that we have the modern liberty of movement, carrying with it as a result the liberty of production as well as the liberty of consumption.

And finally, to cap the climax, modern capitalism is responsible for education and for science. Never before in the history of the world have we had a form of public instruction comparable to our own. Weak though it be, the amounts of money that are spent to-day in every modern capitalistic society for the public

schools, for the education that goes down into the kindergarten and up into the State University is something that the world before has never known. And science also is a direct product of capitalism. There was indeed a certain form of science among the Greeks, among the Arabs, etc. But science, by which we mean the unlocking of the secrets of nature, is distinctly a modern product. It began only with the introduction of modern capitalism and it is most strongly developed and progressive in the home of modern capitalism. And you all see why that is—because the modern business man in order to succeed must know the secrets of nature. He must secure the proof and in order to get the proof he must employ and utilize those forms of organized investigation which we call science.

Now, those are great achievements. Never before in the several hundred thousands or millions of years that man has been upon the earth have such things been accomplished.

I do not deny indeed that there is a dark side as well and to that I now come to address myself for a few minutes. What are the weaknesses and excrescences of capitalism? My point is that since capitalism is a progressive form of society, these weaknesses are remedial and these excrescences are being lopped off. What are those weaknesses? In the first place, we have unfair competition between businesses and human beings. But we all realize that this is being gradually done away with. A Jay Gould or Jim Fiske would be unthinkable in modern times; and even though in the railways we may still hear of the Rock Island or the Atchison or the New Heaven and Hartford, we must remember that now for the first time in the history of America their forces are being harnessed up and that the Interstate Commerce Commission is now regulating the issue of securities which will render such things impossible in the future. What President Roosevelt did, among all his many accomplishments, was to so change certain forms of unfair competition as to make them more difficult. Society under modern capitalism, is gradually rendering competition more and more fair.

In the second place, we have as one of these sad results, the fact that unjust privileges still continue and that certain forms of integrated organization known as potential monopolies some-

times make their appearance. But we find also that as soon as those evils are recognized they are being counteracted and we have to-day in our trade commission and in many other forms of organization a powerful counter-agent which is gradually doing away with many forms of privilege.

In the third place, I should say that modern capitalism does result in exaggerated fortunes. The development of a leisure class has its bad sides at a time when every one ought to be working. But what has society under modern capitalism done? A generation ago, I wrote a book on Progressive Taxation and I was attacked on all sides by the reactionary and the standpatter on the ground that I was preaching confiscation. Now-a-days, everyone, the capitalist like the others, not only believes in, but argues for, progressive taxation. We have to-day gone further in United States than in any other—perhaps as some of us think, even too far—with a system that takes up to 69.73 per cent of a man's income and in some cases even more. Progressive taxation is a sign of what modern capitalism is doing to restrict some of its own evils.

Now, when you come to the laborer there are of course some very great evils, but they also are gradually being overcome. Take the conditions of work and the hours of work. Many years ago, the reform movement was for twelve hours a day. I remember the ten hour day movement. Then there came the great fight for the eight hour day, and now some of our factory laws even permit only a six hour day in certain industries. Capitalism itself is gradually changing those conditions not because it likes to do it but because it is compelled to do it by the letting loose of those very forces which are implicit in modern forms of capitalism. As it is with the hours, so with the wages. Wages are by no means what they ought to be. Wages are certainly far less than they should be. But wages have been growing during the last hundred years indubitably and starting in Australia, going on to England, and now proceeding in America, we have the great minimum wage movement which is gradually improving these conditions.

And finally we come to the two great indictments of our present system first, the insecurity of employment for the work-

man—that very great evil which is being attacked and which is entirely susceptible of being eradicated by the application of the same principle that we have applied to accidents that we have applied to many other evils, namely, the insurance principle. There is no reason why the workman should be made to bear as he does to-day, the burden of unemployment and of insecurity of tenure.

We have already to-day in the unemployment insurance law of England the faint beginnings of a movement which I am convinced will spread within the next three or four decades like wild fire throughout the world. The regularization of industry must be brought about by industry itself with the aid of the state and it is being brought about under modern methods.

And finally, the last point, the joylessness of life. That to a certain extent must continue under any form of industrial government as long as we have the machine. Machines will be needed under socialism as under capitalism. But the real joylessness of the machine tender can be diminished and can be partially done away with by giving him more of a participation in the industry itself, as we are gradually doing through what we call industrial democracy. By giving him more hours of leisure as we are gradually doing, we are giving him the time in which he can regain the joy which he loses in his work. The joylessness of industry is not so much the indictment of capitalism as it is the indictment of machinery. We must meet it and fight it and counter it wherever we can.

In conclusion I want to say a word to explain why, with all these reservations, I am not a Socialist. And I should put it in this way. In the first place, as regards the remuneration of labor, Socialism preaches equal pay. A bonus, Lenine told us, was something only for bourgeois society. Equal pay means payment according to need. But unfortunately it is not payment according to need but rather according to efficient work that is really productive. Even in Russia to-day, they have been compelled to give up their original plans of payment according to need and they now have developed the bonus system to a point even unheard of in the United States.

In the second place, let us deal with the other side of it, the

man at the top. If society has progressed at all events in some respects, it is due above all to the man who has been the leader—the leader in industry. Leaders are rare in industry. And while I am perfectly well aware of the new Psychology which shows us the fallacy of the old economic man of Ricardo, it remains none the less true that the real impulses and tendencies of human nature, the desire for distinction, for self-expression, for mastery, that all these things after all centre themselves in the effort to do a little better than one's neighbour. We may not believe as our great Emerson said, that we are all as lazy as we dare to be, but it is true that the race horse does best when he has a pace maker and even we who sometimes play golf, don't play as well alone as when we play against a partner.

Now, under socialism, the possibilities of leadership would be restricted for two reasons: first, you would not have the incentive that you have now and in the second place, the risk would be far more limited. Now-a-days people who get to the top through the selective process do so because they are willing and able to take risks. Under any form of socialistic government, the risk could not, would not be taken because they could not afford to take it. These two points, the selective process of the modern competitive system and the restriction of the risk function in modern society are to my mind the chief indictments against Socialism. Then we finally come to the restriction of liberty. I need only allude to certain Socialists themselves who tell us what the other kinds of Socialism would do in restraining liberty. But of that point we shall speak later. At all events you see why I am not a Socialist.

E. R. A. SELIGMAN.

THE PROPHECY.

Charles Forde saw his neighbour, Thomas Finch, walking up the garden path of "Oatlands", and braced himself for an exceedingly painful interview. For Mr. Finch was betrothed to the elder man's only daughter, and within the past four-and-twenty hours Jenny Forde had changed her mind and decided, after an engagement of six months, that Tom Finch, of "Five Elms," was not the man for her.

She could offer no decent excuse for this defection and her father knew it. Mr. Finch farmed his own land and enjoyed a reputation for good sense and good fortune. His record was untarnished, his prospects excellent, his health good. A dark, clean-shaven man of character, he had courted Jenny and won her without difficulty. He loved her heartily and had proved a generous and kindly sweetheart; yet now, within three months of marriage the young woman decided that nothing on earth would make her marry Tom. She lacked the pluck to tell him herself, and her widowed father, after protesting indignantly and striving for three days to convince the way-ward maid that she was doing a wicked thing, found her obstinacy proof against every argument.

She offered no sane reasons—a fact that made Mr. Forde's task the more difficult; and in the approaching interview his sympathies were entirely with Thomas. Nor did he disguise the fact when Finch appeared.

"Come in the pleasure garden out o' the way, Tom," began the elder. "I'm in a lot of trouble. That's why for I asked you to step over."

"I take it kindly that you should," answered the younger. "If I, as be going to be your son-in-law at Michaelmas, can't help you in a hitch, 'tis pity."

"Two difficulties I be in," said Farmer Forde, "and one is nought, but t'other looks like the worst come-along-of-it as I've been called to face since my wife died. Will you have a spot of whisky?"

"No, thank you, not of a morning. What's the trouble then?"

"First, my cow-man's leaving—after ten years. My right hand you may say; and now he's a fancy as Dartmoor ban't suiting his breathing parts, and be going down to the in-country. A proper disaster in its way, for such a cow-man I don't count to see again."

"Fancy Amos off! You do surprise me. But if that be nothing to t'other disaster, then it must be fearsome bad, Charles."

"So 'tis, Tom; and what's more, you're in it. I'm properly out of sorts about the thing, and it's knocked ten year off my life, as I powerfully believe. In a word, Jenny ain't going to marry you, my dear. I've talked my throat sore and used pretty harsh language, too, as well I might; but she be dead to honour and justice and every damn thing; and 'tis my cruel task to tell you, because she haven't got the face."

Mr. Finch breathed heavily through his nose, and his dark eyes grew very hard.

"This is what her airs and graces of late have meant, then," he said. "I've known there was something in the wind this longful time, Charles Forde; and I was patient, as becomes a man with a female. And why have she done this outrageous act, if I may ax?"

"You may ax, same as I did, a hundred times, Tom; but whether you'll get an answer be to see. In a word, all she'll say is that it have been borne in upon her, so fierce as sunrise, that she must marry a fair man. A fair man or none it have got to be, and her 'inner soul'—that's what she calls it—her 'inner soul' tells her that the man she takes will be the flaxen sort. Another kind would spell failure."

"And that's all the reason for throwing me over after six months' tokening and about two years' courting?"

"'Tis too shameful for words, and if she weren't my one and only, I'd turn her out of the house for it," declared the master of "Oatlands." "But there it stands, and I'll swear you ain't much more put about than me."

Mr. Finch was silent for some moments, and the father of the faithless girl ran his hand through his scanty hair, pulled his whiskers and sighed heavily.

Then Thomas asked a question.

"And what about my presents, master?"

"They be all here in this parcel," answered Mr. Forde. "You'll find 'em to the leastest, Tom. Everything be done decently and in order, for that matter."

"Decently"! Your daughter don't know the meaning of the word," answered Finch. "I ban't going to blow nor bluster, nor make any sort of fuss; because to do so would be to waste steam and leave me so much the worse off. And I ban't going to say I'm not cruel shocked and disappointed neither. I am. This is such a disaster as I couldn't have thought would have overtook a straight and simple man like me."

"You've a right to see her if you want, Tom. I told her that."

"I do not want. If she could do this in cold blood, for no honest reason on earth, then I don't want to see her again. And I don't want to think of her neither. It beggars belief and be contrary to nature, though doubtless not contrary to woman's nature. She's a wicked girl, Charles, and her heart be in the wrong place, and God help the flaxen man when he comes along—that's all I've got to say about it."

Mr. Finch rose and prepared to go his way.

"You've took it like the fine chap you are, Tom; and I hope to God you won't let this catastrophe come between me and you. I've been your friend since you growed up, and your father's friend afore you, and I'd rather have cut off this hand than let such a fearful blow come upon you from any one of my name."

"I believe you. I don't feel no different to you. I'm sorry you should have such a woman as a daughter. Now I'll be gone."

He took his presents, which made rather a bulky parcel, put on his hat, and went his way, while a pair of eyes as dark as his own, but not as straight, watched him depart from a dormer window in the thatch above.

A moment or two later Jenny Forde joined her father, who gloomily filled his pipe.

She was a slim, good-looking girl of twenty-five with a face rather lacking in expression. She had indeed no particular

characteristics, save vanity and ignorance, and the folly she had now committed arose from another foolish act in the recent past. Unknown to her parent, or sweetheart, Jenny allowed a gipsy to tell her fortune at a revel, and learning from the "wise woman" that she must wed a fair man, who would come to her and court her in disguise, the prospect of a romance so attractive induced her change of mind. For the gipsy had predicted smooth things for a bosom friend of Jenny's, and something so like the prophecy actually happened a year afterwards, that Miss Forde herself sought the prophetess at the next opportunity. She was now quite determined to accept the old woman's promises, even at the expense of her own good name and character for sense.

"How did it go?" she asked.

"You hard devil!" answered Jenny's father. "What do you care how it's gone? He's took it like the man he is."

"And took his presents also, I see."

"Certainly. Why for not? You wouldn't have had the face to sport his fal-lals no more. I should think, after you'd put it across him this way. He was sorry for himself, that life had brought him such a facer, and he was sorry for me, because I'd got such a bad-hearted creature for a daughter."

"And he might have been sorry for me, too, I should think. A fine woman and a clever woman, like me, don't do such a thing for nought. I was sorry enough to turn him down, wasn't I? But you can't help your feelings and convictions; and once I was properly fixed in my mind that I must wed a fair man, or none, I couldn't go on with Tom Finch—in justice to him. If you find you've stopped loving a man, you've got to say so, haven't you? And no sensible man wants to love a woman that don't love him."

They wrangled to no purpose, and Jenny declared herself hardly treated and misunderstood. But in reality she experienced nothing but a sense of secret relief that the matter was at an end. She was not built to feel deeply; but she was built to pretend cleverly, and Mr. Finch had certainly believed that she cared for him and could not fail to make a valuable and whole-hearted wife.

A week passed, and the news ran through Ponsworthy hamlet that Jenny Forde had changed her mind about Tom Finch.

The sensation lasted a second week, and those who did not admire Mr. Finch—being induced to disparage him by reason of his prosperity—were not sorry; while his friends declared him well out of a stupid mating; for they argued that Miss Forde must be a fool to jilt the best man she was ever likely to win; and no man desires to marry a fool.

Then, while Jenny's father was forgetting this unfortunate incident, before the growing problem of his new cow-man, a cow-man appeared. It wanted but a fortnight to the withdrawal of the invaluable Amos, and his master began to despair of the right man, when a light shone through the gloom, and a most admirable and accomplished person offered his services. He came armed with excellent credentials; he proved of amiable disposition and invincible good nature, and he was, as Charles Forde could not fail to note, about the most strikingly handsome man he had seen in his life.

Samuel Pascoe was eight-and-twenty. He stood six feet high, and chance had willed that his features should be cast in classic mould. There was something Greek in his open, clear-cut face, beautiful mouth and round chin. His eyes were grey and lustrous, his forehead broad, his corn-coloured hair close and curly.

Having read an excellent account of Samuel, and learned farther that he had fought in the war, which was an essential in Mr. Forde's opinion, he examined him on the subject of his business and found him well versed in it.

"You seem to know so much about cows as a man of your age can be expected to know," admitted the farmer, "and your papers are all they should be. No encumbrances, neither?"

"None whatever," declared the youth.

"You want ten shilling a week more than what I'd hoped to pay, however."

"I reckon you'll find I'm worth it, master," said Samuel. "Your ten cows won't take me all my time. I like horses, too, though I don't pretend to know much about 'em inside. But I can plough and I be fond of ploughing."

"Come, then, and us'll see how we get on," decided the master of "Oatlands." "You ban't too nice for the rough and

tumble, I hope?" he added. "You look a bit of a gentleman, and us ain't got no use for nothing like that."

Samuel Pascoe laughed.

"It's only army ways," he said. "You get in the fashion of washing and shaving and being smart—all good things on a farm, or anywhere."

"Very true indeed," admitted the elder. "I've a great belief in washing, and have preached it to deaf ears all my life. If you can stand to work, I don't care how clean you be, nor yet what you wear."

So Mr. Pascoe took up his new duties, and two months later, Charles confessed to Tom Finch that he was worth his money.

"It shows, if that wanted showing, that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," he declared. "I never thought to better Amos, yet here's a man so ready and willing as ever he was, and cleverer, along of education. A proper treasure in fact."

"Without a doubt he is," replied the younger farmer. "A very understanding chap and nice in his speech and the best-looking beggar—bar none—that ever I saw. He comes in to me for a tell now and then, and he's cured my piebald cow of her bad heel—a thing I never hoped for."

They expatiated on the virtues of Samuel and then Mr. Forde ventured a word concerning Jenny.

"Forgive a painful subject," he said. "Nought but friendship and my deep respect for you makes me speak of it, Tom. I hope you be recovering very well from your cruel shock? With all my heart I hope it."

"I am," answered Finch calmly. "I am recovering, because what you said just now—as to fish in the sea—is so true of a sweet-heart as a cow-man. In fact truer, because no doubt there's lots of young, rising maidens near wife-old as will make very good mates for the men; but there ain't lots of chaps to match Sam Pascoe, or if there are, I ain't never seen 'em."

"Very true indeed," replied the other. Then he hesitated, opened his mouth to speak, but put his pipe in again and kept silent. Indeed the subject that had flashed to Mr. Forde's mind was hardly one for the other's ear. It concerned a situation of

the most delicate nature, a situation that had not yet developed and which, in any case, could hardly be mentioned in the hearing of Thomas Finch.

They parted and the elder communed with his own heart. For within six weeks of the cow-man's advent, he had not failed to perceive a startling circumstance. Samuel lived at the farm and took his meals with the head man and the family. From apparent indifference towards him, there had wakened interest in the mistress of "Oatlands," and now Jenny's father believed that she began to entertain something like regard for Mr. Pascoe. Samuel quite unconsciously stimulated this emotion. He was very charming and attentive; but his good manners and cheerful smiles might be considered public property. He proved a sociable person and accepted the friendship of all who cared to offer it. There was no mystery about him. He let it be known that he was not engaged to be married, and declared himself well contented with his present lot. He liked the women and they liked him, but he seemed very complete in himself and exceedingly indifferent to the fact that his amazing good looks, curly hair, grey eyes and pleasant speech awoke no little tender feeling in maiden hearts. He was no philanderer and no Ponsworthy girl had as yet been asked to walk with him, or suffer him to better their acquaintance.

Then Mr. Forde made his discovery and, once suspicious, bided his time until no shadow of doubt remained. He had in truth surprised Jenny's secret. For, if ever she had loved anybody, she now found herself in love with Samuel. In the first place he was a very fascinating and elusive person, entirely attractive as a man; and in the second, she could not but perceive he conformed very closely to the gipsy's words. He was fair, amazingly good to look at, and, what was still more important, a certain aloof air lent promise that Mr. Pascoe might be more than he appeared. One thing only remained to complete the great prophecy; Samuel must now fall in love with Jenny. But that so far, he showed no signs of doing.

Yet the girl soon lived in a day dream, for nothing so beautiful and attractive as Samuel had she seen, and she doubted not that his modesty prompted him to hesitate before declaring an

answering love. Her part she did, however and presently by a thousand touches must have made it apparent to any man, not an idiot, that she cared for him. But he made no answering sign, and once again Farmer Forde began to suffer increasing uneasiness on behalf of his child. For his part, after two months of the incomparable Pascoe, Jenny's father felt that such a son-in-law, even though he came empty-handed, would receive nothing but a welcome from him. Indeed Samuel was to be preferred even to Thomas. For Mr. Finch, of course, had intended that Jenny would leave her home for "Five Elms" when she married him, whereas since "Oatlands" would be her property upon her father's death, the advent of a man ready and willing to make the farm his care for the rest of his life, with Jenny for help-mate, was a picture that had sentimental attraction for Mr. Forde.

Still, however, Samuel held off, and not merely did he hold off, but gave no hint or sign that he was ever coming on. Sometimes, indeed, Jenny saw gleams of hope. She treasured his least word and counted every day's smiles; but she remembered Mr. Finch and perceived that none of the signs of a man in love marked Pascoe's friendship. He thanked her for her good offices—the buttons she sewed on and the socks she darned, the flower she would pick for his button-hole on Sunday and her assiduity to furnish the dishes that Samuel declared his favourites—but nothing came of it, and when her father ventured to approach the subject and hint to Jenny that her regard for the cow-man began to grow rather painfully obvious, she was frank, wept many tears and confessed in Charles Forde's ear that she loved.

"Why the mischief he don't speak I can't think," she sobbed. "He's the man was meant for me—the man the 'wise woman' saw in her crystal. I know it by a thousand things. And he loves me—he must, if he's got a heart—but—but the silly modesty of the man! He knows I be well to do and all that And yet—oh, 'tis a cruel trial of patience. I could slap his beautiful face sometimes. But I ban't a queen to tell him I'll marry him."

"No," admitted the farmer, "you can't tell him you'll marry him; but since I'm set on the chap very near so much as

you, belike I might whisper a word in season. Only there's one cruel doubt. If he ban't got no use for you, then he'll be scared and give notice. In fact there won't be nothing else for him to do, as a right thinking young man."

"You needn't fear no such thing," she answered. "He only wants a hint, I reckon, and if you do it clever, with a proper care for my feelings, he'll offer for me. He's a very good man and I love him; and once he knows it—though how he don't I can't guess—then he'll do the rest. I'll go to Ashburton Sunday and be out of the way, and you can say the word in season."

Mr. Forde promised and obeyed. He dreaded the interview and its sequel very gravely, for he did not share Jenny's confidence; but he spoke, and Mr. Pascoe listened. Samuel was all smiles as usual, though he did not commit himself, and after his master had hinted that Jenny was seeking a husband, the cowman declared that her chosen would be fortunate when he came along.

"The point is that he have come alone," murmured Mr. Forde. "He have come along, Samuel, and since a nod's as good as a wink to a blind horse, I needn't say no more than that his two initial letters be S.P. The rest I'll leave very willing to you."

Mr. Pascoe exhibited no very great astonishment, nor was his gratification marked. Indeed, he kept exceedingly cool, smiled his ineffable smile and said that Jenny's father had thrown light on an obscure situation.

"'Tis a great compliment I'm sure," he said. "I be going to eat my dinner along with Mr. Finch next Sunday, for he's shown me amazing friendship since I came to Ponsworthy; and if Miss will be so kind as to meet me to New Bridge on River Dart at three of the clock that afternoon, I'll do what I can to clear the thing up very clever."

"And terrible pleased I shall be, let me tell you," added Mr. Forde. "I think the world of you, Samuel, and though you ain't got no money, my son, you've got what's a lot better: a dollop of sense and good understanding. And I'd so soon see you reigning at 'Oatlands,' after I go home, as any man I know."

Samuel acknowledged such handsome praise fittingly.

"Ditto here," he said. "I'm very proud to work for you, master, and the man who is your son-in-law won't have lived in vain for sartain. For you'm kindness alive and wonderful just likewise."

"And Jenny's my daughter, Samuel."

"Favours her mother, no doubt," said Mr. Pascoe blandly.

He preserved his impassive charm throughout the week, and made no allusion to the tryst; but he asked for Wednesday off and did not return until a late hour.

Then came the appointed afternoon and Jenny, with a high heart, made ready after Sunday dinner. Gloves, feather and a new frock completed the picture and she reached New Bridge five minutes before the hour.

Samuel, who had taken his dinner at "Five Elms" was not there; but at three, a little procession crept from the by-way that led to Mr. Finch's farm, and Jenny Forde observed a young woman, perambulator and a man. The man trundled the perambulator and the young woman walked with her arm in his. It was Samuel Pascoe.

He introduced his wife and babe.

"This is my Milly, Miss," he said, "and this is my Sammy—one year old and the living daps of his mother as you see."

Jenny kept her head with an effort. Then the procession went forward and she struggled home. When Pascoe returned in the evening, and explained that his wife had arrived two days before at the invitation of Mr. Finch, Jenny was gone to bed with a headache and Samuel's master had it out.

"You said you had no encumbrances, Samuel Pascoe," he began sternly.

"No more I have, Mr. Forde. My wife and child be the joy of my life and no more of an encumbrance than my nose. You see, 'twas this way. When I come first to wait on you, last June, I axed the road to 'Oatlands' at Farmer Finch's, and he saw me himself and got talking. And he said that I'd do very wisely to keep shut about my family, and not let on I was married for six months. Why for he advised so I can't say; but so he did. And when I heard as Miss favoured me, I went instanter to Mr. Finch and told him how 'twas, and he said the truth must

out, and he'd take in my family for a few days; which he did so. And so it happened and I done as he advised, and went o' Wednesday to fetch Milly and Sam. And Mr. Finch be wanting a new cow-man and dairymaid also. So, no doubt, 'twill be the cleverest thing for me to go to him come my month's out."

"This be a dark and devilish plot then?" asked Mr. Forde, with gathering indignation. "A plot against me and my darter?"

"Not on my part," answered Samuel. "I understood as you liked for your people to be single, but I hoped when I'd made good, you'd overlook my wife and child. As to your darter, Mr. Finch never named her name to me."

So the cow-man prepared to join a new master; Jenny went to the seaside to recover; and Mr. Forde demanded an explanation from his old friend, which Mr. Finch did not deny him.

"I wanted a slap at her," confessed Thomas, "and when that terrible handsome, flaxen chap come along, I saw my way. It all went very clever, and she didn't get an ounce more than she deserved, as you well know, Charles. Now she'll understand a bit of what she made me suffer—if she can understand anything. And, of course, Samuel couldn't stay along with you no more, so he comes to me. Sorry I had to hit you so hard, but I couldn't be evens with your beastly Jenny no other way."

"Then this I'll say," answered the elder "You've done a hateful thing, Thomas Finch, and though the law can't reach you, I hope your conscience will; and never speak to me no more, for you be dead to me hereafter."

"As you please, farmer. But you can have my old cowman if you mind to. He's going begging, and he's got a skew eye and one leg shorter than t'other, and no hair on his poll—flaxen or otherwise—so your girl bain't likely to make no trouble for you in that quarter."

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

GREATER INDIA BEYOND THE SEAS.

RELICS OF INDIAN CULTURE IN JAVA.

One of the few places outside India, where well-built Hindu and Buddhist temples are still to be met with in numbers, is the Island of Java. Java with its magnificent temples, is a standing example of the spread of Hinduism and Buddhism in those ancient days even to the islands beyond. The remains of temples and pagodas prove the greatness and sublimity of Indian civilization and culture. They show how much overpowered were these alien nations by Indian atmosphere that it is utterly impossible for them to speak off that influence even centuries after.

THE TEMPLE OF BOROBUDOR.

The most remarkable and majestic of these temples is that of Borobudur. It is the largest and most excellent temple in existence in the whole world. Travellers and antiquarians from the different parts of the world have bestowed well-deserved praise on this magnificent temple. It has been aptly described as the vast Pyramidal pile, a hill in 9 stages. In magnificence and grandeur it may rightly rank with the eminent architectural marvels of the world. Truly speaking it is not a temple in the proper sense of the term but more of the nature of a hill rising about 150 feet from the plain. It has risen up in nine stages. The lowest stage is in the form of a square, each side being 497 feet long. It is situated just above the ground. The second stage is of similar shape just 50 feet higher up. Above it there follow four other terraces of more irregular contour. On the top there is a huge crowning dome 52 feet in diameter which is encircled by 16 smaller bellshaped domes. Thus the whole figure appears as an archaic Indian temple considerably flattened and consisting of a series of terraces surmounted by a quasi-stupa capped by a dagoba.

This splendid temple contains many statues of Buddha which give distinct sign of Buddhistic influence. In the chamber also stood a statue of Buddha resting on a receptacle which contained a relic.

"The decorations of this immense building" says Mr. R. Sewell in J. R. A. S., "the sculpture on which are so numerous that it has been calculated that if placed end to end they would cover a distance of 3 miles, are with very few exceptions of Indian origin, and bear little trace of Cambodian or Siamese, still less of Chinese influence." Continuing Mr. Sewell gives a vivid description of the temple and the influence this magnificent shrine exercises upon the worshippers. All the decorations "from parts of one grand design which was to establish once for all a visible representation in stone of the entire scheme of Mahayanist doctrine. Seen by the worshipper from the moment of his approach, in all his ritualistic circum-ambulations of the shrine from below upwards till he reached the holy dagoba on the extreme summit, saved specially to Buddha himself as supreme over all, the sculptures taught him what Buddha meant, how the virtuous Buddhist could attain to salvation, and what awaited him in the future if he led a virtuous life".

This magnificent temple lies on the west of the right bank of the river Prega which flows into the Indian Ocean.

"The mixture of Buddhism and Brahmanism is best seen" says R. Friederich, "in the three upper and inner galleries of Borobudur. In the first we see the history of Sakyamuni from the annunciation of his descent from the heaven of Indra till his transformation into Buddha with some scenes of his life. The thirteen first scenes in the second gallery like-wise represent Buddha as a teacher with his pupils, after that it would seem as if a concordat had been formed between the different cults. We have first in three separate scenes, Buddha, Vishnu (Batara Guru) and Siva all together and other groups follow, Buddhist and Sivaite without distinction. It is only in the fourth gallery that we again find Buddha dominant.....Already in the first gallery we also see Brahmanic divinities, Garuda for example, but not in separate scenes. In my opinion the cupola is the principal and the most ancient part of the temple of Borobudur, it must have been intended to serve as a dahagopa (dagoba), i.e., a place for the enshrining of relics. I do not as yet know of any other dagoba in Java; but I should not be surprised at their discovery. The dagobas of Ceylon have an

exterior resemblance to the Borobudur cupola; but I prefer to classify it rather with the topes or stupas of Afghanistan."

Smaller temples in Java are known as *Chandes*. The Dutch Archaeological Department is rendering excellent services to the cause of civilization by restoring these temples. The Department not only restored some parts of the great temple of Borobudur, but also many *Chandes* which were in ruins. The chief of them are the *Chandi Mendut* and *Chandi Pavna*. These two temples lie not far away from the main temple. The Mendut temple has been described by a scholar as "the immediate successor of Borobudur." Since its foundation it has undergone some changes and now stands in an altered form from the original. Its original structure was of brick but subsequently it was constructed of stone and is very beautifully sculptured. This sculpture in the words of Ferguson is as refined and elegant as anything in the best ages of Indian architecture. The figures in this temple comprise those of Buddha, Siva and Vishnu and Lakshmi stands alone on one side of the temple.

The *Chandi Pavna* gives proof of a curious amalgamation of Hindu and Buddhist religious ideas. In India Siva, the Hindu God of Destruction, has the third eye on his forehead as also Durga and Kali. In this temple, however, the figure of Buddha has a third eye in the centre of the forehead. Though the temple is a small one it is very elegant. In comparison with the temple of Borobudur it is much later in its date of construction. Critics have very high praise for the sculptures on its wall; the figures are more true to life than most of those at Borobudur. The female figures represented in a panel are thought to be very graceful. The sacred Bo-tree is pictured in the central panel.

Besides these there is a large group of temples at Brambanan or Parambanan as some prefer to designate it. In India we find a group of temples invariably numbering twelve, dedicated to some popular god. They are built in a vast courtyard and in the centre a temple bigger than the rest of the group is reared. The group of temples at Brambanan, however, consists not of 12 but of no less than 150 temples. In a large square courtyard are 6 temples of great size and like pyramids form the

centre and more than 150 temples of comparatively smaller size surround them. The peculiar way in which they are placed is rather interesting study—A line of 3 on the east faces a line of 3 on the west with two smaller ones in the middle of the Northern and Southern faces. The effect of this arrangement can better be imagined than described. To Siva is dedicated the central one in each row, to Vishnu that one in the North and to Brahma on the South. To each a Bodhisattva is added.

PHANINDRA NATH BOSE.

ANCIENT CHINESE CIVILISATION.

Egypt, Babylonia, India and China—four names that rocked the cradle of human civilisation! Of these four the first two may be classed together and the second two may form one class though there is a good deal that is common to all four. The ancient Empires of Egypt and Babylonia waxed and waned; the peoples of Egypt worked wonders like the Pyramids and Mummies; the Babylonians produced the famous Khammurabi Code, the Biblical temple of Belus and the hanging gardens; but they could not maintain their existence in defiance of the disintegrating effects of time and the assaults of her enemies. The nations became extinct together with their civilisation and for thousands of years they remained a hazy figment of tradition until the last century, when their history, though not the races, was brought to light by the research scholars. But the case is quite different with China and India. Surrounded by barriers of exclusiveness and living in practical seclusion from the rest of the world China developed a peculiar civilisation as early as the other three. Both India and China constitute separate worlds by themselves and they developed civilisations of a national character which bear the stamp of the inevitable which are never extinguished, but are ever-flowing without break and each is a living present and in case of China, it is a living and an independent present.

It may be said in one sense that India is never conquered by any power. The Persians, the Greeks, the Scythians, the Pathians and the Moguls only seized her political capitals and appropriated her revenues. The devastating armies of the conquerors ravaged districts, burnt villages and brought death, but these were temporary visitations like plague, earthquake and famine. They came and went like a cyclone. The old religion of the Aryans had a recuperative power stronger than the arms of the foreigners. The Hindu villagers who formed the vast majority of the population, paid unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, but remained spiritually and nationally unaffected. India

was in a state of splendid insolation. "She was never hellenised". As Hegel was writing his *Prolegomena* in his village home at Jena without caring to know how Napoleon was bombarding it, Jaydev was composing his sweet lyrics in his village at Kendubilla while the Mahomedans were knocking at the door of India. The village Kathak is still singing the praise of Ram and Krishna.

Exactly similar was the case with China. To the Chinese, the existing conditions and institutions represented eternal and immutable laws. To change them would be regarded as an impious interference with the lawful course of events. In spite of conquests of the marauding Tartars, the invasion of the Christian Missionaries and Mahomedans, the Chinese of to-day still bear traits which afford evidence of their primordial unchanging character. She has a tremendous power to transform into her own substance, all kinds of foreign elements. No conqueror altered the national character of the Chinese people. No alteration is effected in their habits and custom, clothing and fashions which have remained unchanged for thousands of years. God left these two nations, Chinese and Indians, to the unassisted light of nature and reason for an unusually long period. They had had ample opportunities for doing what man by wisdom can do; that is, to find out God as he is in himself and in his relations to us. It might be that the Chinese were not so profound in Philosophy or Philology as the ancient Hindus and could never boast of a Kapila or Panini but it is a fact that they far excelled India in the practical part of a nation's development, *i.e.*, in writing history and politics, in inventing characters, art of printing and writing materials and above all in constructing a political system and then in organising an Empire and this accounts for the independent living existence of China.

History :—Prof. Lacouperie has tried to prove that the Chinese tribes migrated from Mesopotamia as he found a good deal of resemblance between the Chinese and Babylonian social, religious and scientific institutions. The recently excavated canals and waterways of Babylonia are just like the canals and waterways of China. However he has given us no satisfactory proof for his suggestion and for Chinese History we fall back on

Chinese records. According to Chinese history their race is traced back to a period which dwarfs into insignificance the antiquity of Babylonia and Egypt but it is full of fables. One of their first leaders Fuhsi has earned eternal fame for (1) inventing characters, (2) establishing the laws of marriage, (3) inventing the cyclical notation, and (4) organising the worship of spirits. This leader flourished in 3200 B.C. The next important Sovereign is Hwanti who taught his peoples to manufacture pottery and invented the medium of Currency. But with the reign of You, who flourished about the time of Great Khammurabi of Chaldæa, *i.e.*, 2300 B.C., we emerge from the mist which hangs over the earliest records of China and at this point Confucius takes up the strain. Between this Monarch and Confucius of the 6th Century B.C., the Chinese sceptre changed three dynasties, whenever the ruling prince proved tyrannical and vicious, like King "Kee" of the 19th century and "Chow Sin" of the 12th century B.C., there was a inevitable rebellion resulting in the succession of a new dynasty. The old institutions, statutes and teachings of the early pious Kings like "You" gradually fell into disuse on account of weakness or viciousness of later Emperors and the happiness of the people became clouded.

When the Empire was in this tempest-tossed condition the greatman Confucius came to the helm. Confucius was not only a sage and a law giver but he was a great leader of mankind. He deplored the anarchy of the time, described "oppressive government as fiercer than a Tiger"* and preached for a patriarchal form of Government based on "filial piety" Confucius is dead and gone, but for the last 25 centuries his teachings have become the watch-words and the guiding star of the nation through all its many changes and chances.

Religion :—As the formless ideas of God were too abstract, and the masses needed an external Phenomenon, a belief in "patron spirit" sprang up at the earliest stage. According to Herbert

* Seeing a woman weeping by a tomb Confucius learnt that her father-in-law, husband, and son had been killed by a tiger. When he asked her "Why do you not remove from this place?" She answered "Because there is no oppressive Government in this locality." Turning to his disciples Confucius remarked "My children, remember this, oppressive Government is fiercer than a tiger".

Giles, Professor of Chinese at the University of Cambridge, "Fu Hsi was the first Emperor who organised the worship and sacrifice to the 'spirits' in the 30th century B.C." In the 27th century the Yellow Emperor built temples and established the worship of Sun, Moon, Planets and of ancestors. In the 26th century B.C. God was worshipped with music and dancing. Then came the belief in the theory of God's punishing the wicked and rewarding the good. The spirit was worshipped in its form of Trinity—the Heaven Spirit, Earth Spirit and Water Spirit.* Ancestor worship formed an important part in the ancient Chinese religion. Like the Indian thought पिता स्वर्गः in China the father is to be honoured as heaven and mother as earth. The Primitive Force is symbolised by heaven, the creative and masculine principle and the primitive matter by Earth, the receptive, female principle. The ancestor worship is practised throughout China with great fidelity and every household has its altars for such worship and for offer of sacrifices to them.

Confucianism :—This old order of religion was changed under the influence of Confucius. Confucius was a contemporary of Buddha (550—) and like Buddha was pre-eminently a practical man. Though he believed in Spirit, God and Destiny, his famous utterance was "Respect the Spirits but keep them at a distance." He held that life and its problems are alone sufficient to keep the energies of human beings fully absorbed. So he subordinated man's duty to God to man's duty towards his neighbours. There is nothing ascetic, nothing spiritual in his religion. He never attempted to find out man's connection with the world beyond what he sees. He was a great practical agnostic and his system a benevolent agnosticism. As Buddha's religion is a system of morality and self-culture Confucianism is a system of Ethics though with a shadowy monotheistic back ground.

In its practical application Confucius based his religion on "filial piety" in its widened sense of fine moral relations that obtain between man and man, i.e., (i) between Sovereign and

* Heaven Spirit brings celestial bliss

Water Spirit quenches fire

And Earth Spirit—procures forgiveness of Sin.

[In India Earth is proverbially for forgiveness.]

subject, (ii) parent and child, (iii) elder brother and younger, (iv) husband and wife, (v) friend and friend. So in politics, he advocated patriarchal form, in religion he elevated ancestor worship, in Society he insisted on politeness and ceremonialism and in home fraternal affection and conjugal love. "Of all creatures man is the noblest; of all his actions there is nothing greater than filial piety; in filial piety there is nothing greater than reverential awe of one's father; in the reverential awe there is nothing greater than making him the correlate of Heaven. Parents are to be served when alive and worshipped when dead and their aims and desires are to be carried out after they are gone. This idea is perfectly in accord with the Hindu idea of worshipping ancestors on every important occasion.

Tao-ism :—The practical system of Confucian morality did not appeal to speculative classes of people and the great leader Lao Tse objected to it and started a new school of Religion. Confucianists wanted to make people good and moral by teaching appropriate rules, ceremonies and worship of and sacrifices to the shrines of ancestors but Lao Tse, the founder of Taoism exhibited an undisguised contempt for externalities and ancestor worship. He demanded purity of heart, emptiness of desires and surrender of all self-display in imitation of the Great Tao (Heavenly Reason) which serves all without seeking its own.

Tao is an omnipotent and omnipresent principle or a primal existence. Heaven and Earth are brought forth out of chaos and chaos is preceded by a single being—immeasurable, unchangeable and active force. To satisfy the longing for immortality that lies deep in the human bosom, Taoism holds out to the virtuous the prospect of a final return to this primal being. As the stars are invisible through a cloudy sky, Tao is not obtainable through an impure heart. Purity of heart, taming of passions and desires are thus recommended as means to the end and solitary contemplation is a process. Taoism is based on inaction like the Brahmanism of the time of Aranyakas and Upanishads and the primal being Tao is nothing but the "Brahman" (world soul) of the Upanishads.

Later on Taoism was mixed up with miracles and magic and attributed healing power to Gods which are also found in the Yoga

System of Patanjali. Many of the followers of Taoism were hermits, necromancers and fortune-tellers. There were temples containing deities with healing powers and people used to go there for recovery from diseases. The famous missionary Joseph Edkins, D.D., who stayed in China for a long time and has written a voluminous treatise on "Religion of China" (Trubner's Oriental Series) has described Taoism as full of superstitions and most abject of all religions. But I don't think it is abject to go to temples for recovery from diseases and such practices are not alien to Indian minds and the Hindus even now go to Puri, Tarakeswar and Deoghar for recovery from hopeless diseases oftentimes with success. Recent Hickson fiasco of Calcutta proves the same thing, *i.e.*, it is faith cure. Buddhism appeared in China in the 3rd century B.C. Since then the three national religions co-existed in China. Each religion borrowed something from the other. "Buddhism stole the best features of Taoism and Taoism stole the worst features of Buddhism and stole Buddhist temples, nuns, priests, etc. Buddhism respects the sanctity of animal life which is sacrificed before the temples of the Taoists.

Society :—Both in India and China Society is based on principles of religion. The famous journalist Dr. Paul Cairns has given, in his magazine "Open Court" a picture of the social life of the Chinese. In China all people from the Emperor to the poorest beggar show an unbounded respect for education and "filial piety," in its extended sense as explained before, forms the basis of this education and children are made to learn and practice this Confucian morality from the dawn of their intellect. School houses are regarded as sanctuaries of learning and teachers are highly respected and often invited by the parents of the students. At the gate of school houses there are tablets with inscriptions such as "Dismount from your horse," "Have respect." "Tao (heavenly reason) penetrates the past and present which means Eternal," "Virtue takes rank with heaven and earth". Such was the idea in ancient India, though religious and moral training has vanished from modern university curriculum except in the Missionary colleges and we never hesitate to take our vehicles to the portico or to the floor of the school or college buildings.

Native Politeness :—The Chinese observe great politeness in their intercourse with each other and a breach of etiquette is deemed more unpardonable in China than in the most punctilious circles elsewhere. A funny story is related by Dr. Edkins in his "Religion of China". Once he put up in a small inn where the inn-boy brought a cup of tea which the Doctor took with his hand over it. The boy checked him and said goodnaturedly "Sir! a cup of tea should always be taken with both hands placed beneath, otherwise there is a want of respect".

Marriage :—Marriage and family, as the centre of life of society were worthily developed in ancient China. It is as old as the state. King Fushi founded this institution about 3200 B.C. It is not a contract. Like Hindu marriage it is a sacrament. The union of man and woman in the family is the image of the union of creative primitive force and receptive primitive matter, i.e., union of heaven and earth. It is not the result of acquaintance ripening into love, it is settled by the fathers of the bride and the bridegroom through a matchmaker who is usually a woman. This high conception of marriage raised the women in China from subordinate position and she is held in great respect as an essential member of the family. Equally high respect was paid to the women by the ancient Hindus and at the time of marriage the bride is hailed as the "queen of the household". The position of man in Society is determined by the post he holds under the Government. The mandarins occupy a very high position. There was the practice of human sacrifice though few and far between. It was also in vogue in India. When the King known as the "First Emperor" died in B.C. 210 all those among his wives who had borne no children were buried alive with him.

Arts and Occupations :—We know that agriculture forms the principal occupation of the Indians since the Vedic age and many hymns of the Rigveda are dedicated to plough, oxen, furrow, etc. Agriculture is also looked upon as the oldest and most important occupation in China. The Emperor at Peking goes to the field to perform the ceremony of agriculture. This ceremony is of ancient origin and performed all over China. Besides cultivation of grain and tea, production of silk is the pride of the Chinese nation. As the Emperor presides over agriculture, the Empress

used to have in her rooms the silkworms which were fed with leaves from the Imperial gardens. This might be due to the fact that Seling She, the queen of King Hwanti, was the first who discovered that silk was produced by the worms and she then unravelled their cocoons and worked the fine filaments into a web of cloth. A part of ancient China was called Silkland.

The Chinese were at all times characterised by an ant-like activity and a never-tiring industry. One would be convinced of it if he happens to give a chance look into the Chinese shops. Their artistic carvings on wood and ivory have won admiration of the world. The Chinese carpenters are employed by the richest peoples of India. The porcelain of China has been famous from the earliest periods and the manufacture of the finest forms of it was long known to the Chinese alone and that long before the Christian era. At present Saxon porcelain has become very famous. Dr. Paul Cairns in his "Open Court" has recorded that the Chinese are good workers in metals and have been proficient in casting bronze statues and bells for many centuries. They manufactured paper and printed books hundreds of years before paper industry and art of printing were thought of in Europe. They knew of mariners' compass and polarity of the needle and use of gunpowder. About 1121 B.C. foreign ambassadors came from Cochin China and on returning they missed their way when the prime minister furnished them with a "South pointing Chariot" by means of which they reached their homes. So the Chinese applied mariners' compass to useful purposes at such an early date.

Though the architecture of China is for practical service and had no inspiration or idealism, yet ancient China produced such a colossal structure that it has been classed with the seven wonders of the world. To keep out the Tartars who infested China from the north, an Emperor of the Tsin dynasty erected the great wall of China in course of 10 years (214 to 204 B.C.) Almost every third man was drafted throughout the Empire for the accomplishment of this gigantic undertaking. It is the largest artificial structure on the face of the earth, exceeding in length 1500 miles in the north of China and almost co-extensive with the northern boundary. It is carried over height and hollow and avoids no

inequality of the ground reaching in one place the height of 5000 ft. Its width at the foot is 25 ft. and at the top 15 ft. and it is 30 to 50 ft. high.

Dr. Cairns records that China had an extensive trade with the West. It is noteworthy that Chinese bottles with quotations had been discovered in ancient tombs of Egypt and Asia Minor. Prof. Hirth has traced China's trade with the Roman Empire.

Opium smoking which made them lazy and indolent and sent many to an early grave and trade in this deleterious article, were comparatively recent affairs introduced about the 13th Century A.D. We cannot accuse the ancient Chinese of opium smoking.

Writings and Writing Materials:—As the Egyptians had their hieroglyphics, the Babylonians their Cuneiform writings, the Chinese had their alphabets at an early date. The Chinese characters also had their origin in hieroglyphics; one legend attributes it to Fushi in 3200 B.C. Another legend to Tsang Ke (2700 B.C.) who after seeing the marks on the back of a tortoise formed the idea of representing objects by copying them, *i.e.*, by their symbols. "The spirit tortoise carried a writing and methodically arranged divisions" was the line of the legend.

The art of printing which is a civilising agency, was invented in China about the time when St. Augustine was preaching Christianity in England. In writing and printing the characters are arranged in vertical columns to be read from the top to the bottom.

It is well known that the Chinese are the inventors of papers. Since antiquity written documents in China consisted mostly of bundles of bamboo strips. Later on silk tissues were used for the purpose. Most of the texts, classics and laws of ancient China were written on bamboo strips. Each strip is 1 to 3 ft. in length and about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch in width and generally filled by one line of characters and occasionally containing a double line. The characters are written on one side. Books written on bamboo strips are fastened together by silk or leather. Small brush pencils were used for writing in the 3rd Century and before that wooden stick or bamboo piece dipped in ink was used to trace characters with. In remote antiquity before the invention of

writing business was carried on by means of knotted cords and contracts were made by 'notches'. Contracts by 'notches' were made on two boards, the creditor keeping left and the debtor the right. As time rolled on, silk proved expensive and bamboo strips proved too heavy so the Chinese invented paper in the Second Century A.D. made with bark of trees, hemp and old rags.

From the early organisation of Empire, from the high standard of morality based on filial piety, from well-developed society, from the inventions of writings and writing materials, gun-powder and mariners' compass, we can conclude that China attained a very high degree of civilisation more than thousand years before the birth of Christ, though it may be true that on account of exclusiveness and conservatism, Chinese civilisation remained in a state of stagnation for more than a millenium during which it hung like a dried branch on the tree of civilisation. This view is also upheld by Dr. Cairns who says that "China has shown a noble beginning and a lame progress, a grand start and a dreary stagnation, a promising seed-time and a poor harvest." But one fact is singular that China is the only country on the face of the earth that has maintained its independent existence since antiquity uptill the present moment without break.

J. N. MAITRA.

COMMERCIAL MISCELLANY.

IMPERIAL PREFERENCE.

Mr. Montague, in his reply to the Lancashire deputation which waited on him in connection with the import duty on cotton goods, while disclaiming any intention of using statutory powers to force Imperial preference upon India expressed a hope "that in the fiscal system ultimately adopted India will, of her own free will, after carefully explaining how it can be done give to the British Empire a preference in her market" and that not so much on account of the material advantages of preferential tariffs (in which he does not believe) but "to demonstrate to the world her solidarity within the British Empire". The Fiscal Commission will strictly go into the question of the fiscal policy and will, in this connection, take up the question of Imperial preference. This question was also discussed in Imperial Conference which met in London in June; and Mr. Sastri, the Indian delegate to the Conference, is reported to have said that India would definitely oppose Imperial preference and freedom of trade which also means freedom to enter another country. The question is going to be brought to the fore in the next few months, and in view of its vital importance deserves to be carefully studied.

The Imperial preference is a device to knit the different parts of the Empire into a closer union and strengthen the bonds of affection and unity. We, in India, are not very enthusiastic about the Imperial union. Even those who consider it politically inexpedient to sever our connection with the British Empire feel that the Empire is not a "righteous combination of nations" and, however desirable it may be, it is not possible for India to be proud of her position in the Empire. The question is not, however, merely one of sentiment. It is a proposal which is calculated to appeal to the self-interest of the constituents of the Empire and seeks to build the Imperial unity on the foundation of economic interest. It has to be looked at from the point of view of the economic well-being of the country. It is a plain,

business proposition and should, to quote the words of Dr. Marshall, be submitted to the "cold arbitrament of arithmetical estimates". India is a poor country and cannot afford to sacrifice her economic interest on the shrine of political unity. The Imperial unity, even if it is worth having, should not be purchased at the cost of India's material well-being.

The Government of India in their Despatch No. 324, dated, Simla, the 22nd October, 1903, examined the condition of Indian trade and finance and came to the conclusion that it would not be to the advantage of India to participate in any scheme of preferential duties within the Empire. They then held that it was unlikely that any advantages could be secured to the Indian trade and based their conclusion on the following arguments. They quoted the figures for the foreign trade of India for the year 1902—1903 and pointed out that about three-fourths of the total imports came from the British Empire and of the remaining one-fourth consisted of articles which the Empire was not in a favourable position to supply. As regards our exports, 59 per cent. of our exports were in that year sent to the foreign countries and the rest to the Empire. Further it was stated that India being a debtor country it was a question of paramount importance for her to maintain a favourable balance of trade—*i.e.*, export more than import—in order to discharge her obligations; and as the principal customers were situated outside the British Empire it was not in the interest of India to adopt a fiscal policy which might adversely affect her exports to the foreign countries. The Indian exports to the value of half of the exports were admitted free of duty in the consuming markets and of the remainder a considerable portion were subject to very moderate duties. It was, therefore, contended that India enjoyed a very large measure of the advantage of free import and export—an advantage she was likely to lose by embarking upon a policy which might provoke reprisals by the foreign countries and make it difficult for her to maintain a favourable balance of trade. Their conclusion was that "if the matter is regarded exclusively from the economic standpoint India has something but not very much to offer to the Empire but she has very little to gain in return and that she has a great deal to lose or to risk". This was the

opinion of the Government of India eighteen year ago. Since then much has happened. The political and economic conditions have vastly changed. The matter may now be reconsidered in view of the changed conditions and if the examination of the trade statistics of the later years reveal a change in the direction of trade a change in the fiscal policy may be necessary.

If we take the figures of 1913-14—the last pre-war year—we find that out of total imports of Rs. 21,997 lacs the value of the imports from the Empire comes to Rs. 15,776 lacs. This gives us a share of 70 per cent. for the Empire. Our exports in the same year were valued at 25,596 lacs out of which the share of the Empire was Rs. 10,004 lacs. The percentage share of the Empire works up to 37.8 per cent. These figures speak for themselves. The position remained what it was in 1903, *i.e.*, India imported chiefly from the British Empire and exported to countries outside the British Empire. All the arguments which were used against the inclusion of India in any scheme of preferential tariffs had as much weight in 1915 as they had in 1903, for India could not gain anything by discriminating against countries outside the British Empire as her export to those countries were very much in excess of imports from those countries, and if they retaliated the results would be disastrous. The figures for 1913-14 have been quoted in order to show that during the decade ending 1913-14 the direction of the foreign trade of India did not undergo any material change. The year 1913-14 presented no exceptional disturbing features and may, therefore, be taken as a typical year for our purpose.

During the war the United Kingdom did not maintain its pre-eminently commanding position in our foreign trade on account of her other pre-occupations and Japan and United States made headway. But in 1919-20, the first financial year after the conclusion of hostilities the United Kingdom again recovered her lost position to a certain extent and her share in our imports which during 1918-19 had fallen to 45 per cent. rose to 51 per cent., which from the point of view of the United Kingdom is quite satisfactory when we take into account the numerous circumstances which retarded a return to normal conditions. The normal relations have not yet been established. The world is

still ringing with the echoes of war and the forces that it has let loose are dislocating the economic life of the nations. Making due allowance for the uncertainties of the world situation, the tendencies which the trade figures reveal point to the conclusion that the Great Britain will before long regain her pre-war trade supremacy. It is very likely that we will go on importing chiefly from the British Empire and exporting to the countries outside the British Empire. Our international obligations are very much higher to-day than they were in 1903 and the needs for maintaining a favourable balance of trade as imperative as ever. It is absolutely necessary for us "to stimulate our exports by every means in our power, to seek new markets and develop old ones and remove all obstacles which stand in the way of growing external demand". This we will not be able to do if we embark upon a policy of prohibitions and preference.

Here we must guard against another error of policy which we are likely to commit if we muddle things through. Mr. Sastri is reported to have said that he would not object to India being party to a reciprocity agreement with Great Britain, the assumption being that as the colonies close their doors against the Indians and the mother country does not, there is no need of adopting an unfriendly attitude towards the latter. This is a wrong view of the matter and its acceptance will commit us to a course which will be inimical to the best interests of our country. The bulk of our imports from the British Empire consists of imports from the United Kingdom herself and of the exports a very large portion is sent to that country. The colonies do not count for much in our foreign trade and we cannot affect them to any appreciable extent by adopting friendly or unfriendly attitude towards them. In 1913-14 the share of the United Kingdom of our total imports from the British Empire was 64 per cent. out of 70 per cent. and of exports 23.7 per cent out of 38 per cent. In 1919-20, inspite of the abnormal conditions, out of the total imports of 61 per cent. from the British Empire 51 per cent. came from the United Kingdom and about 30 per cent. out of 44 per cent. of our exports to the British Empire were sent to the United Kingdom. The writer is not a believer in the efficacy of protection as a panacea for our economic ills, but if a tariff wall is at all

needed to foster the growth of our nascent industries it should at least be as high against the United Kingdom as any other country of the world. Whether the United Kingdom is entitled to any gratitude on our part or not, does not affect the issue. It is a bad economic policy to give preference to the British Empire in our markets, worse if we discriminate in favour of the manufacturers of the United Kingdom who are by far the most formidable competitors that our infant industries will have to face for a very long time to come. We may have been badly treated by Great Britain in our fiscal affairs in the past, but our disinclination to show special favour to her industries need not arise from our desire to pay off our old scores. The economic interest of our country requires it that we should not differentiate in favour of the United Kingdom.

Under the Reforms India has, according to the Secretary of State for India, been granted "liberty to devise those fiscal arrangements which seem best fitted to India's need as an integral part of the British Empire." Views may differ as regards the measure of fiscal autonomy that we are going to enjoy under the new constitution. We may not have an absolutely free hand to frame our fiscal policy according to our needs but the Indian legislature will have much greater power to determine our fiscal policy than we had in 1903, and if we know our interest and duty we can make our voice heard and refuse to acquiesce in a policy dictated to us by others. What is needed is clear appreciation of the issues involved. India has already suffered considerably by being made the victim of the catchwards of the hour. To us Empire is merely an abstraction and Imperial unity a delusion and a snare. But even if it is desirable to adopt measures which may make the Empire a living reality Imperial preference is not the right way of realising that end. Imperial unity should be based, to use the phrase which has come into vogue, on change of hearts. The scheme of preferential duties will do India more harm than good and with so many other wrongs which remain unrighted, it will weaken the bonds of union rather than strengthen them. We ought to regard the matter from the economic standpoint, and though Lord Chelmsford and others may consider it to be a "parochial" one, it is our

duty to take that point of view and no other. Our legislators should study the question thoroughly and fight assiduously and incessantly against the introduction of preferential duties. Already the thin end of the wedge has been introduced by giving preference to the Empire in our export duty on hides and skins. It is a false step, and if it is not retraced it will lead to another and that to still another till the vicious circle is complete. It is well for us to keep out of the tariff wars and other short-sighted devices which are being adopted by England and her Allies to ruin the industries of their enemies, otherwise India will suffer "by being made the battlefield of conflicting interests with which she has no direct concern". We should steer clear of all these shibboleths or we will find ourselves on a steep and slippery incline heading for, heaven knows, where, but certainly not for economic salvation.

GYAN CHAND.

AMERICAN TRADE REVIEW FOR JUNE.

Iron & Steel:—Sales and production are at the lowest rate in the history of the industry. There is active competition in all items. The independents within the last few days cut the price on nails 25 c. per 100 lbs. and the Corporation met the competition without formally announcing the reduced price. That is, the Corporation is competing for each specification contrary to their usual practice. It is an open market. Considerable further reductions in prices may be looked for within the next few months.

Copper:—Due to the drop in exchange, export shipments are falling off. The price is unchanged @ 12-7/8 c. per lb. for spot Electrolytic F. A. S. Steamer, New York. While at present the market is dull and weak due to the drop in exchange we do not look for any important change in price during the coming month.

Rubber:—Notwithstanding a decrease of over 60 per cent. in imports during May from the April rate and average imports of about 50 per cent. for the last five months over the same months of last year, prices have dropped still further. With the height of the season past in the tire industry no improvement can be looked for during the next few months. Spot prices are:—Plantation 1st Latex 14 c. per lb. Brown Crepe clean 10 c. Smoked Ribbed Sheets 12 c. Upriver fine 15½ c. Upriver coarse 8 c. Island fine 16 c. Island Coarse 7 c. ex dock New York.

Cotton:—Crop conditions are favorable. Prices in New York are proportionately higher than elsewhere in the world. Considering the many features tending to lower prices, buying is good. The settlement of the British coal strike, poorer crop conditions or a better general situation might strengthen the market otherwise we look for lower rather than higher prices. The price of spot middling upland, ex warehouse New York is \$12.45 per 100 lbs.

Rice:—There is considerable export buying, the mills have shut down for the season and prices have advanced slightly. Prices quoted are all f.a.s. New Orleans, Fancy Blue Rose coated

or uncoated 3.75 c. per lb. Choice Blue Rose 3.50 c. Fair average quality screenings 1.95 c. and Mill Run Brewers 1.85 c. Little change in prices can be expected.

Hides:—The present price on dry salted Peruvian hides averaging about 33 lbs. is 8½ c. per lb. ex dock New York, Peruvian poisoned hides of good quality 18 to 20 lbs. average, 12 c. to 13 c., poisoned kid skins 1 to 1½ lbs. average, 30 c. to 32½ c. While these prices are higher than last month the market at present is dull and little change can be expected.

Sugar:—The price of spot 96° raw Cuban, C. I. F. New York, duty paid is nominal as there has been no sales for the last two days and the price is below \$4.95 per 100 lbs. Full duty \$5.00, Porto Rico \$4.00. At present the duty is \$2.00 per 100 lbs. for 96° except for Cuban, the duty for which is \$1.60. These rates will be in effect for months. As no duty is paid on sugar that is re-exported, full duty sugar brings a better price on a duty paid basis than either Cuban or Porto Rico, the last being free of duty. We therefore quote three raw sugar prices. The domestic price for refined is \$6.00 delivered New York less 2 per cent. for cash. The export price for refined is \$4.00 to \$4.50 depending on the desirability of the business. We look for somewhat lower prices.

General Situation:—Bradstreet's compilation of wholesale prices in May showed a drop of 1.9 per cent. (the smallest in many months) against 4.8 per cent. in April, 4.1 per cent. in February, 2.3 per cent. in January, 7 per cent. in December. Prices are more stable than at any time during the past year. There has been a decline of 49.1 per cent. from the week of February 1, 1920. Prices are now on a par with December, 1915 and only 21.9% higher than August 1, 1914. There are more favourable points than last month. Trade while slightly more active will probably grow quieter as far as domestic business goes, during July and August. There has been further reductions in wages. Railroad wages will be reduced 15 per cent. on July 1st. We look for steady but no great improvement during the next three months.

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THE WORLD'S COAL.

In view of the great interest that is to-day displayed in the production and adequate distribution of Coal we make no apologies for presenting to our readers the following Tables which speak for themselves.

TABLE I.

Production and Consumption of Coal, 1913.

Country	Production		Consumption	
	1000's of tons	% of total	1000's of tons	% of total
United States ...	508,920	42.4	485,529	40.5
United Kingdom ...	287,430	24.0	209,316	17.4
Germany ...	190,049	15.8	156,370	13.0
France ...	40,844	3.4	63,737	5.3
Belgium ...	22,842	1.9	26,773	2.2
China ...	17,000	1.4	17,000	1.4
Japan ...	31,316	1.8	18,022	1.5
British India ...	16,000	1.3	16,000	1.3
Australasia ...	14,000	1.2	9,000	0.7
Canada ...	13,000	1.1	26,000	2.2
Russia ...	33,000	2.7	41,000	3.4
Poland ...	8,989	0.7	15,500	1.3
Spain ...	4,293	0.4	7,377	0.6
Czecho Slovakia ...	6,589	0.5	?	?
Teschen ...	10,000	0.8	?	?
Serb-Croat ...	3,487	0.3	3,487	0.3
Denmark ...	0	0	3,147	0.3
Italy ...	701	0	11,308	0.9
Norway ...	0	0	2,680	0.2
Netherlands ...	1,873	0.2	9,990	0.8
Sweden ...	364	0	5,739	0.5
Switzerland ...	0	0	3,379	0.3
Austria ...	?	?	12,000	1.0
S. America ...	0	0	8,000	0.7
Total ...	1,200,000	100.0	1,200,000	100.0

TABLE II.

Production and Consumption of Coal, 1919.

Country	Production		Consumption	
	1000's of tone	% of total	1000's of tone	% of total
United States ...	490,309	49.0	468,478	46.8
United Kingdom ...	236,700	23.7	197,617	19.9
Germany ...	108,685	10.9	101,685	10.4
France ...	31,406	3.1	43,877	4.4
Belgium ...	18,493	1.8	14,574	1.4
China ...	20,000	2.0	20,000	2.0
Japan ...	18,898	1.9	15,578	1.6
British India ...	18,000	1.8	18,000	1.8
Australasia ...	14,000	1.4	9,000	0.9
Canada ...	15,000	1.5	34,000	3.4
Russia ...	?	?	?	?
Poland ...	6,145	0.6	?	?
Spain ...	5,700	0.6	?	?
Czecho Slovakia ...	8,575	0.8	?	?
Teschen ...	?	?	?	?
Serb-Croat ...	2,494	0.2	2,494	0.2
Denmark ...	0	0	1,961	0.2
Italy ...	?	?	6,142	0.6
Norway ...	0	0	1,548	0.15
Netherlands ...	3,417	0.3	6,741	0.7
Sweden ...	405	0	2,626	0.3
Switzerland ...	0	0	1,649	0.2
Austria ...	?	?	?	?
S. America ...	0	0	8,000	0.8
Total ...	1,000,000	100.0	1,200,000	100.0

TABLE III.

		Production		1919 output as a percentage of 1913
		1913 Million tons	1919 Million tons	
Europe	...	610	423	69.2
U. S. A.	...	509	490	96.3
Rest of World	...	81	87	106.1
Total	...	1,200	1,000	83.3

TABLE IV.

Annual Production per Underground Worker (in short tons).

Year		U. S. A.	New South Wales	Nova Scotia	British Columbia	Great Britain	Prussia	France	Austria	Belgium	Japan	India
1912	...	889	834	717	642	348	411	312	333	240	189	202
1913	...	916	820	729	582	371	422	307	320	238	182	204
1914	...	803	770	657	569	341	389	...	328	200	179	200
1915	...	867	775	680	506	393	447	...	350	182	156	192
1916	...	998	727	810	754	377	459	...	351	211	170	200
1917	...	1,071	728	778	715	359	436	...	278	218	155	204
1918	...	1,134	814	718	790	337	409	...	259	207	...	203

LEAVES FROM A SEA CHRONICLE.

IV

It would not be a bad proposition to balance what an Anglo-Indian writer recently termed Indian Prudence against Indian regrets. The vast choice of lucrative careers, the innumerable opportunities to give full play to the instinct of Power, the almost fascinating lure of Eastern sport and Eastern luxuriance in nature—all these strike a formidable balance in favour of "adventurous India". The hot taxing climate and an alien though "despicable" social surrounding militate almost bashfully against it. The unwept loss of liberal instincts in the individual and the equally unregretted Lethean wash over senses of fair-play and justice hardly come in the reckoning. While no sorrows disturb the merciless monotone of bureaucratic edulation, no tears smile by the graveside of India's economic existence. And yet no one could blame the individual choice nor the individual career. They are but items in the list, mere flies in the wheel and the grind, grind, grind of the revolution goes on unceasing, uncontrolled. What boots it to blame O'Dwyers and Craddock— they are simple crescendos of the song, the high pitch in the tune. And it is a wondrously beautiful tune, and needs a master musician to chronicle its efforts. When the Germans sacked Louvain and the Russian steam roller galloped into East Prussia, didn't the supreme artists vie with each other in drawing inspiration from the fount of slaughter, pillage and devastation? It tempted a Lavery to cry halt in the midst of the Battle of Jutland so as to afford him his fill of inspiration from the sinking "Queen Mary" and refine his acoustics from the piteous howl of miserable, drowning sailors. But I am developing into a rhetoric as I am nearing Indian waters and deserve a snub. I had better sniff up my aesthetics.

* * * * *

Babies are the most natural things on earth and perambulators are perhaps the natural aftermath of the folly of Man and Woman in wedlock. You can hardly afford to take either seriously—there is no *raison d'être* in them. And yet you

wouldn't laugh me a fool out of court if I spoiled my best trousers in helping a little tiny weeny thing out of a scramble - it has brought on itself by a too lavish adherence to the Juice bottle. I wasn't surprised at the forcible manner one of the onlookers expressed himself in at noticing my ludicrous pose—"baby rearing ought to be the whole of a woman's work". It would be a superfluous insult to call him a misogynist—he had the best and most genial intentions. The remark naturally begged the issue and drew a line of division of labour between the two sexes which few men would agree with and no woman. I am not quite sure if humanity will willingly accord assent to any solution that claims to be scientific—it rejoices in muddles. And when the eugenists declare for a state interest in Baby-stock the irrational though perfectly human instinct of Mankind refuses to swear allegiance. And I am intensely glad over it. Eugenics may be all right as a diversion and a mental occupation—it has its own benefits for the knowledge of man. Build a dam by all means across the Niagara, utilise its vast energy to the fullest and master its swathing torrents to yield sources for human comfort. But you can not fix a crane on the hill top and attempt to lift the bottom out of it. No rule of thumb governs the slum action of Man. But while the attempt to lay down such rules is a contagious diversion for mankind, the pleasure lies in ever seeking new venues of discontent. That glorious Rebel Man frets and worries over every new system and every new effort. He never believes in success; it always appears inglorious to him. He winds up in a philosophical category of mute assent the daily grumbles which form the stamina of human existence and makes it worth living.

"Hours when I love you, are like tranquil pools
The liquid jewels of the forest, where
The hunted runner dips his hand, and cools
His fevered ankles, and the ferny air
Comes blowing softly on his heaving breast
Hinting the sacred mystery of rest".

(MAX EASTMAN.)

It was extremely warm but a cool refreshing breeze was

echoing Eastman's "mystery of rest". We found ourselves in an extremely lovable temper. There was not the slightest notion of a ripple on the waters and we had carried on with a delightful harmony of spirits the lack of which on occasions spoils your voyage. Most of my friends were complaining delightfully of peelings off their skins—the sunbrowned tints provided yet no acrimonious features. Everything seemed pretty in this best of all worlds and ungrudgingly we took stock of our garnered ecstasy of delightful memories.

An Irish friend described the raptures and fascinating sights of Loch Killarney. Irish humour shares with Irish scenery its petulant character and a pugnacious quality seasons the relation of it. While even the barren wilderness of Irish lakeside compares favourably to anything going in the Lake Districts, it was English neglect and English policy that grudged the Irish such a simple delight as pleasant surroundings and perhaps, I may add, it was the English weather wafted across the Channel by mocking fates that worked this devastation. But how truly Irish it was—the escape of De Valera from the Lincoln prison. Only Irish gallantry would take stock of the pretty resource that is to be found in feminine charm, and when two of the loveliest Irish girl graduates offered to play on the sentiments of the prison sentries at Lincoln, the world thought it was a simple old story. Eight scooterhorns resounded on the eight roads diverging from Lincoln as the gallant *perawallahs* were indulging in a flirtatious bout at a nearside tea cottage with their charming sirens. Next morning the sleeping world awoke to a modern version of old Sir Knight Galahad and his rescue. Scotch pride wasn't to be beaten and we were properly regaled with an extremely fascinating picture of Upland moors and Highland glens. Sprinkles of Scottish romance were thrown in to relieve the impression. My knowledge of Scotland is limited to Sir Walter Scott's romances and a flying hurricane visit; and I always allow proper latitude for the novelist's imagination. But when I hear Scotchmen describe in their disingenuous, though bombastic, ways the beauties and uglinesses of their mountain nooks and crags and relate their cherished memories I persuade myself to believe Sir Walter Scott to be the greatest of realist writers.

I recalled with vivid pleasure my delightful memories amongst the Murree hills—my first sight of the silvery beauty of a placid mountain ravine at dawn, the exhilarating sensation of ascent through a labyrinth of cloudy ways up the hill sacred for ever, called the last resting place on earth of Yadhushtra and his dog; the rollicking, though perilous, roll down the green sward of the sloping hillside or an unexpected gleam of the setting sun round the corner. I would enjoy a reminder of the generosity of hospitable hillmen who shared their hard earned cake with us, who lifted and carried a comrade sick with freakish poisoning for six hard miles up a steep ascent just for the feeling and did another round of twelve miles the next day to enquire about his improvement. I can remember the altogether dangerous position we were stranded in one time when a sudden torrential overflow from up above cut us off at a midway station from the higher and the lower worlds. We had just enough provisions to last the next meal but after that—even the telegraph wires refused to work out their harmony and we lived literally on our wits for the next week before help arrived.

Such was the "sacred mystery of rest" that we tolerated with beaming benevolence such tales with a provoking ego in them and declared them excellent upon faith.

* * * * *

I have been busy of late refreshing Metchnikoff. His "*Nature of Man*" is a stimulating dose of optimism and I would recommend any weary seasick voyager to face squarely what that Russian savant has so buoyantly said. An extremely lucid method of exposition combines with a faith highly cheering and well founded. While the scientific spirit runs through his analysis it is never too obtrusive or aggressive. His thought stirs up and provokes what Arnold Bennet pleasantly calls "agreeable little backwaters of enquiry".

Man, poor fluke or sport of the anthropoid ape—in which category are we to place him? exclaims the "*Times*" reviewer. He learned how to diminish suffering, but he has not yet found out how to avert the spectre of decay. M. Elie Metchnikoff harks that "old age, Pain, and Death are mere discords in the

concerts of Nature that no philosophy can charm away!—Old age is the consequence of a hypertrophy of the phagocytes or white-corpuscles, which having vanquished and devoured their natural enemies the microbes are obliged to batten at last, for lack of food, upon the nobler organs of the human frame.—Return to nature, lead a simpler life, diminish the number of your desires, and believe that old age may cease to be a terror.

Grow old along with me
The best is yet to be”.

You may disapprove as much as you like this new heresy of science, but one can not deliberately shut one's eyes to facts and phenomena which stand no controversion. When people like Brunetiere exclaim that “serum therapy cannot prevent us from dying, nor tell us why we must die”, it is considered to be an enough answer to the claims of science and a sufficient proof to assert its bankruptcy. But as Metchnikoff very clearly points out, “the desire to find some consolation in the miseries of a purposeless existence throws them into the arms of religion or metaphysics,” the immediate failure of science to explain the riddle of life warrants its entire discredit, and takes them unalarmed through the rigidity of a fatalistic faith!

Nothing appealed to me more than Metchnikoff's discussion of religious and philosophical remedies prescribed by pundits and doctors of yore to cure the very obvious disharmonies of life. No doubt a scientist's coldblooded vision and the nicely calculated power of balance provides a hostile outlook for the ordinary layman—he is not yet prepared to obtain a disinterested view. But if we admit the hypothesis and the premiss a scientist starts from—and there can be little quarrel on that score—we are led through a marvel of human story by this Russian savant, which should be the earnest interest of humanity to take heed to and profit by the lesson. He rapidly traverses the ground and finds only illusions set in delusions placed before mankind. From the Buddhistic conception of *Nirvana* has flown the stoic resignation of Marcus Aurelius: “Do not abuse death but accept it with resignation”—and it does not require a great stretch of imagination to arrive at the negative pessimism of Schopenhauer

and almost despicable cynicism of Hartmann. These metaphysical nonentities vanish into vapourings, to Metchnikoff's mind as the respective doctrines are brought into contact with the realities of life. And yet he is the last man to deny the merit and value of such an analysis. He recognises that "it is pessimism which has been the first to draw up a true indictment of human nature, and if pain is to be regarded as useful in its quality of danger signal we should equally recognise that the pessimistic view of the universe is a step onwards in the evolution of humanity." Metchnikoff like a clear headed scientist that he is, analyses and rejects contumaciously the opposite doctrine of optimism as propounded by rhetoricians like Max Nordou. He would resolve the riddle of life into a Hobson's choice between a doctrine of scientific evolution and a dogma of illusions and mockeries. And Metchnikoff is a buoyant optimist if he is anything.

I confess that though I was unable to value his scientific assertions, I was extremely disappointed at reading his Utopia towards the concluding portion of the book. There can be no quarrel with the modest aims and desires he believes we can succeed in obtaining through a scientific life but involuntarily one exclaims whether it is worth while after all. If the goal be the creation of old beards governing the social body politic—a late echo of Plato's philosopher class, it is in me to protest against the aim because (i) of the rights of youth and (ii) of welfare of the ship of state. I believe juvenile crossings and youthful repercussions are necessary for a forward step both in the political and social sphere and if the youth of Man is devoted to pursuing the one aim of how to live long I would rather die young and be among the God's beloved than wait for the wintry years for my rights and powers. And yet I would cheerfully respond to Metchnikoff's call :

"And if it be true, as has been asserted so often that man can live by faith alone, the faith must be in the power of science".

It was perhaps in the fitness of things that I should indulge late that night in a parsimonious talk about God and His

existence. Science was on my brain and I don't suppose my Christian friend from Fyfe quite appreciated my remark about the immortality of soul. Psychical evidence—Sir Oliver Lodge notwithstanding—pointed to little or nothing. We have ocular proof of a thing called Hypnotism and of Telepathy and we know they result from an intricate working of that complex of complexes we call human brain. Psychical emanations when genuine besides being very rare, exhibit the organic continuance of the same sort of brain work as Hypnotism—there is only a change of gear. When God and Holy Spirit make themselves felt by a call on human faith and human belief there is the same mechanism at work but the throttle is closed and gear is changed to steep slope down. Reason and scientific analysis find no place and credence is given to what one mostly desires—a prop for support, a guide in consolation. I would be the last person to deny the value of such conceptions; they have done extremely well for mankind so far. My intention was simply to direct thought to the absence of a clear scientific proof and I admit such absence doesn't warrant the nonexistence of a theory. But Mac won't have it so. He would emphasise the eternal life in man. Science was eternally knocking against a dead wall seeking entrance into the mystic causation of life. No sooner it gains the portals we find the beneficence of the Supreme Ruler, God. To others including myself with a more sceptic turn of mind the fond whisperings of science mean an end of all delusions and of all cherishings of a faith that is blind and irrational. Here was an *impasse* and we couldn't get over it.

But even scientific analysis of the things of the mind presents a dilemma hardly less bewildering. There is the doctrine of evolution on the one hand believing in a collective advancement of the race as a whole which finds an echo in Tennyson's famous lines where "Nature red in tooth and clow" cares no little for the individual but is "careful of the type." It may not mean an annihilation of individuality but it certainly would place such development in a minor phase. On the other hand is the evolutionary doctrine of Love as presented by Guyau—a nobler, higher concord preserving and perfecting the complete individual. The choice is not obvious nor simple. Human thought is rent

between the two forces of social instinct utterly oblivious of self and the egoism in Man that cares no more for the stock. The instinct and the idea of self-preservation rubs shoulders against the appeal to social interest—patriotism, idealism even humanitarianism run in the game against your interest. Philosophers have attempted to reconcile the two attitudes; dogmas have been played and discarded. Now science has come forward to appeal to this rebel Man and through a doctrine of sheer materialism aims towards creating a harmony which would in the long run prove beneficial to knowledge and ideals. We may condemn Max Nordou's invectives against the exaggerated hypocrisy of the civilised being; we may not quite agree with his blatant exposure of the pseudoisms of life. We may not fall in with his conception of this world being the best possible of all worlds; we can even afford to discard the theory of Pain and suffering being the chief props of human existence which would otherwise sink into a fatalistic quietism—yet there appears some justice and instruction in adapting our life to the optimism of the scientific man. No perfect reason is yet available in its support, but a cheerful, buoyant faith in human goodness leading on to a searching, truthful analysis of the riddle of life is a better measure of human progress than an uncontrolled morbidism or even strictly logical pessimism. The "slough of Despond" which Carlyle predicted for every sentient being is but a muddy pond to be waded through before we arrive at the attitude when thought refuses to be left behind and be annihilated but aims at construction—social and individual. If you begin to believe in the value of human worth, you realise the goodness in man and you start with a profound faith in yourself. A conscientious egoist is perhaps the straightest and the most altruistic individual in the world. The apparent antithesis between the "individual" and the "type" vanishes if we start from the right point.....Mac was a bit frightened at the last words, but of course I wasn't going to *start* again: it was already well past midnight.

A cool starlit night presented the favourite Diana of the lovers' romance shining brilliantly and casting its mocking white light into nooks and corners where sporting couples take refuge from prying eyes. It was disconcerting but it warmed things up

as presently one stole up to us to repeat a lover's tale—but that is in confidence.

* * * * *

Some curious patter of hurrying feet above woke me rather in an unpleasant mood. My chums were already up and had been out to catch a glimpse of Gib, but a dense fog shrouded the famous rock and I was glad I didn't lose my morning '*deglige*' in bed by exhibiting an unnecessary curiosity for seeing an old weather-beaten rock which was nowhere to be spotted. The boat was none too steady and the mates came back one by one and sought delightful shelter again amidst the sack cloth which we had begun to love only too well. Morning hours are a delightful time—fancies picture in your brain what pleases you most and you can declare content and joy at your luck. When one starts a conversation at this hour, well, you have to be polite and feign slumber inspite of very obvious remarks on your lips. It was a very easy habit of mine to put on the gramophone in these dawning hours and receive the delightful melodies of my favourite singers. And I couldn't help recollecting the attitude when the top-bunk fellows started an ugly discussion about snakes! What a contrast to the lyrical sweetnesss of Madame Malba or of the Macaroni artiste (I forget the name for the while)! Snakes—those sneeking creatures that always crawl on their bellies and would cringe even when most aggressive and those scorpions—I did feel a shudder. But my fancies had gone and I was in the same unenviable mood that characterised my first morning thoughts as the rude clatter awoke me out of my slumbers.

There were deaf snakes and dumb snakes, explosive variety and the modest shy one—could I make any choice? Yes, I preferred the deaf reptile—the most chivalrous of the lot, who gave you time and opportunity to cock your rifle or snatch a piece of rock undisturbed. And about scorpions—well I like the dead one above all—but be sure first he is dead. Would they be gratified to find walking snakes and hopping scorpions on the Chowringhee; what was the usual procedure to be adopted while walking and so forth? I prescribed a sufficiently high pair of stilts with short lance for attack fixed on either pole, but even this precaution was not of much avail unless you had rubber tight

leggings with a coating of the Reptile Antitoxin! Chowringhee would soon carry the open stilts challenge trophy at Olympia and I impressed my friends with the exciting nature of sport and the tempting reward of a world fame.

We turned on to the Home Rule movement in India and Ireland—quite a natural sequence to the talk about snakes and scorpions! They had strong Irish sympathies but wouldn't care a jot for the Sinn Fieners; yet would be prepared to grant and atonce, fullest independence to Ireland consistent with its remaining an integral part of the Empire. They were confident the blaze of Sinn Fein bagatelle would smother away in the delightful douche of self government. About India they were not on sure grounds—they didn't know and wouldn't even care to understand about that alien country. But one of them had heard about the Home Rule in India and had been told by a school chum who was interested in politics that it was best India should continue to exist as it is. Any dose of inopportune radicalism would throw that country into chaos—the natives affirmed that. On my doggedness about that school chum of his, he (the chum) was of course vell versed in Indian affairs—he being the man who persuaded my mate for India through delightful tales of Indian Shikar and Indian Sircar: both yielding rich booty. For instance that girl friend of his, Mabel had an uncle in London who was interested in Burma Rubber Stocks—she was sure about the little nabob quality in India, one that sticks to you as soon as you land and grows bigger and bigger as Eastern skies change their hues over your canopy. The uncle who had never crossed over the Black seas had acquired the habit simply through dealings in Rangoon Rubber Stock—and she was perfectly confident that India must be a delightful place. And the school chum was of course so very interested in India that he proposed atonce to Mabel—he feared the risk of his losing his sole source of information about that benighted land if he didn't grab at her quick! Amen! I suggested, mornings are never the time for ridicule.

I think I am getting to defy to a degree choppy seas or strong winds—we had both blowing strong to-day and I didn't do the trick even once. I confess I wasn't quite sure of my feet this evening when the roll was rather a bit awkward but I could pass

it off as the consequence of an extra peg and not hint at any dizzy "returns of the swallows". I thought I would have a bath and I did muster up courage for one. Baths are a treat on board and when there is slight roll you enjoy it all the more—the rocking of the tub synchronises with the ding dong of the ship and you are saved the unnecessary trouble involved in the attempt to immerse the whole blasted thing all atonce. I say it wasn't quite this prospect that dragged me to the bath room but once in there I cursed the whole lot of them as the forward dip turned the entire contents of that beastly tub over me and my bath gown, as I was rudely pushed against the grained partition. I had enough of a dip to last me some time—no more of it, not until we reach the dead level of the Suez.

Lawyers and grocers wouldn't appreciate the decorative bunting scheme for our dance tonight. It was of the Jazz variety—a species foreign both to law and law's food. When resources are limited to flags and linear designs on cloth you can hardly achieve a success but they did it. Mocking paper lanterns and an incongruous effect in angular lines made up for a razzle-dazzle camouflage and our invitation to the first deck completed our scenario. For our guests belonged more to the scenic curtain than to the lively throng that tiptoed to the music. The "labour" side of the floor served to delight the amateurs and we, proletariats of the dancing art indulged in queer steps: even the electric reds and blues frowned at our efforts. I was feeling cold and was glad of an invitation to join a quadrille. At any rate that was the music. We proposed Lancers next turn and the twists afforded a warming up we so much desired. We pronounced it a success.

It was past eleven and I was about to turn in when a friend winked at me to join a group at the bar. They seemed to have hard things to say to each other. The trouble was over the "King". John is an ex-soldier, a rabid anti-German, a fervid protagonist of England and English rights. He is a Bull Dog stunt type of a man and with perverse tenacity had refused to drink to the health of the king. B——, the Scottish *minority* man, you remember, was cudgelling him for the irreverence. His case was that the king was a symbol for the Empire; in

drinking to his health we do honour to the glorious tradition. King George was the accepted head of the British nation—not elected it is true, but accepted by the majority of people and therefore resting on their suffrages. It behoved every Britisher to do honour to what the majority wills. John protested in a language which the ordinary compositor's type wouldn't express: he had fought for four hellish years not for "king and country" but for his home and relations. What has King George—or for the matter of that any king—done to protect our homes and our hearths that we should raise our glasses to that "little thing—fattening on us, the people"? How has the home of the workman who has risked all and died for it fared in contrast to the smug Buckingham Palace? John had all respects and honours for the Empire but for kings—no, not even the courtesy of a polite nod. B—— retorted amidst a cloud of sidetracked issues that any Britisher who refused to drink to the toast was a rank traitor. This was getting beyond John to swallow and when ugly symptoms appeared we proposed a round table discussion up in the saloon—the proximity of the Bar was none too salubrious for the calm atmosphere a healthy talk requires. We adjourned and gathered in the remnant of alive dancers who were loitering about and settled on a goodsized conference in the saloon. The arguments were repeated on both sides and discussion thrown open. B—— had shied me ever since that night. I grasped my opportunity and lent a help to the already half-tight John who was going off in pure rage every minute or two. I took up the trail of the traitor. Was Henderson a traitor when he denounced Liberal or Conservative majority in the House? Would B—— call his hero Bonar Law a traitor when he refused to acknowledge Asquith and his laws after the polls of 1910? No, there was to be some distinction between criticism and criticism and it led to nothing our sidetracking the issue into a maze of abstractions. The question presents to me a treble issue—of principle, personality and politeness. First on principle one has every right to be a Republican even though the liege subject of a crown. We are not concerned whether monarchy is a beneficent tendency or an evil one—but a person has the right to hold any opinion on the subject according to his lights. You may reason him out on the

subject, but when he bolsters up his republican inclinations in public by refusing to drink the King's health you can hardly find fault with him on any reasonable ground. It is his volitional act and as such harms materially no other being.

Secondly, when personality comes in, individual tastes are the ruling measure. If I am a German socialist I might still honour Wilhelm II for his versatile genius and cry "hock" when his cry is raised by the Junker militant. Even Mr. H. G. Wells would raise his glass to the memory of King Edward VII. On grounds of personality your convictions and ideas about an institution hardly come in the reckoning unless you are a fanatic. And if John considered King George to be in any way an unfit person to associate himself with you cannot kick up a row and dub him a traitor.

Thirdly, there is the crux of politeness. It is my habit to stand attention when English National Anthem is being played likewise when the Negro band from Liberia strikes up its own national tune. A chivalrous Frenchman would raise his hat to the memory of the German dead even though he considers they fought and died for an ignoble cause. Where common courtesies of the day are concerned the shadowy images of the Kings become dissolved in the living reality of the feeling not to injure your neighbours' susceptibilities. Don't you raise your hat to the bier you pass in the street—a delicate custom that does honour to your polite sympathies with the unknown bereaved? No, on grounds of common courtesy one can hardly escape the charge of a non-community of feeling or of boorishness when one deliberately rigs up defiance to the majority attitude.

The conclusion according to my lights would be that as a subject of the British Empire John was not legitimately bound to pay tribute to a symbol of the Empire if he considers the Empire to be a curse, or if he considers the emblem to be a mediocre personality. Liberty of opinion was a national heritage for Englishmen not to be controverted by any sophistry of majority opinion. And I am glad to pay tribute to the sound common sense of the discussioners that when I put the definite proposition that "I had a moral justification when I refuse to honour an Empire that stands for coercion and repression in my country" they all

expressed unanimity. B—— was still on with his majority views and I felt obliged to quote Ibsen for his benefit :—

Ibsen's altruist character Dr. Stockman finds that the drains in his town—a health spa—are polluting water and resolves to make public the mischief. His brother is the Mayor and dissuades him in vain from his resolve because it would be the ruin of the town. And when Dr. Stockmann sticks to his guns, the Mayor denounces him with the result that the altruist is persuaded that one should not wear one's best clothes when venturing on a public campaign of Truth. Dr. Stockmann declaims :—

“What sort of truths do the majority rally round? Truths so stricken in years that they are sinking into decrepitude—All these majority truths are like past year's salt pork; they are like rancid, mouldy ham, producing all the moral scurvy that devastates society—masses, majority, the devil's own compact majority—(*Stone throwing becomes more frequent*).”

We left John and his heresy aside and Horace turned the talk over to India—it was a judicious move for things were getting blacker and niether of the two chief combatants would withdraw the names they had flung at each other at the top of passion and excitement. Modern politics and India—an army teacher declared—were still poles asunder and inter-national movements counted for little or nothing in point of rebound as far as that benighted land was concerned. It was sham hypocrisy therefore to talk of India and the new democracy. There was still great need of a military force—disguised may be—that would preserve cohesion and order amid the ruthless chaos of tribal fanaticism. The white man's burden was a necessity for India's welfare. Home Rule was synonymous with rank treason—it meant anarchy and mob rule—oh!—the old old story again and I did feel tired at being called upon to reiterate with emphasis the rejoinders. Home Rule? Haven't we in India got Home Rule? Excepting for the topmost layer of a few thousands and odd British officials the whole hierarchy was Indian. And it would be a sad commentary on a century and a half's British adminis-

tration that those three thousand top men couldn't be replaced, as averred by the Bureaucrats themselves, by indigenous talent. "But education is progressing isn't it?" Yes the handful of adventurous Englishmen recognised full well the impossibility of governing so huge a country, hence the necessity of a leaven of educational system to yield them an army of emasculated clerks. A scheme of education so dehumanised and devitalised as in India was unworthy of a great nation. A sort of "*cordon sanitaire*" was gradually drawn round the indigenous system and the dry guillotine of blockade was sufficient to disintegrate what remained of the old learning. I confess that inspite of themselves, inspite of the shackles put round the humanity in India, talent has learned to look beyond the barrier and if it be the direct result of the good intentions of a few well behaved English officials, they carry the gratitude of a dying nation that is struggling so hard for an independent existence. Yes, we enjoyed Home Rule—what we are up against was the particular species of rule which subsists only for exploitation—economic as well as educational. We were struggling against the blessed system of Bureaucracy and such loaves as His Majesty's Government doled out were opposed in spirit to our demands: we want to carve our destiny ourselves in our own way and any capitalistic oligarchy whether British or Indian would be unacceptable. I am putting it the wrong way—it is not concessions we desire. We look forward to a general enlightenment of the country-side with its natural impact on Indian politics. Concession implies a give and take, but

"I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right" (*Emerson*).

The army pedant would seek logic in history, British cannot afford to evacuate India—(who asked them to do?)—for—for sect warfare would burst out with a frenzy that would surpass all bounds. And pray, why would it—because it did so in the past! Sweet logic indeed—the Jesuitical Fathers and Wesleyan Protestants decided their struggles in the past on the burning faggots and stake; for God's sake don't let them live together again—they will resort to the same brutal methods of decision—because history repeats itself! But another period of fifty years' British rule would prepare India for self-government—he was sure the

intention was good as it has been in the past. I protest against the sort of cheap democracy that England would impose on India. She is not suited for Western methods in governance, I confessed but I wouldn't stake anything to see them applied. India needs to develop her own indigenous political institutions which were more akin to Russian Soviets—what we know of them—than to the parish councils of Great Britain. Panchayet formed an ideal village executive and fulfilled the tenets of Republico-communism with a sufficiency that would excite admiration and hope among the people to-day. Our line of advance lay along a revival of the old system modified and tested by the experience of ages. The justification of this cry of "Back to the Panchayets" lies in a true appreciation of the struggle Capital *versus* Labour which endures in so acute a form to-day in all Western nations. I wasn't alone in this explosion. A few friends believed with me in the right of self-determination—"a right to determine yourself your destiny unhampered": an interpretation other than this in spirit would be a mockery. I was glad of the support though I perceived by a few hurried goodnights how obnoxious I had made myself and I didn't predict any safe treatment for my few friends. We were dispersing when Joe set the ball rolling again *re* John *vs.* B——. He, an Australian, likewise with John would refuse to drink to the King—emblem of an Empire based on economic slavery for the multitude. Well, change the flag, meekly suggested one from the Opposition bench. The retort was more pertinent as it displayed the correct intuition of what was at stake: "Put the house in order and make it more worthy of a flag". A clever though mean innuendo in the form of the query, "What flag he had fought for?" revealed the tricks of our friend. "He fought for causes and not for flags", and Joe in the same breath expressed manifest regret at the brutal action of his forefathers in murdering wholesale the original Australian aborigines—a race practically extinct now. English Colonial policy was discussed for some time until I recollected a story related by Bæerbohm Tree in one of his books:—

An Englishman with total ignorance of foreign language after a visit to Germany was queried on return: "How did you manage to get on?" "Famously".

"But you don't know one word of German?"

"I know one word of German and that's French *Pardong*. Whenever I want to go anywhere or to obtain anything I simply say, *Pardong*. No one can say me nay, for I shouldn't understand their language. So I help myself".

Tree observes on the above—"Self-help is the first law of possession. Take what you want but take it gracefully—then apologise for having it but keep it all the same, and then put a sentry over it. This has answered our colonial policy very well." And who will deny that the recent affairs in Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine and not last, Silesia illustrate extremely well this maxim of colonial governance and colonial grab?

The story didn't lose point in repetition for we soon dispersed after more or less a night sitting: it was nearly four in the morning when slumber overtook my tired body and colonies, governments, humanity were all forgotten in an unconscious relaxation which Nature has so beautifully ordained for us.

* * *

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

*Sakuntala of Kalidas: A New Study.**

VII.

OBJECTIONS.

In the preceding section, I have presented the *Sakuntala* of Kalidas under a new search-light; I showed a continuous thread of allegory running through the drama; but now I have to meet the objections of the conservative party which is usually adverse to accepting sudden changes in their angles of view. There are persons who look at a book from the point of vision that has been given unto them by those who have preceded them in time and in knowledge. To such minded this interpretation is not likely to appeal. They will allege that it is want of reverence to say that the *Sakuntala* has a different meaning which has to be read between the lines; and that it is vain to impose upon the writer our own ideas. Such people may say: Every drama can be interpreted allegorically; and the fact that it can be so interpreted does not mean that it was so intended.

This objection has been to a certain extent answered in the foregoing pages; however to lessen the burden on the memory of the reader, and to be more clear I repeat them here.

The dramatist is not a man whom we can meet always or in ordinary life; the best dramatist is a very rare production, and a gifted one too. The ordinary man writes for pleasure (leaving monetary considerations aside as they are generally accidental adjuncts); but the greatest write for pleasure not unmingled with instruction because of their greater earnestness and greater sincerity. This conveyance of instruction may be made in two ways. First, the characters are ordinary human characters, and they are painted as though they are instigated by ordinary human motives. They act and work as ordinary human beings might

*Parts I—II appeared in the June and July 1921 issues respectively.

have done under the same or similar circumstances. The hero acts, for example, in a particular way; the villain tries to thwart him; he succeeds to a certain extent, so long as his stars are in the ascendant; but in the long run, the hero duly tested under many adverse circumstances and having undergone many tribulations, comes off triumphant. The right and the just side is rewarded, the wrong and the mischievous side suffers; and the lesson is taught and the instruction is imparted by the moral the story conveys. After reading such a drama the impression is gathered as a whole that truth and righteousness triumph and their opponents are defeated.

There is also another but more difficult mode than the former of conveying the same lesson. In this the characters instead of living one life as in the former species, live a double existence. Their actions and their words therefore have naturally a double signification. This mode not every dramatist can utilise, nor on every occasion; it is so difficult. For, whereas in the former, instruction is imparted in the *end* and whereas it is given as a *whole*, in the latter, it is given *piecemeal*, inasmuch as every act, every word, and every jesture has a secondary meaning. Again, while in the former the moral is more palpable, requiring no great power of mind in the reader to find it out; in the latter the didactic purpose is so very subtle as to necessitate a thorough understanding of the drama, and a greater penetration of mind on the part of the reader. Thus the latter method is more difficult, and usually it is the greatest alone who can use it in some of their works.

This explanation will show that not every book can be interpreted allegorically, as it is alleged; only a few books have a symbolic interpretation; and when a book has any symbolism, the allegory has either been intended by the author, or it has so oppressed the mind of the dramatist that it has been ventilated unknowingly through the actions of the characters and the characters themselves that live in his pages. Literature is the record of human thought, and the thoughts of such a man who has been made to possess certain ideas and to feel certain experiences, come out, almost always, unintentionally, through what he writes. This explanation holds good not only in the

case of Kalidas but of Shakespeare too. In him several allegories are conscious and several are unconscious.

But would not the question—what reasons the objectors have to show that Sakuntala is not an Allegory—more effectively silence such carping fault-finders?

Another objection may be made: Truth and Beauty have joined together, and it is inconceivable why they should separate.

This objection is not so very weighty as it apparently seems.

Beauty and Truth have joined, certainly, but their conjunction is not as yet permanent. Truth and Beauty at the time of their secret marriage, are in their relative states, admissible to perfection; and so their relationship too is bound to change. It is only when they assume an unchangeable and permanent character that their union can be deemed as non-temporary. Later development attests to all this. It shows changeability of Truth; it shows Truth in its development into the Absolute, has yet to be supplemented by Moral order and Contemplation; and it is then only that it becomes fit to be indistinguishable from Beauty; for Beauty is orderly and contemplative. It will be evident that they marry as they find out that they are intrinsically the same or very similar; but inasmuch as they are Relative, their marriage is evanescent. They separate, after marriage, to perfect themselves and their future unification will be perfectly complete, indissoluble and permanent.

VIII.

OBJECTIONS—(Contd.)

In the last chapter we saw some objections; but there is one more that may be made from persons of our own camp. They may possibly say: true, the Kalidasan story contains an allegory, a very subtle one; but Dusyanta does not represent in it Truth but Love; for it is not Truth that seems to cherish Beauty, and it is not Truth that appears as the Male element in contradistinction to Beauty, the Female. It is Love; for Love is a very superior element that weaves together the different constituents of the universe in a silken cord, never so strongly as to prevent them from being subject to the disintegrating forces of

disunion and decay. It is Love that inspires everyone in every age and in every clime;—love, not in its limited sense but in its generic signification is the dominating King of everything, and it is but meet that Dusyanta and Sakuntala represent Love and Beauty instead of Truth and Beauty.

I admit there is weight in this objection. It is true that Dusyanta has been made the hero of a love-story, and that it is likely to appear at a superficial sight that the predominating characteristic of Dusyanta is love; but when we probe into the inner reality and when we dissect the character of Dusyanta we will find that it is not love that rules in him, as is likely to be supposed, but truthfulness. Truth and Beauty are mutually related, and *this relation* is denominated love; but it would be superlative error if we mistake the relation for the entity; and it would be absurd if instead of concentrating our attention on Truth we look to Love as the principal entity.

For what is the characteristic which Kalidas shows so glaringly in Dusyanta? We shall find that it is Truth. Let us go to near the middle of the story. Sakuntala as we have seen is naturally beautiful, and appears all the more beautiful in her sylvan habiliments.* She is superbly indescribable. Such a woman, the Queen of Beauty, in the sparkling effulgence of youth and with a beaming face of expectant pleasure, goes to her husband, the King, who could, had he willed, lift women-jewels from any class or caste, and offers herself to him as his wedded wife. Was that not a psychological moment? Does that minute which so suddenly cut the Gordian Knot single out the character of the king with great emphasis? Could another, equally potent chief, have so strongly withheld himself, if he was not the apostle of truth, from proclaiming rightly or wrongly that the beautiful damsel who had presented herself in the company of the ascetics to him, that day, in court, was his wife, and would he not have clasped her to his bosom? It would be mistaking human nature which is the same in the hamlet or in the palace; in the most rural villages or in thronged cities;—it

* *Iyam adhika manodnya valkalena'pi tanvi
Kimiva hi madhuranam mandanam nakrtinam.*

would be a wilful distortion of facts presented to us by history if we say that any King, much more a powerful King, unless he had a truthful bent, can or could do so. What is the state of Dusyanta at this moment? He says: Not knowing whether this beautiful form of untarnished splendour that has thus come was married (by me) previously or not I am not able to enjoy nor to abandon it, just as the bee in the morning (is not able to abandon) the Kunda flower bedewed with the drops of dews.*

Does this mental state of the King not clearly evince the fact that in Dusyanta the leaning towards truth was stronger than his love to possess Sakuntala?

Let us proceed further. He finds it difficult to accept her on account of his truthful bent of mind. Now there arises a conflict of purposes. Sakuntala says and emphatically that she is his religiously and legally wedded wife and in her statement she is supported by the two ascetic boys Saradvata and Sarnarava. She is also supported by Gautami who has accompanied her from the hermitage of Kanva. When her words are doubted Sakuntala tries to produce the signet-ring, but it is lost; then she presents a word-picture of a particular day they had passed in happiness; that too fails to have the desired effect. These things do not succeed in their result. Leave the result aside; but do they not show the great earnestness and sincerity of the lady? Do they not attest that she was uttering an emphatic truth? Does the character of the hermits who accompanied her not give a solemn weight to their affirmation? It should therefore have appeared to Dusyanta, even if he did not remember his marriage through the curse of the choleric sage Durvasas, that Sakuntala was not falsely fabricating an untrue story. Again the latter portion of this very tragic and catastrophic scene leaves a sad uncertainty about the future of the lady who is abandoned by those who accompanied her. "So this is your wife: abandon her or accept her."† These fateful words

*Idamupanatamevam rupamaklistakanti

Prathama parigrhitam syannavetyavyavasyan

Bhramara iva vibhate kundamandastusaram

Na ca khalu paribhoktum naiva saknami hatum.

—Kali. Sa.

†Tadesa bhavatah kanta; tyaja vainam grhana va.—Ka.—Sa.

—this parcaic proclamation issuing slowly from the mouths of the inhabitants of the ultra-mundane regions, and prognosticating however dimly, the future of the heroine, cast grave doubts about the present situation of the lady. She is unacknowledged by him whom she believes her husband; and she is not taken back to her parental abode by her companions. What was she to do?

So then there is a conflict of effects. If Dusyanta is not to accept her, not only does he not remember the marriage himself, but the people too will not, perhaps, believe it. If he is not to accept her, darkness shrouds the future of the lady whose fate hangs in a balance. What was he to do?

Any body would have, we feel, under such circumstances, taken but one course only. He would have shown himself helpless under such circumstances and would have accepted her. Thus he would have covered his real motive—his attraction for her on account of her beauty—under a considerate solicitation for the well-being of the lady. This is the action which in all probability, any body else would have taken, and which Dusyanta himself would have taken if he had represented Love and not Truth.

But the King does not select this course of action; he himself feels this difficulty; and he also feels that if he has really married the lady as she urges and if he does not accept her, he will be guilty of the sin of deserting his own wife; on the other hand if he has not married her and yet accepts her he will have contaminated his unblemished existence and spoiled on his part the honour of the woman. He feels this difficulty. His truthful nature proves stronger than love: it is proposed that the lady should be kept in a house till she is delivered of a child; if the child has the characteristic marks of sovereignty then only it can be said that Dusyanta has married her.

It will be evident that in the whole course of conduct, Dusyanta shows an absolute regard for truth and that he is representative of truth.

Let us grant, for argument's sake, that he represents Love. On this supposition his action in Act I will be inexplicable. If he were Love, where was the necessity of his asking for

Sakuntala's parentage? Why should he know whether she came of a Ksatriya caste? He was smitten with her beauty and he should have married her as he eventually did; or if marriage was out of question, he should have taken her away to his palace in some way or other. Were there not instances of this type? What cared King Yayati if Devayani was a brahmin? He loved his object—and that was sufficient. Our hero too loved Sakuntala; but he cared to enquire of her personal history. Does it not show that his regard for truth was superior to his love?

Again, after he bursts upon the view of the three girls, they desire to know who he is. He thinks that were he to give out his own real identity, they might be scared away; at the same time he has to give a satisfactory account of how he came in possession of the ring of the ruler. What was he to say? One thing was certain: that he could not say that he was Dusyanta; on the other hand it would be untruth to say that he was not. Were he to represent Love why should he not have told the pleasing lie that he was not Dusyanta; that would have heightened the effect when the heroine would have suddenly known that he was the great potentate. It is because he represents Truth that he cannot tell a lie; and he couches his reply in the ambiguous terms. "He am I who has been appointed by the Paurava King, to religious office, come to this penance forest to see if the religious rites are going on unobstructed."* The use of the words "by Paurava King" is elastic. It is thus that he tells the truth without definitely saying that he is Dusyanta.

Thus on the *reductio ad absurdum* method too one can very clearly see that Dusyanta is representative of Truth and not of Love as it may be alleged.

IX.

PREKALIDASAN ALLEGORY.

Having met objections in the last two chapters I proceed to consider whether there was any other thing that might have facilitated his writing an allegory; in other words whether in

* Yah Pauravena radna dharmadhikare niyuktah so'ham avighnakriyopalambhaya dharmananyamidamayatah.—Kali. Sa.

writing this allegory he was breaking into new ways in literature, or whether he was following the traditional channels. While proceeding to enquire into this we have to remember, as we have seen in chap. I. that allegory is in the nature of man. "To signify any desire or passion or any act of feeling of the mind, they had no precise expression which was appropriated to that purpose, but were under the necessity of painting the emotion or passion which they felt by allusion to those sensual objects which had most relation to it, and which could, under it, in some sort, be visible to others. Another remarkable instance is the style of the Old Testament which is carried on by allusion to sensual objects. "Iniquity" or "guilt" is expressed by "a spotted garment," "misery" by "drinking the cup of astonishment"; "vain pursuits" by "feeding on ashes;" "a sinful life" by "a crooked path"; "prosperity" by "the candle of Lord shining on our head"; and the like in innumerable instances.*

Beginning at the Vedas we will find faint yet tangible allegories which astound us by their powerful imagery. The conception of the Vedic deities is very symbolic; but even leaving them aside and leaving aside such minor allegories as the Dawn Allegory, the Purusa Sukta cannot but suggest itself to the student of the Rig Veda, on better scrutiny, as a very bold allegory. It speaks of the different castes that had come to be recognised in those times, as the different members of the Body Corporate; and it tries to bring out the separate vocational importance to the Body Corporate of these four different castes. The allegory is here: it pictures the Body Corporate as Man; and the different castes as the different limbs of the Man, reference being had to the functions of the limbs and the vocational routine of the castes. The Brahmins were made the mouth, for as the chief function of the mouth was to recite or speak, so too the chief function of the Brahmin class was speaking—advising kings, reciting prayers and hymns at sacrifices. The Kingly class looked upon offensive and defensive duties as belonging to them; and therefore they are referred to under the simile of hands of the Great Man. The Vaisyas

* Dr. Blair—*Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Letters*.

were symbolised under the two thighs of this Man; for they supply the necessities of and thus support the Body Corporate just as the thighs support man; and the Sudras were conceived of under the simile of the legs of this Man, for it was the function of this class to assist the Body Corporate in all humbler walks of life.

The Purusa Sukta is not a solitary instance of allegory in the Vedas; but it is surely one of the most important; for the attention of the Hindu Society has been for ages drawn towards the problem of caste-distinction; and caste abolition was one of the chief results if not the actual end of Buddhism* and of the popular religion which arose on its ruins; and when caste-distinctions occupied the minds of persons, the Purusa Sukta which is the strong-hold of caste-believers, cannot but be analysed and its allegorical importance cannot have been missed, at least by some.

Coming down to the time of the Upanisads one notes many examples of allegories† which are more pronounced in their definiteness yet are not so tangible as in the Classical Sanskrit. Thus in Chandogya, Pra. 4, Kh. 1, Man. 3; or in Chandogya, Pra. 8, Kh. 1, Man. 5; there are allegories. These are places, and there are many other also, where a gifted man can easily see the substitution of a concrete thing or image to bring out a difficult abstract idea and thus to make the latter more understandable.

But when we travel down to Buddhistic times we find that we begin to meet with lengthier and more palpable allegories than in the Veda and in the Upanisads.

It has been suggested‡ that Kalidas was not insensible to Buddhistic influences for in the 12th Bk. of the Raghuvamsa we find a remarkable trace of the influence of Buddhism as would

* Cf. "Buddhism as we have already said was a revolt against Aryan Caste as much as against Aryan sacrifice"—C. V. Vaidya—*Epic India*, 1907. Ch. II. Also Cp. Hunter, *History of Indian People*. P. 70.

† Cf. *Atha yadidamasminbramhapure daharam pundarikam vesma daharo'smin-nantarakasa tasmin yadantas tadanvestavyam tadvava vijidnasitavyamiti*—Chan. 8, 1.

‡ *Anecdota Oxoniensia*, Arrian Series. Vol. I. Pt. VII. "The Buddha Charita of Asvaghosa". Ed. by E. B. Cowell, Oxford 1893.

be seen from the comparison of the well-known miracle given in *Lalita Vistar** and *Raghuvamsa*, 12; 21.

This is not the place where a subject like the influence of Buddhist Literature on Kalidas should be considered; suffice it to say, that when Buddhism was in its hey-day, Kalidas acute and inquisitive as he was, could not have refrained from getting himself acquainted with Buddhist literature and Buddhist ideas; and he could not then have failed to note the beautiful allegory "which personifies the evil spirit, which describes his army, his modes of warfare, his officers and his strongholds, which illustrates and embellishes its parts with the delineation of wellknown human characters, and which produces a vivid impression of the power of Sata."† If we can believe that Kalidas did notice this, he could not at all have failed to note that the ideal of the Buddhists was Truth.‡ "The cessation of Becoming is Nibbana.....elsewhere again Nibbana is made a synonym for Truth."§ "It is even as a border-town" Buddha is illustrating the fact that the roads to Truth and Insight are not one but many by a beautiful and significant allegory "having walls and towers and gates, with a wise and prudent gatekeeper keeping out strangers, welcoming friends. From the east comes a pair of messengers asking for the Lord of the city. Him they find at the cross ways and they delivering the message of Truth depart.....and other twin messengers come even so from the west, from the north. Now I have made you a parable.....and this is the meaning. The town is the body; the gates are the senses; the gatekeeper is conscience; the messengers are Calm and Insight; the Lord is the Mind; the message of Truth is Nibbana."||

Thus the Buddhist literature, especially the Jatak-Stories are full of allegories; and what was more special was that they tried to bring out the importance of Truth. Here then was something akin to the mental attitude of Kalidas and which had a sub-conscious effect upon his mind.

* *Lalita Vistar* XI. p. 150. *Bibliotheca Indica Series*.

† M. M. Kunte—*Vicissitudes of Aryan Civilisation in India*, 1890. Ch. V. p. 424.

‡ Cf. Dr. Wundt. *Deutsche Rundschau*; Jan. 1910. tr. *The Buddhist Review*, Jan. 1910.

§ Mrs. Rhys Davids—*Buddhism*.

|| *Samyutta Nikaya*; IV.; 195. Tr. *Buddhism* by Mrs. Rhys Davids. pp. 180—81.

We now come down to later times; to, in fact, the Katha-saritsagar and Panca Tantra. As is well said, "indeed in all likelihood some ancient book of Sanskrit apologues of which the present representative is Panca Tantra which has been translated into many dialects of India and into many languages is the original source of the well-known fables current in Europe and Asia for more than 2,000 years since the days of Herodotus."* "The apologues of which it (Panca Tantra) consists are many of them referable to a period long preceding the Christian era." "It has been conjectured that the notion of instructing in domestic, social and political duties in which animals figure as the speakers first suggested itself to Hindu moralists when the doctrine of metempsychosis had taken root in India. There is evidence that contemporaneously with the rise of Brahmanism in Manu's time and the consequent growths of antagonistic systems like Buddhism and Sankhya philosophy fables were commonly used to illustrate the teaching of the systems. In the Maha Bharata some fables are related."*

If Kalidas lived in 6th cent. A.D. he must very probably have read the Panca Tantra which was in existence then and which had arrested the attention not only of the Indian people but also of foreign Kings like Nushirvan II. He probably knew Katha Saritsagar, as a line in his Meghaduta shows,† and that book too is a repository of many allegories.

Thus Kalidas had behind him a very splendid ancestry of allegories dating back from the Vedas. These allegories become more definite and more tangible as we come down to the classical period. It is not at all unlikely that Kalidas was perfectly aware of some at least of them if not all; and these allegories so gave a direction to his mind by sub-consciously appealing to him that his surcharged feelings and ideas found a vent unwittingly in the vogue that he knew.

* Monier Williams—*The Indian Wisdom* 1875.

† Udayana Kathakovidā gramavardhan—Kali. Megh.

X.

CONCLUDING SURVEY.

Little remains for us to do. We have traced a brief history of allegory and have found that the allegorical instinct is an inherent instinct implanted in the constitution of the human mind. We travelled further on and found that religions so far as they are non-philosophical or rather so far as they are anthropomorphic, are very essentially based on this supreme faculty; and we also learnt that allegories are conscious or sub-conscious. "We must not be astonished if we come across myths which surprise us by their direction, or even by their profound philosophy; that is often the character of spontaneous products of the human mind. The human mind when it works spontaneously, is a philosopher just as a bee is a mathematician."^{*} We also found that the greatest minds surcharged as they are with very precious thoughts, utter them in allegories. Thus Shakespere, Dante, Homer and the Book of Genesis are a kind of mystic adumbrations of esoteric truths.

We passed further on and saw our reasons for believing that Sakuntala of Kalidas was a very great yet a very subtle allegory which was composed by the author subconsciously. We pressed our enquiries further and found more specific and more particular reasons for his selection of this particular plot from amongst a host of others that could also have been laid under contribution though not with the same effect.

We carried the torch light into the story itself and found that under its glare, the dim recesses yielded forth their hidden dead. We found that the characters and personae that lived afresh in his pages bore a double existence; the one was the more apparant; the other was the more latent and the more important; we found that these two different lives which the figures live ran concurrently together; that there is not the slightest break in either; that the personae while in their apparent existence were meant to give us delight, in their symbolic and more ethereal existence, they were calculated to

^{*} Reville: *Prolegomenes de l' Histoire des Religions.*

arouse us to thoughts (of course, unintentionally) of abiding interest to every sober-minded man.

Having thus seen the allegory and having examined the various details in their mutual bearings in the story, we proceeded to answer several objections. Of those objections that we expected the weightier was the one that said that Dusyanta was not the representative of Truth but of Love as he was the hero of a love-story, and also as love is the fitter element to join with Beauty. In answer to this we proceeded to analyse the motives that guided the actions of Dusyanta in this drama, and we found that in his actions he was actuated not by love but by truth; so also we found that certain of his actions are inexplicable on the hypothesis that he is Love and not Truth.

Our task is done : but before we lay down our pen we pay a tribute of honour to that departed Glory of Sanskrit drama—to that supreme man who so breathed a vigour and vitality into the dull remains of mythological figures that they live afresh on his magical canvas. We conjure up a mental picture of this Director of Classical Renaissance, begirt as he shall ever be with a mystic halo and indefiniteness of radiant lustre as in the Orient East, to whom every devotee at the Font of Muses shall pay a reverent homage;—who informed the dull remains of a life with an elixir vital with a spirit that never was so true to the inner and more latent realities of the Universe; who spoke and whose speech was song. The soul of Kalidas has been looking on us from his aerial car behind the clouds through centuries of vapid breathings. Him, as Puissant Sovereign, we humbly welcome to the vacant throne of the Domain of the Literature of the World.

N. S. ADHIKARI.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

Mythology of All Races. Edited by L. H. Gray : Vol. VI. Indian and Iranian, by A. B. Keith and A. J. Carnoy : Vol. IX. by R. B. Dixon. Boston, Marshall Jones Co.

Two volumes of an admirable series compiled by specialists. The Indian section, the most important under notice, deals with so rich a mass of material that the treatment is necessarily summary. Within the necessary limits it is full and detailed, and the illustrations are better chosen than is usual in works of the kind. The importance of this Indian mythology, mainly but by no means altogether Aryan, lies in the fact that we find here no merely savage pantheon, but a highly developed mythic system, the 'constant but organic' development of which can be followed over a period of three and a half millenniums, from 1500 B. C. to the present day.

In the latest books of the Rigveda, mythology already begins to pass into philosophy, an expression of Indian thought far more important than the mythology or religion : but the early gods are permanently retained, and come to be regarded as secondary Olympian deities with surviving cult and ritual. Gradually, however, there emerge three figures of more imposing and universal power than any one of the Vedic nature-gods, *viz.*, Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva. Of these the two last, with Devi, 'The Mother' (originally, no doubt non-Aryan, but now inseparably associated with Siva as the 'power' of creation) are the great personal divinities of India. It is one or other of these three who comes nearest to the popular western conception of 'God', and the worship of one of these (as Isvara) in one or other of their many forms constitutes the really monotheistic religion of mediaeval and modern India—a religion at once distinct from and closely related to the philosophy which identifies the entire world and all personal gods alike as temporal manifestations of the one unconditioned Brahman. It is, moreover, the cult of one or other of these personal divinities which forms the theme of all the later religious art of India, and particularly of the mediaeval verna-

cular painting and poetry, which have only of late begun to attract the attention they deserve.

The two great incarnations of Vishnu as Rama and Krishna are discussed in some detail. The possible connection of Krishna with Christ has been the subject of much controversy: Mr. Keith adheres to the view of those who maintain the essential independence of the Indian conception and rightly minimises the traces of Christian influence recognizable in Indian scriptures.

Incidentally we may remark that the Garuda of Plate XVI is certainly not an Indian work, and appears to be Japanese.

In a chapter on Buddhist mythology it is maintained that Buddha regarded himself and was regarded by his followers from the beginning as a god. It is difficult to accept this view, and it seems more probable that Gautama, when he says that he is not a man, but a Buddha, merely intends that having attained to the saving truth, he is no more "man's man", no longer 'subject to mortality,' and nothing of himself is left in him. The fact that the visible human body of Gautama, the apparent existence of which must be held to be due to the *avidya* of others, should have exhibited certain marvellous physiognomical peculiarities is only what we should expect of any Indian Maha Purusha or Superman.

To the later Mahayana development of Buddhism is due the whole magnificent development of Buddhist art, alike in India and the far East. Here the Buddha, conceived as a supreme deity, is associated with the gracious Bodhisattvas or Buddhas-designate, more or less analogous to the *avatars* of Brahmanism.

Jainism is of contemporary age with Buddhism. The real gods of the Jaina mythology are the 24 "Finders of the Ford", of whom the historical founder, Mahavira, is the last.

Persian mythology is closely related to that of the Vedas. But though we see here also one of the most interesting mythologies of the ancient world, 'Zoroastrianism' has been for 1300 years an exile from its true home, and is now only professed by the Indian 'Parsis', who are descendants of immigrants from Persia. The early traditions are preserved in the Avesta, of which parts at least are older than the Christian era. The typical feature of early Persian religion is dualism—the oppo-

sition of Ahura Mazda (Ormazd), the principle of good and light, to Angra Mainya (Ahriman), the principle of evil and darkness. A special sanctity attaches to fire, whence the Parsis have been often described as 'fire-worshippers'. A great part too is played by the god Mithra, who slays the primeval ox, from whose limbs are born the species of grain and the medicinal plants. Early traditions have little to say of the prophet Zoroaster (whose name is used by Nietzsche in the title of one of his most famous works, *Also Sprach Zarathustra*).

The Persian myths in later times are developed into the substance of pseudo-historical legend, and form the basis of the great Persian epic, the *Shahnama* of Firdausi, who died 1025 A. D. Persian literature has developed upon this basis of mythic-epic material, infused with Sufi mysticism and gilded with the art of the miniaturist. A number of coloured reproductions of pages of Persian Mss. are given, but all are very late examples.

The volume on Oceania is almost impossible to review in the ordinary sense of the word. The treatment is very detailed, scholarly, and systematic, and the coloured illustrations unusually satisfactory. The general conclusion is drawn "that Oceanic mythology must be regarded as essentially of Oceanic origin, although considerable elements of Asiatic (Indian) origin have entered into the complex. Its history rests on that of the series of ethnic waves which, proceeding from south-eastern Asia and its adjacent archipelagoes, swept in intricate currents to the utmost verge of Oceania": but "there is as yet no unimpeachable evidence for migrations between Oceania and America or *vice versa*, or even for definite contact."

Each of the volumes before us is provided with an ample bibliography, but the absence of an index robs the text of half its value.

A. K. COOMARSWAMY.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Recent Books on Education.

1. *A Short History of Education.* By John William Adamson (University Press, Cambridge) 1920.
2. *Village Education in India.* The Report of a Commission of Inquiry. (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London & Calcutta) 1920.
3. *Schools with a Message in India.* By Daniel Johnson Fleming (Humphrey Milford, Oxford University Press, London & Calcutta) 1921.
4. *The Problem of National Education in India.* By Lajpat Rai (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., 40, Museum Street, W. C. London) 1920.
5. *Essays on Educational Reconstruction in India.* By K. M. Panikkar (Ganesh & Co., Madras) 1920.

A compact and handy historical sketch of Education—such as is now before us in Mr. Adamson's book under notice—was a desideratum and we are glad that the want is removed by the publication of the *Short History of Education*. The author narrates briefly but fairly comprehensively the progress of English educational institutions, taking account of such domestic and foreign conditions as have had a direct bearing upon English education. All Western education to-day bears the impress of two great powers, the Roman Empire and the Christian Church ; and through these a third power, the intellectual life of Greece, has operated. The fact gives a certain unity to the education of Christendom which is the more striking in times when the various nations were less self-conscious than they are to-day. The earlier chapters of the book are therefore less specifically English than the later. But, beginning with the fifteenth century, the narrative becomes increasingly English in its survey ; it closes at the opening of the twentieth century. Those in search of a convenient review of educational theories and practices will find Mr. Adamson's *Short History of Education* an exceedingly useful work, and it deserves careful attention at the hands of the students of the subject.

A Commission was sent out under the joint auspices of the Conferences of Missionary Societies in Great Britain and North America to make a broad survey of the educational needs of Indian villages ; to gather the fruits of the experience of Indian workers, missionaries, government officials, and leaders of public life in India and of educators in other countries visited ; and, in the light of this experience and of the fresh study of present

conditions, to advise the missionary societies at home how they may make their largest and best contribution to the advancement of education in India. The Commission spent four months travelling *via* the United States, Japan, the Philippines, and Ceylon, with a view to bringing to bear on Indian questions some knowledge of the experience gained in these lands. The members of the Commission were all educationists. Their Report was written in India, and was completed in June 1920. It is now published under the title of *Village Education in India*.

Village Education in India is a most valuable contribution to the literature of Indian pedagogics. It is a model of a comprehensive survey of a complicated subject and the tone and temper of the writers do credit to their earnestness of purpose. Though primarily intended for missionary societies the book ought to appeal to a wider circle of readers and the Indian and the Provincial Governments, no less than educational reformers, ought to study it carefully with a view to utilize its recommendations for the advancement of knowledge in this country.

"*Schools with Message In India*" by Dr. D. J. Fleming is an interesting record of the many-sided educational activities of the Foreign Missions in India. No doubt Dr. Fleming has devoted three chapters out of twelve to non-Christian institutions, but the bulk of the book deals with missionary efforts ; and it is when he writes of the latter type schools that the author shows a comprehensiveness and careful thinking which one expects from a person of his distinguished scholarship. The sketches given of Tagore's University at Bolpore and of the Hardawar Gurukula are indeed drawn with a sympathetic vision but they lack the touch of enthusiasm and genuine grasp of institutional ideals governing these indigenous educational efforts. Perhaps the attitude is natural enough for a devout Christian and a Westerner. Professor Fleming was the American representative on the Commission sent by the combined missionary societies of Great Britain and America to investigate the educational problem before the Missions in India. The report of the Commission issued in 1920 under the heading "*Village Education in India*" forms a valuable and concise record of the issues and bears ample testimony to the masterly skill and knowledge which the members exercised in understanding and correctly appraising the educational needs of India. Prof. Fleming's book is a sort of a descriptive supplement to the Commission's Report. He visited along with other members various types of institutions and in this small book has recorded his personal impressions. His method of handling the problem is thoroughly

interesting, and if we were to select an instance we will refer the reader to Chapter 9 on "Training For Citizenship" which describes in detail the Church Missionary Society High School at Srinagar and Trinity College, Kandy, both delightful studies in wealth, characterisation and instructive grasp of ideals in actual work. But perhaps Prof. Fleming's efforts to elucidate the methods of vocational education for boys and girls will meet with greater interest in the present times. Villages form three-quarters of the Indian habitat. The problem of educational reconstruction among the villages means direct efforts to reach the mass mind of India ; it involves methods to wear down the listless apathy of the ryots towards knowledge; it faces the stubborn reluctance of the villager to depart from the old encrusted methods ; and finally the problem includes the provision of sympathy and light to lead the masses to newer and fruitful highways. To the gradual evolution of a system the foreign Christian Missions are contributing a very great deal. Dr. Fleming's book helps us to understand their work, and all true lovers of mass education will feel grateful to the host of selfless workers who are devoting their lives amidst alien people for an ideal that touches them not, save on the common ground of human worth and human values.

Howsoever much one may differ from Mr. Lajpat Rai on matters educational or political, there can be no two opinions that he is entitled to be heard. It is for this reason that we have great pleasure in drawing the attention of our readers to his recent treatise called *The Problem of National Education in India*. The book under consideration is a critical and constructive essay on the kind of education needed in India. The author puts his finger unerringly on what he regards as the weak points of the Indian system. These points, he contends, can be strengthened only by education—and education of the right sort. Religious and caste enmities must be abolished ; Indians of all races and creeds must be given a proper pride in their Indian citizenship and their place in the British Empire. And throughout the ideas of efficiency, physical and mental of a full, complete and varied life must be maintained. This book is unpolemical and unpolitical, and is one that merits the attention of all interested in the progress of Indian education on right lines. Though it is not likely that readers of the book will agree with the writer at all points either in his statements or conclusions, nevertheless they will give credit to him for having written not only an instructive but an inspiring treatise on Indian education.

Professor K. M. Panikkar of the Aligarh University is one of the brilliant young Indian Scholars and his *Essays on Educational Reconstruction in India* reveal hard and careful thinking on the subject he deals with. Being satisfied that "the Anglo-Indian system of education is inadequate to meet our expanding needs," he sets out, in the four essays brought together in the volume under notice, to offer his scheme for educational reconstruction. Here again—as in the case of Mr. Lajpat Rai's work—there is reason for considerable difference of opinion in details, but there can be no doubt of the writer's earnestness and enthusiasm and the general soundness of his views. No Indian educational reformer can afford to neglect Professor Panikkar's book.

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Our Library Table: Recent Gujarati Literature.

Chitra Darshano (Matilal Shamaldas Sharma, Sandhurst Road, Bombay.) Kavi Nanalal, the premier poet of Gujarat, the poet-son of a poet father, needs no introduction. This is his latest book being a collection of his poems and writings. All his previous works are very popular and the author holds a very eminent position as the author of *Jaya* and *Jayant* in the Gujarati literary circle. His *Jaya* and *Jayant* has been rendered into Hindi and highly appreciated. With his peculiar fascinating style of writing blank verses, the poet stands aloof from others in the Gujarati literary world and enjoys the popularity which others do not. The volume under review has some of his best poems—those on Gujarat, Kulyogini, song of a Kathiani, Tajmahal, Shaurastrano, Sadhu and Gujaratno Tapasvi in particular, the last being the most famous poem written on Mahatma Gandhi's golden jubilee which the whole of Gujarat universally applauded. His critical yet fascinating character sketches of H. H. the Gaekwar and Swami Dayananda command our appreciation. The get up is very nice and we wish the publication an equally great popularity as the author's other works. We think however, the price is a bit high and puts it beyond the reach of an average man.

Sukh-Samarthya Ane Samsudi (Sasta Sahitya Vardhak Karyalaya, Ahmedabad.) This is one more of the publications by the cheap Literature Publishing House of Ahmedabad. Bhikshu Akhandananda has rendered a yeoman's service to Gujrat by his useful publications on a variety of useful subjects. The present work is a lucid rendering into Gujarati of Marden's inspiring book, *Peace, Power and Plenty* by an equally gifted

writer Mr. Ratan Sinha Parmar. The work is really a very useful addition to the Gujarati literature and in its nice get up will do credit to any library. It is, besides, cheap for its modest price.

Punjab Committee's Report:—The *Swaraj Sabha* deserves all gratitude for getting the soul stirring revelations of the Panjab Grievances under Terror Regime of 1919 made by the non-official committee of the I. N. Congress rendered into Gujarati. Both volumes are separately translated by two individuals who can claim first-hand knowledge of the affairs—one of them being Mahatmaji's constant companion Mr. M. H. Desai. They are priced at As. 12 and Re. 1-8-0 respectively and can be had of the *Swaraj Sabha*, Bombay.

Report of the Bhagini Samaj:—The *Bhagini Samaj* of Bombay is known for its various activities for the uplift of Gujarati Women and the report before us speaks of a very brilliant work during the year under review. It does credit to the energetic secretary and we wish the same all success.

R. M. K.

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FROM THE DESK.

War in 1922(?).

Such appears to be the reading in a nutshell of the world situation to-day. Deluded and panic-stricken humanity, which has hardly had a chance to recover from the horrors and devastation of the last stroke, prepare for another deluge! Hours show up the scales and spheres on which the next moves are being cast. An incorrigible cynic who pooh-poohed the crude artificialities of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance will find what glee he will from the clock-work accuracy of his prognosis. We suffered under a charge of malignancy when a few stray notes sought to focuss attention to the motives behind the proposed Pact between England and Japan. The burden of my plaint was the sham hypocrisy of the whole affair capped by the superficialities of Lloyd-Georgian tactics in coaxing and wheedling the Empire statesmen gathered together at the Imperial Conference into an open or implied acceptance of an offensive-defensive alliance with the Yellow Empire.

The rebound of such a military alliance seemed to affect in a peculiar way the far eastern dominions of the British Empire; but the fate of India is the most unenviable of the lot. With no effective voice to determine the precise scale of influence Japan has

forthwith to exercise in the Pacific and Indian Oceans, India will still have to bear the main brunt of defence in these waters. And there is another little peculiarity. If there is peace in the country the wily Jap gets in by a preference door to the richest markets of Asia; and the slow but incisive penetration of India by Japan threatens a graver industrial disaster than Lancashire ever could effect. In contiguity and homogeneity of custom and tradition the Jap possesses a superior vantage. The course of Japanese trade with India during the peaceful years following the first alliance reveals the grave danger to which Indian industries and Indian commerce are exposed by such an 'open door policy'. But it is during periods of internal tumult and disorder that the menace of an Anglo-Japanese understanding looms heavy. The might of England may not prove quick enough to quell any revolt for independence inside the country; Japan may therefore be asked to lend a helping hand by virtue of alliance and so put back the fetters of subjection on the people. Disorder and tumult are not desirable things in an ordered society, but certain epochs come when anarchy becomes preferable to the guaranteed existence and a revolt for independence the true physic for the communal ills. The presence of England in a ruling capacity in India, howsoever benevolent or disinterested, is not a *sine qua non* for Indian freedom of thought and culture; as a matter of fact this presence provides, in its harsher aspects, an impediment, a hinderance to true development. If therefore Japan is pledged to help in perpetuating British rule in India, so far as it is based on the doctrine of *conquest by sword*, the Anglo-Japanese Alliance means forced servility on the people of India and a grave setback to the idea of human equality and human worth.

* * * * *

Yet India is not the only pawn in the game. Britain—mighty Empire, down on its heels to-day after an exhausting war that took away the flower of her manhood and drained her rich reservoirs—faces on her Atlantic broadside the ominous citadel of her Anglo-Saxon cousin. America conserved her resources during the period the nations of Europe were despoiling each other and the cessation of hostilities found America the

leader of the world in everything that counts. Uncle Sam has come to stay on the world stage and it has the star turn now. The assiduous propaganda by the English Press explains the urgency of cultivating better relations with the master-nation of the earth. Yet there is a nauseating sense of unreality about the stunts. There arises a suspicion that these appeals for closer-knit ties, for eternal vows of brotherhood and comradeship may not be a mere cloak for some ulterior, designing move and a camouflage. What Britain has to fear from America is commercial rivalry—same excuse that brought about the late war. We open our eyes as we read what 'Billy' Hughes, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth has been saying in his hysterical efforts to win the Australian adherence to the Anglo-Japanese Alliance :—

"It would seem as though the fingers of destiny are writing in the sky the unmistakable signs that the next struggle will be centred in the Pacific..... Some people have declared it to be impossible for us to fight on the side of a *coloured people*. Some of these gentlemen who say that we would not fight with Asiatics against America are the very men who, when the war broke out, would not fight at all."

The Australian Worker follows up the scent and we are presented with a luminous digest of the diplomatic melodrama that was being enacted on the Imperial Conference stage in London :—

"As Australia, once committed to the proposed alliance, will have to fight for the Japanese, it is of the most urgent importance that we should consider with whom Japan is likely to come to blows in the Pacific.

"Who else can it be but America ?

"The Japanese and American Governments, representing the capitalist class in their respective countries, have already developed a clash of interests, and both governments are feverishly engaged in enlarging their navies to enormous dimensions. Japan is spending a third of her revenue in the building of warships. America has announced her intention of

having the strongest navy in the world in a couple of years' time.

"If there is to be a struggle in the Pacific, as Hughes forecasts, then the opposing forces can be none other than America and Japan."

Again in a few but plainly blunt and well-chosen words the same paper puts the entire issue thus :—

"This reference to America is significant in the highest and deadliest degree. Hughes perceives the certainty of a struggle for supremacy in the Pacific between the capitalistic forces of Japan and America, and he actually contemplates the possibility of Australians joining in the strife to give the victory to the Japanese. That, indeed, is the logic of the treaty which, Hughes, at the bidding of his English bosses, will sign in London."

* * * * *

That the preliminaries for a final bout in the Pacific have begun is evident from the feverish activity in both the American and Japanese naval circles. The side which England has deliberately chosen and possibly actively abetted is no other than Japan—witness the sedulous propaganda that heralded the arrival of the Crown Prince of Japan in England. High Imperial honours were done to the royal guest and the indifferent, placid crowd taught by his morning paper to cry hoarse at a sight of the Prince and thank heaven for such a divine Ally. The announcement that the Prince of Wales is going to Japan at the end of his tour in India is another significant item in the game of Diplomatic bluff. All the arts of a lying propaganda that were worked up to such an infamous degree of intensity during war time are active again, and 'the interests which are conspiring to continue the alliance (between England and Japan) appreciate that they must camouflage even more outrageously than usual if they are to succeed.'

The relations between America and Japan have never been disguised, and at the present time they are none too cordial or pleasant. We may not apportion the blame for we lack the

accurate knowledge, but facts, as they appear, point to a serious conflict of interests. The thwarting of the Japanese demand for a recognition of equality of nationals all the world over irrespective of race or creed almost wrecked that pompous monstrosity in camouflage—the League of Nations. It is well known that the views of America, in relation to the Californian tangle specially, prevailed to negative this demand for equality and the Japanese know it. The Pacific Conference called for November 1921 by President Harding will reveal certain definite divergence of interests and stage will be set for picking out the most opportune moment to strike. When that time will be experts of both nations will decide. We know the sides and the spheres of the actual trials of strength and wise men will steer their course of conduct accordingly.

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It is interesting to read in this connection the views of an English naval expert of sound reputation. Mr. H. C. Bywater in his recently published book "*Sea Power in the Pacific*" tells the Yankees how the strategical agglomerations of Japanese strongholds in the tiny weeny dots of the Pacific Ocean possess high explosive charge and betray acute danger spots for a continuance of peace. He analyses with powerful cogency the existing and projected fleets of the two countries and shows in a masterly way how Japan has built with the strategical necessities of a war with America. We are indebted to the *Living Age* for the following summary:—

"If a Japanese-American war takes place, Mr. Bywater seems to believe, it will occur at the moment chosen by Japan, very possibly late in 1922, and will result in its initial stages in the defeat of the United States and complete success for the Island Kingdom. Why should the two nations fight next year, if they are to fight? Mr. Bywater demonstrates that in 1922 the Japanese war fleet in its own waters, or in the eastern half of the Pacific, can engage the American fleet with a squadron of battleships and battle-cruisers all faster than the Americans, and so able to and break off the

action when it suits the Japanese admiral. With the passing into service, in 1923, of America's mighty battle-cruisers, this ability to strike and run away, and leave to destroyers and submarines the task of finishing off disabled enemies, will be lost. After 1922 the American fleet might be able to force a fight to a decision, and this could lead only to the defeat of Japan."

"There is still a stronger reason why Mr. Bywater seems to fear war next year. He declares that the issue of an American-Japanese war would primarily be decided by the fate of Guam—about 1510 miles west of Manila. With Guam unfortified, Phillipines could not be made the base for the entire American fleet, which would run the risk, or certainty, of being trapped there. Accordingly, Japan at the outbreak of hostilities would find the islands an easy prey, too far removed from the Pearl Harbour base in Hawaii, 5,000 miles away, to be defended, were it not for the Island of Guam."

"Secretary Daniels, in his 1920 report, states that the project for the development of Guam as a naval base is progressing, and, therefore, if war came next year they would be useless."

"There is convincing evidence that the Japanese are fully alive to the significance of the island, and are not disposed to remain passive while America makes a belated effort to repair her long neglect of this magnificent strategical position. The majority of the European delegates at the Peace Conference were mildly surprised when Japanese envoys urged their country's claim to the former German territory north of the Equator.....The effect of the mandatory arrangement has been to surround Guam with a cordon of potential Japanese strongholds and naval bases. Japan, as a mandatory of the islands, is not entitled to fortify them; but that she would forego

the use of such invaluable bases in case of emergency is not to be believed....."

And Japan must strike before Guam is properly fortified.

With Britain an active ally or even a neutral with friendly moral support and a pledge of abstention Japan will force the issue at a pace. The snobbish plutocracy of America that enriched itself during the late war has raised the ire of the masters and British and Japanese High Finance plots to teach her a lesson. What odds on India's contribution to the next world war?

* * * * *

Indian Colonial Problem.

Our prognostications *re* the Kenya problem in our July issue have not failed of purpose, neither were the remarks very wide of the mark. The Imperial Conference has now concluded its labours and The Right Honourable Srinivasa Sastri has declared his supreme satisfaction with the results and conclusions arrived at the round table. It is noteworthy that the new Indian Privy Councillor felt impelled to contradict a Press statement that made him say angry truths. No, he felt obliged to stand by the humiliating Sinha Compact and did never think of urging the unqualified right of his country to determine the constituents of *her* population—a right so much emphasised by the other Colonials. How could India close her gates to the benevolent South African or the charitably disposed Canadian who come to her to teach her how to *look* civilised—just think of it! We never had much faith in these confabulations of the Imperial statesmen—their meeting together envelopes, as a rule, a multitude of sins which dare not bear the light of public criticism. An intensive personal canvassing, a few judicious honours with the "freedoms of city" thrown in, and a lot of week-end excursions combine to do the trick. And the fate of millions is decided by the whim and the persuasion of the moment. They are whizzed away from the live and pulsating contact of their constituencies, and, entranced by the magic of their tumultuous reception carefully boomed—(which head wouldn't turn away?)—they fall in with any and sundry crooked scheme or a pretentious diplomatic *coup*.

Here is the full grandiloquent Resolution adopted at the Imperial Conference :—

“The Imperial Conference, while reaffirming the resolution of the Conference of 1918 (*alias* the Sinha Compact) that each community of the British Commonwealth should enjoy complete control of the composition of its own population by means of restriction on immigration from any other communities, recognises that there is an incongruity between the position of India as an equal member of the British Empire and the existence of disabilities upon British Indians lawfully domiciled in some other parts of the Empire. The Imperial Conference accordingly is of opinion that in the interests of the solidarity of the British Commonwealth it is desirable that the rights of such Indians to citizenship should be recognised. *The representatives of South Africa regret their inability to accept this resolution.* The representatives of India, while expressing their appreciation, accept the resolution recorded above but feel bound to place on record their profound concern at the position of Indians in South Africa and they hope that by negotiation between the Government of India and of South Africa some way can be found as soon as it may be possible to reach a *more satisfactory position.*” (Italics are ours.)

Amen! The Right Honourable Srinivasa Sastri has later expressed, we understand, his unbounded satisfaction with the resolution and we take it that its terms will form the new *Magna Carta* of Indian “freedom” abroad. Will a sporting journalist lay a wager that the Indian Legislative Assembly will not vote a resolution of profound thanks for such deliverance to the Right Honourable “representative” of India and couple it with a retaliatory clause against, say, South Africans?

* * * * *

A Consular Appointment.

The appointment of Mr. Leftwich as Consul-General of the

Government of India at Mombasa opens up an interesting series of issues connected with the Foreign Policy of India. That the appointment did not come too soon is evident from the way the grudging announcement has been made. But for an able leading article in *The Pioneer*—inspired most probably by the new set of tin Gods in Simla—the almost sensational nature of this new departure from the hidebound insularity of our Foreign Department would have passed unnoticed. The series of steps that led to the appointment form a story in themselves. Mr. Leftwich took the occasion of a furlough to tour amid the uplands of British East Africa. The ironies of the situation struck this observant tourist and on his return he promulgated the rather extravagant doctrine that the Government of India was not quite doing its duty by the thousands of Indian people abroad. His zealous advocacy combined with the critical atmosphere of resentment that recent events had created in the Indian political circles secured for him an unanswerable argument in favour of a departure from the good old policy of drift. * It came to be recognised that there existed special purely Indian interests which needed some sort of protection. It looked strange that in a British colony British subjects, though of different persuasion and habitat, required a special agency to guard the fruits of their pioneer work. But facts not in British East Africa alone, but all over where British flag is flown—Canada, Australia, South Africa, Kenya—do not support the comforting doctrine of equal status as subjects of one Crown. It was perhaps forcibly borne in upon the mind of Mr. Leftwich that in a conflict of interests between the British planter and the Indian colonial it was invariably the latter who got worsted. To gloss over the facts was no more possible and masterly inactivity no longer a feasible policy. Some action was necessary and Mr. Leftwich happily came on the scene at an opportune moment.

We will not disguise our short faith in such expedients. I think the situation needs more effective remedies and any half way house deal may only worsen the *malaise*. It is a supreme truth that in international dealings the force behind your word counts more than a lengthy ethical harangue on rights and duties. The physical embodiment of the resources of the Government of

India in the person of the Consul-General may ease the acuteness of the problem and smooth some of the sharp edges. But a Consul thrown in a crowd of diplomatic fossils can hardly stir into live animity the dust of ages. I would not hazard a thought, however, if the new departure were to be the one and the last thrill of a dying tradition. There are signs that Mr. Leftwich's appointment will announce the adoption of a healthier policy and lead to break down the spell of deadly inactivity—hitherto the presiding genius at the diplomatic table.

* * * * *

The Indian Review of Reviews.

We offer a cordial welcome to our new contemporary from Bangalore. The problem of accurate dissemination of current events of international importance does not touch the daily vendor of news, for by reason of attachment to a group of rock-set opinions the prejudices of vested interests hardly permit of a fair and impartial discrimination. It becomes imperative therefore, if public instruction is to be kept fully alive, that journals with an avowed "open-door" policy and an ideal of an integrity of independent thought should make it their function to be judiciously impartial in the presentation of world-wide problems. *The Indian Review of Reviews* proposes to follow in the footsteps of the late Mr. W. T. Stead—its literary "ancestor", and no worthier ideal could be placed before himself by an ambitious journalist. As a non-party digest of the monthly currents and cross-currents of opinion all the world over the new journal should fill an unpleasant gap in Indian journalism. We wish our contemporary the best of luck.

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Votes for Women.

We hear from a perfectly reliable source that one of the consequences of the defeat in the Bengal Legislative Council of the resolution according equality of voting status to the women of the province has been the formation of a militant suffrage group by the fair and *masculine* ladies of this premier City of Calcutta. Their plan of action starts from a non-co-operation propaganda

amid the households of the fifty-five and odd Councillors who subscribed to their stout faith in mere male superiority and unchivalry. It is expected that the *households*—mere chattels in the eyes of these men—will begin to *nah-poo* (forgive the mark) as soon as the flag is hoisted. Elated with success in these preliminary measures the fair militants propose to invade the reaches of the Town Hall in "military garb arrayed" and literally drop on the necks of the racalcitrant Fiftysix-es. Thus noosed, a Black Maria Procession will go the round of the town with banners unfurled and finish off with the ducking of the M. L. C.'s in the unreasoning torrents of Hooghly.

It is reported on good authority that Mr. "Pussyfoot" Johnson offered to bring the comfort of a purely vegetative, non-alcoholic embrocation to the cerebellums of the hot-headed Councillors. But we are informed that the offer has been rejected with contumely. The rejection is couched in curt and abrupt style and disclaims, on behalf of the members of the Group, any alliance with "Pussyfoot" tactics: for they believe "wetness" to be the salvation of harassed wives, of bundled-out mothers-in-law, of defied authority in a word. As a final spurt they lay great store by barrels of the 'ot stuff, free doses whereof will be doled out to the negating Councillors in order to direct their steps to the Ayes Lobby instead, on the day of the Move. The valiant knight S. M. B. will again lead the vanguards of the line and "*Der Tag*" will witness the utter rout of the mere Male—selfish, unreasoning, wild, wooly beast that he is.

WHIP.

CAPITALISM V.S. SOCIALISM.

II

CASE FOR SOCIALISM.

Prof. Scott Nearing of the Rand School in this powerful article joins issue with Prof. Seligman's case for Capitalism which appeared in our August issue. Scott Nearing is one of the few Americans who insisted even in war time upon the freedom of conscience and liberty to speak and write without restraint. He triumphantly faced the ordeal of a trial. His views deserve a close attention from all lovers of liberty throughout the world.—*Editor.*

Professor Seligman has given us what I consider two very satisfactory definitions of the issue before us. He has defined capitalism as that form of industrial organization where the means of production, primarily the machines, are in the control of private individuals. He has defined socialism as the control of capital in the hands of the group and under it there shall be no room for private rent, interest or profit. Beginning as he does with these two definitions, I reach a somewhat dissimilar conclusion. I do not see capitalism in so rosy a light as does Professor Seligman and I want to try to explain why not, and what the socialists propose to put in its place, and I want to explain them under three headings: first, the ownership of the machinery of production, second, the control arising out of such ownership, third, the direction resulting from such control. And I want to try to demonstrate to you that under capitalism the worker has to accept, first, intermittent starvation, second, slavery and third, war.

Professor Seligman says that capitalism is progressive. So are some diseases. Under the present system of society, a little group of people own resources, machines, capital, all of the machinery upon which forty million workers depend for their

living. That is, the capitalist owns the job. The capitalist owns the job without which the worker dies of starvation. The worker therefore, must go to the capitalist and ask for permission to work. To what extent has this ownership been concentrated in the United States? I wish that I could answer that intelligently, but the best that I can do is to cite you the 1918 income tax returns. In that year, 1918, prices were about what they are now. In that year \$200 a week was not a fortune by any means. \$200 a week was not much wealth in 1918. But there were only 160,000 people in this whole United States who reported incomes of as much as \$200 a week. That is 14 persons in every thousand of the population, four persons for every thousand, gainfully employed, one family for every five hundred families in the land, with incomes of \$10,000 a year, \$200 a week. They tell us that Rome and Assyria and Babylon and those old countries reached a point of concentration where 1 per cent. of the people owned the wealth of the Empires. I say to you in America, 1918, four in every thousand of those gainfully employed earned \$200 a week. I wish I could give the figures of ownership but I could not collect them. Senator Pettigrew in 1890 had the census take an estimate of wealth and since 1890 every census has specifically excluded any estimate of wealth ownership in the United States. Be that as it may, I need not stress the point. The facts speak for themselves. We have in America a little handful of persons owning the railroads, the banks, manufactories, mining and other establishments and to them go tens of millions of men and women asking for jobs, for the right to make a living. But the master, the owner replies "in order to have a job you must produce—produce something for yourself and something for me and the interest, dividends, profits, returns, for which I do not labor." Said Abraham Lincoln in 1858: "A slave society is one in which one class says to another class, you work and toil and earn bread and we will eat it." These owners of American capital, these stock and bond holders say to the American worker "you work and toil and earn bread and we will eat it." How much do they get of the bread produced by the workers? Get a copy of Senate Document 259. You cannot get a copy because they were not distributed. Get a copy of that document of profiteering and

find out how much they made in 1917—hundreds, thousands of per cent. of profit in a single year—in America, the richest of rich countries! In America, the center of the greatest empire on earth, we report 26 per cent. of our school children underfed in the schools. We reported that before the present economic unpleasantness began. We reported that while we were still urging the worker to produce and while he was turning out not only enough for his own daily sustenance but in addition enough to provide the capitalist with a surplus and that surplus went to the front and we burned it in Europe and when the war was over we burned a bit of it here at home and the burning got too expensive. The worker received less in wages than he had created in product. He could not buy back the volume that he had produced. The capitalist, the owner of the shop did not need to use what had been produced and given to him as surplus. He wanted to dispose of it. The war gave him a chance. Exports gave him some chance but then that chance was ended and the capitalist said to the worker last April, last May, last June, the capitalist said to the worker, "There will be no more work." And in textiles, boots and shoes, automobiles and now later in steel and other industries, they are laying them off. I got a report from the New York State Industrial Commission this week: 643,000 men and women out of work in New York State. What have they done? Why, they cannot have work. But what have they done? Why, they have produced too much. They have created too great a surplus. They must wait to produce more until this surplus is consumed. Can they consume it? No! because they did not receive enough wages to buy it back. And so in this country to-day, three million people are out of work. You do not see these figures stated in the newspapers.

In the first six months of 1920, the average number of commercial failures per month was 500; in July, 598; August, 633; September, 661; October, 802; November, 892; December, 1,854; the first three weeks of January, 1,482, and so the number mounts. Professor Seligman has already referred to this. There is a book called "*A History of Panics in the United States*" written by a Frenchman, translated by an American business man, and this book gives a record of the

panics that we have had under capitalism: "1814, 1818, 1826, 1837, 1848, 1857, 1864, 1873, 1884, 1897, 1903, 1907, 1913"—and 1921. That book contains one of the most damning indictments that was ever written on capitalism. "Capitalism," says the author, "consists of three phases: prosperity, panic and liquidation." Prosperity is the period when the dinner pail is full and the hopes are high, when the little man drops his tools and leaves his bench, borrows his capital, buys a machine and goes into business. Panic is the period when the little fellows get the tools and the machines shaken out of their hands and start back for the bench and liquidation is the period when the big fellows pick up what is around loose, put it in their pockets and go off richer than they were before. "Progressive," says Seligman. I say "No! Successive." And as long as capitalism lasts, so long will men and women by the millions walk the streets looking for work and so long will their gas bills be paid and their children starve—successive starvation, successive periods of physical misery and death from lack of physical means in the centre of the greatest wealth that the world knows. That is what capitalism has to offer the world.

What do we Socialists want? Why, we want to own these things ourselves. As we own the Harbour of New York, so we want to own the coal mines, the railroads, the factories in order that no surplus may be produced, in order that the value of a product shall be represented by the value paid to a consumer. So that he who creates can buy back the value that he creates. Quite simple and quite inevitable in the long run.

But I don't stress that point. It is not essential. It is my second point about which I wish to talk—about slavery. "Whenever a man says to another man, 'You go and work and earn bread and I will eat it,' " said Lincoln, "it is slavery." That is capitalism and that is my chief charge against capitalism and that is the thing that we Socialists set up as our highest hope in Socialism, not that it will give us steadier bread, more regular bread, more bread, and not that we will get more to eat out of Socialism but that we will get more liberty. That is where we place our hope and I want to explain the contrast because it is fundamental.

The United States I said was owned by capitalists—worse than that, owned by capitalist corporations, owned impersonally, not by individuals who have made their pile and bought their machinery—owned by Trusts, owned by great organizations with their stocks and their bonds and their big business mechanisms. I wish I could give verbatim this last report of the National City Bank to show how the ownership works out. This is the biggest bank in North America. Here is a list of the Board of Directors: Percy A. Rockefeller, William Rockefeller, J. Ogden Armour, Nicholas F. Brady of the New York Edison Company, Cleveland H. Dodge, Philip A. S. Franklin, etc. What is the National City Bank? Why, it is the centre of a great web of economic power. Here is the report issued by the Pujo Committee. At the centre of the spider's web, they put in a great banking concern, J. P. Morgan & Company and around that banking concern, they group railroads, public utilities, industries, mines and other forms of industrial enterprise. At the centre of the power lies the strength and the weakness of the system, lies the banker. I have not space to dwell on that further than to call attention to this fact that the Federal Reserve System with its 30,000 banks and its Board of Directors sitting in one place around the table, has more power than any single institution on the face of the civilized earth, and that Federal Reserve System is in private hands. It is privately owned practically. It is under government supervision, yes, but the Federal Reserve System is the nerve centre, the centre of authority, the centre of power and what are they going to do with this control that they exercise through their banking machine? Here is a paragraph from a weekly letter sent by one business house to its clients. "The war taught employing classes in America the secret and power of wide-spread propaganda. Now, when we have anything to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it. We have learned. We have the schools, we have the pulpit." The employing class owns the Press, the economic power centering in the banks, schools, pulpit, press, movie screen, all the power of wide-spread propaganda now. "When we have something to sell to the American people, we know how to sell it." Slavery

—going to the boss and asking for the privilege of a job—slavery—sending your child to school and having him pumped full of virulent propaganda in favour of the present system. Slavery in every phase of life all tied up under this one bank's control. Is it true that no man is good enough to rule another man without that man's consent? Is that still true in America or in the world? If that be true, every worker in the shop shall have the right to say who shall exercise authority over him in the shop. Every worker in an industry has the right to pick or help pick these members as Board of Directors. Do you suppose the workers in the National City Bank elected William Rockefeller and Percy Rockefeller and J. Ogden Armour? In the United States, a worker goes to work on a machine owned by the boss. He works on materials owned by the boss. He lives in a country where the organized power of the boss concentrated in the banking system is supreme over every phase of life. He is a slave—industrial slave—because he cannot call one economic right his own and we Socialists want to have industry not only owned by those who participate in it but we want to have those who participate in industry direct the industry in which they participate. Industrial self-control, self-government in industry as Mr. Cole has put it—that is all—simple ideas—ownership by the worker of his own job, the control by a man of his own economic life.

And thirdly about the direction of industry. Read the report of the last annual meeting of the United States Steel Corporation. At this meeting, according to the *New York Times*, there was voted two million and one-quarter shares of common and one and one-half million shares of preferred stock. Stockholders who attended the meeting represented 340 shares of preferred stock and 4,000 shares of common and the rest were voted by proxy—so many million shares on this side, so many million shares on this side, and the policy of the United States Steel Corporation is formed and unionism is crushed out and this or that line of industrial policy pursued by a little handful of men and women who have nothing better to do with their leisure than to go and sit through a meeting of the United States Steel Corporation stockholders—that is the biggest

corporation in America—direction not only by absentee ownership but direction by little cliques of lawyers holding proxies in their hands, by executives of great industries speaking in the name of stockholders. And what did they do? Last year, in the United States, that is in 1919, they floated twelve thousand millions of new capital stock and bonds; 1920 they floated fourteen thousand millions of new capital stocks and bonds. Did we have any say in that? Does the worker speak when it is decided to put these twenty-five billions into new capital under circumstances when it is almost certain that it cannot function? Does the worker speak? No, it was done by voting shares. They go out in Thrace. They support General Wrangel. They go down into Mexico. They follow into Haiti. And then what happens? Other stockholders in other countries, Royal Dutch Shell Stockholders, British Stockholders, voting policy against Standard Oil, Standard Oil stockholders if they vote, voting against Royal Dutch Shell; and you hear the echoes of the conflict over the markets of France and you hear the echoes of their conflict for the rights in Central Europe. What is going to be the result? When will it be necessary to put the war paint on the battleships? When will it be necessary to call out the battalions and send them? In 1914 Great Britain had a highway to the sea. Germany wanted it. A pistol shot sounds in Central Europe and ten million men go to their graves to decide that Great Britain shall hold Bagdad and that Germany shall pay what she can.

In 1914, there was not a Socialist state in Europe—capitalist Germany, capitalist France, capitalist Russia, capitalist Italy, capitalist Britain—all of the great group of capitalist Empires grabbing the world to rob it and fighting one another to the death to determine who should have the right to do the plundering. They produced a surplus as I said. They could not spend it at home. They took it abroad and in the course of taking it abroad they had to make war—capitalist war—and working men went and fought and died in that capitalistic war which they told us through their propaganda machinery was a war for democracy. What does the worker want? Why, he wants to keep the strings of economic life himself. Capitalism offers him intermittent

starvation, industrial slavery, recurring war. Socialism offers him subsistence, economic self-government, a basis for peace.

And I would like to ask Professor Seligman if he and I were miners up in Panther Creek, in the Philadelphia Reading Coal and Iron Company, whether he would be an ardent supporter of the present economic system. And I want to ask him this further question, whether under those circumstances, he would put any obstacle in the way of the coming of such a system as I have described.

SCOTT NEARING.

THE MORAL RESULTS OF PROHIBITION*.

If one did not know that the statements about prohibition, which are being cabled over from the United States, are inspired by the liquor interests, which are moving heaven and earth to rehabilitate themselves, one would feel that that movement had failed, that Americans are drinking more than ever, and that those who are not drinking are taking to drugs.

Transitional evils have, of course, made their appearance. Wealthy Americans stored their cellars with wines and spirits while they could, and they and their friends will continue to drink until those stocks have been exhausted. Old "soaks" (too much addicted to liquor to get along without it) will drink wood-alcohol (methylated spirits), hair-oil, varnish, or any liquid containing alcohol, which they can get hold of. They do not hesitate to pay almost any price for illicitly manufactured liquor, and so long as they are willing to do so, there will be persons willing to take all the risks involved in "moonshining," and "bootlegging."

The societies which accomplished the herculean task of getting the prohibition amendment tacked to the United States Constitution are not, however, going to rest contented until these transitional contraventions of the law are stopped. The Federal, State and civic authorities are acting with great vigour in suppressing illicit traffic.

The deaths and other mishaps which have resulted from the consumption of illicit liquors, in themselves, are acting as deterrents. The very names by which they are known show how very deleterious they are. One is called "Pride of the Cemetery" and another "Wild Cat".

If for no other reason, the extravagant price charged for these poisonous brews is making it impossible for the middle and working classes to indulge in them. A quart of whisky, made mostly from methylated spirits, costs \$16 or more, which, in the case of all but wealthy Americans, is a prohibitive price.

*Cf. "Dry" America: An Object Lesson to India by St. Nihal Singh (Ganesh & Co., Madras, 1921).

In spite of all transitional evils, prohibition is beginning to show remarkable results. Crime and insanity are diminishing. Health is improving. Men who lived near, or even below, the poverty line are saving money and beautifying their homes, and are taking better care of their wives and children.

I. EFFECT UPON CRIME.

The following tables compiled from the records of Boston, and the State of Massachusetts, show at a glance the improvements which are taking place :

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

		BOSTON (CITY)		
		Male.	Female.	Total.
1914	...	54,658	4,797	108,185
1915	...	53,465	4,920	106,146
1916	...	59,216	5,334	116,655
1917	...	67,341	5,556	129,455
1918	...	52,124	3,877	92,838
1919	...	39,847	3,009	79,212
1920	...	18,675	1,222	37,160

ARRESTS FOR OFFENCES OTHER THAN DRUNKENNESS

(MOSTLY MISDEMEANORS).

		BOSTON (CITY)		
		Male.	Female.	Total.
1914	...	24,572	2,664	68,433
1915	...	26,128	2,767	72,864
1916	...	24,910	3,339	69,707
1917	...	27,816	3,653	79,661
1918	...	28,585	4,031	80,446
1919	...	28,281	3,189	81,180
1920	...	29,490	2,476	78,466

PRISONERS REMAINING IN ALL PRISONS
(IN MASSACHUSETTS).

Sept. 30—					Total.
1914	6,878
1915	6,663
1916	5,657
1917	5,239
1918	3,701
1919	2,896
1920	2,352
Dec. 31—					
1920	2,708
May 31—					
1921	2,990

What is true of Boston, is true of other cities and towns. The diminution in crime has been so great that in many parts of the country it has been possible to cut down police and judicial establishments, and to close jails and workhouses or convert them into schools and other benevolent institutions. Here are a few instances taken at random :

The jail in Birmingham, Alabama, after remaining vacant for 12 months, has been converted into a school.

In Boston the home for the care of alcoholic and drug cases has been turned into a boarding house for elderly ladies.

In Mercer County, New Jersey, the workhouse is now used as a tuberculosis sanitarium.

Where the jails and workhouses rendered unnecessary by prohibition are not being converted into benevolent institutions, they are being used for economic purposes. Thus at Vinton, Iowa, in May, 1920, the city jail was converted into a toolhouse, since it was no longer needed for prisoners. At Buck Grove, in the same State, the town jail was sold to a farmer, who moved it to his farm to be used as an out-house.

II. LIQUOR AND THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The prostitutes have disappeared with Liquor. You can

roam about New York or Washington until one o'clock in the morning and you will not meet a street walker unless you hunt diligently for one.

Less women are making their appearance in court than in the old days. There are still a certain number of women in the police courts who are too far gone to be influenced by the laws, but the percentage of young girl prisoners has decreased. The girl who erstwhile was dazzled by the lights of Broadway and became befuddled by alcoholic drinks, landing, sooner or later, in the police court, now goes home to bed early instead of hanging around the bar-rooms until the wee sma' hours. It is noticeable, moreover, that even some of the hardened women criminals are dropping out of the records of the District Attorney's Office.

In Boston, during the first six months, only 530 women were arrested as against 988 in the "wet" half of 1919.

The arrests for prostitution decreased, in Detroit, Michigan, in a few months by 64 per cent.

On March 23, 1920, the Bridewell (the Chicago jail) had only 41 female inmates as against 86 on March 23, 1919, and 224 on March 23, 1918.

The men who used to spend their leisure at the saloon, getting into all sorts of mischief, now stay at home in the evenings with their wives and children. They spend their holidays mending furniture, painting the exterior of their houses, gardening and otherwise beautifying their home surroundings. When they grow tired of sitting on their front porch (verandah) and chatting with their neighbours, they take the family out for a picnic—often in their own motor-car, bought with the money that used to go to the drink seller, or take them to theatres or cinemas.

III. PROHIBITION AND DOMESTICITY.

Nerves soothed by such recreation, and relief from financial worry, which formerly was caused by the wasting of money upon drink and other evils associated with it, are having a visible effect upon the family relations. Domestic discord is disappearing.

Conjugal felicity is increasing. Better care is being taken of the children.

The Head of the Complaint Department of the Court of Domestic Relations of the Chicago Municipal Court noted that there was a decrease of more than 400 complaints during the first three months under prohibition. Previous to July 1, 1919, approximately 60 per cent. of the complaints received could be traced to the effect of whisky upon the husband. Most of the complaints regarding non-support of the wife and family, which now come before the Court, are found to be due to strikes or shortage of work.

The Juvenile Protective Association of Chicago had 116 complaints, in the summer of 1918, from wives whose husbands, under the influence of drink, maltreated them or failed to support their families. In the summer of 1919 only 21 such complaints were received—a decrease of 82 per cent.

The statistics of the commitments of recreant husbands to the workhouse at Washington, D.C., are significant. In 1918 the number was 96. In 1919 it dropped to 25, and in 1920 to 18.

Cases of dependency and neglect of children in Chicago, Illinois, decreased over 20 per cent. after the section went "dry".

The number of juvenile delinquents has also declined as the parents have become sober and capable of looking after their children. The number fell, in Boston, Mass., from 3,587 to 2,524.

Social workers in Grand Rapids, Michigan, made a special survey to discover the effect of prohibition upon family life. Some of the results of that investigation deserve to be noted.

One family was found where, a few years ago, the husband drank up most of his wages, giving his wife five dollars, or two dollars, or nothing at all, as he cared to spare from his pay. She had children to take care of, and used to go out washing or do any work she was offered to keep the pot boiling. They were buying their little house on time, and once fell six months behind in the payments. To-day everything is different. The family debts are all paid. The husband and wife go out together, and have started life anew.

Another family, in 1916, was in dire distress in that town. The husband was lazy, irresponsible and addicted to drink, and had been sent to jail for non-payment of debt. They had had much sickness, owed \$238 to their doctor, and had been served with eviction papers. Every winter the family had to be supported at the expense of the rate-payers. Three weeks before prohibition went into effect the husband made \$10.50 but spent \$8 in the saloon before he got home. Ten days after prohibition went into effect a visitor called and found the husband painting a picture—he had nothing else to do to while away the time after the saloons were closed. Before a year had elapsed he was steadily employed at a salary of \$32.50 per week with the prospect of a rise in the near future.

An instance may be cited to show how prohibition is joining many husbands and wives and fathers and children in new bonds of association and happiness. A Lithuanian in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and his wife led such drunken dissolute lives that their children had been removed from their unwholesome influence and placed in institutions. After prohibition had been in operation a few months the hearts of the sobered parents yearned for their little ones and they begged that they might be allowed to return to them. A probation officer visited their home and found conditions so greatly improved that the children were restored to them.

Miss Mary Beard of Boston, President of the National Organisation for Public Health Nursing, related an instance to an investigator to show the beneficent effects of prohibition upon domestic life. Her organisation received a call to visit a family where three children were ill with measles. The mother, children and home were in a destitute condition. There was little food, no bedding and the necessities of life were all lacking. The man was a confirmed drunkard. He seemed not to care that his children had no food, and he made no attempt to better conditions. Then the "bone-dry" law went into operation. Almost immediately the man went to work. Soon he decided that his neighbours were not fit for his family to associate with, and moved to a better neighbourhood. To-day his wife and children are well clothed, the house is well furnished, and the

whole standard of living has risen so far as that family is concerned.

Another Boston case may be mentioned because it is typical. A coal teamster's wife, driven to desperation by her hard life, jumped into the river in 1916, but was rescued. After prohibition came in a visitor found the family living in an excellent neighbourhood instead of the squalid street where they had dwelt for years. The father had returned home and was working steadily. The home, formerly bare and untidy, was well kept and attractively furnished. There was a telephone and a phonograph.

Mr. Colin H. Livingstone, President of the Boy Scouts of America, in writing a few months ago, to Mr. W. E. Johnson, the American temperance reformer who is now touring India, thus described a typical incident that came under his personal notice :

"Early in July of this year while sitting in a barber's chair in one of New York's greatest hotels, I was asked by the barber what I thought of the chances of a wet plank in the Democratic platform then being discussed in San Francisco. I answered that I did not expect it possible to get a wet plank in the Democratic platform any more than it had been possible to get one in the Republican platform, and that the sentiments of the majority of people were entirely opposed to the revival of the liquor traffic. He surprised me by answering :—

"You express my sentiments. A year ago I was ready to fight anybody who would defend prohibition. Now I am reconciled to it and happy that we have prohibition."

I asked him why he had so changed his attitude. He answered,

"I used to spend all my money upon liquor whenever I had a chance. I did not give my family half enough to live on. I have a wife and three young sons. I used to go home like a beast full of whisky, make a big row, frighten my wife and children sometimes out of the house and stay from my work for a day or two until I got back to myself again. Now I have over \$1,500 in the Bank. My wife and family are well clad and as

happy as can be. It makes me shudder to think what would have become of my three boys had prohibition not come to us. I cannot bear to think that these three boys of mine might have grown up to have been beasts like I was. We are looking forward to the building and owing of our own home in the near future and the happiness of this prospect and realisation is more than I ever had out of all the liquor that I ever drank. My brother is in the same position as I am and we both were pretty tough characters when we could get liquor at almost every corner. I tell you Mister, this is the greatest thing that ever happened to America and it will save hundreds and thousands of boys every year from destroying themselves by following the habits of their fathers who are powerless to make any objection on account of their own indulgence."

IV. EFFECT UPON CHILD-LIFE.

Mr. C. C. Carstens of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, stated that in a city in that state which had permitted the sale of liquor for the better part of 20 years, 10 families in which there were 29 neglected children, seven drinking men and seven drinking women had been reported to his Society in July 1916. In July, 1920, under prohibition, there had been only one family with one drinking man and one neglected child. In no instance, in other parts of the State, had the reports for July and August, 1920, reached more than one-third of the figures for 1916.

Since sober fathers are able to earn enough money to keep their families in what would have been considered luxury in the "wet" days, it is not necessary for their children to go out to work at an early age. Instead of having to leave school as soon as they pass beyond the compulsory age and start work to earn money to keep the wolf from the door, the boys and girls remain in school, and continue their academic studies, or, having discovered their natural bent, go to technical school to perfect themselves in some art or trade; and thus the child labour problem is being automatically solved.

In North Carlina, under prohibition, enrolment and attendance at public schools increased more than 21 per cent.

In the District of Columbia, six months after prohibition came in, the enrolment was too large to be accommodated by the capacity of the class rooms of the Washington schools, and frantic appeals were going up to Congress for more school buildings.

Omaha, Nebraska, in two years of prohibition, voted \$7,000,000 in bonds to build a new commercial high school and other school buildings, made necessary by the increase in the school population.

The attendance at graded schools of Portland, Oregon, increased from 25,890 in pre-prohibition days, to 36,380 in 1920, not including high school pupils.

The result is that Americans are finding that not only the cultural standards are being raised through the higher education of the rising generation, but also that the general efficiency is increasing through the scientific training the young men and women are receiving. In future there will be fewer round pegs in square holes, since fate will not force the children into the first opening that presents itself, whether they are suited to the work or not.

So far as the rising generation is concerned, probably the happiest effect of prohibition will be that no new drunkards will be manufactured. The children will grow up without acquiring the taste for alcoholic drinks. A few old toppers of the present generation may be too far gone to mend their ways, and may, through indulgence in the deadly substitutes secretly sold by "bootleggers" in contravention of the law, get delirium tremens and die, but few men are likely to acquire the liquor habit through drinking hair oil, or Jamaica Ginger, or Bay rum, or varnish or toilet water, or quinine tonic or any other of the sickening concoction resorted to by the men who have become "pickled in alcohol" and are willing to drink anything to satisfy their depraved craving.

An earnest of what we may confidently expect is furnished by Kansas, which went "dry" about 40 years ago. General Leonard Wood, speaking of young soldiers from that State who had never known the taste of drink, declared :

"I find that Kansas boys and men grade far higher in morals, obedience and stamina than the men of other camps. The percentage of vice diseases among them is the smallest that has ever been found in a camp, and the discipline is the best I have ever seen.

"We attribute this to prohibition in Kansas. These boys were brought up in a clean atmosphere—they started right.

"Tell the Kansas people for me that they have the finest, the cleanest, the healthiest and the most vigorous soldiers in point of endurance we have ever seen. The official records show this."

When one reads of such testimony one ceases to wonder why the United States has gone "dry", and is determined to remain "dry."

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

LEADERSHIP IN THE NEW DEMOCRACY.

As long as human nature is not cured of its shortcomings and the walls of its innate limitations are not levelled to the ground, a democracy, in the fullest connotation of the word, is impracticable. A community of beings, all equally intelligent and alert to grasp the most vital problems affecting their collective life, their social relations and their possibilities, and an organism of members, all equally powerful to oppose resolutely centrifugal impulses are a little short of a delightful dream,—utopias, which, as far as the human eye is given to foresee, will never become realities. But the attempt ought to be made. Our democracies may fall short of our imaginative constructions, but the thought that we are moving in the right direction should encourage us. The claims of millions of our fellowmen equally endowed with reason and deliberation and choice, but down-trodden for generations past, their claims to citizenship, their right to contribute their mite to the collective thought and deliberation of the community should embolden the less hopeful. A resolute determination to steer our course towards the goal, however high it may be, will bring us as nearer our objective as it is compatible with the imperfections of our environment. And the first step, we are convinced, in this upheaval road is undoubtedly to create a set of men with capacity for leadership, men ready to guide the nation in the only way which is in harmony with the aspirations of a democracy. An inspired seer of old have said that where there is no vision the people perish. History gives full support to this saying and instances without number could be quoted to corroborate the same. The vision of the future is vouchsafed only to the leaders of the community. There is nothing in the nature of a vision which makes it impossible to be imparted to the community but as a rule the leaders are the depositaries of the vision, and as Nature entrusts only the scientist with its secrets so a kind providence seems to confide hers only to the leader. As the people of old had prophets to guide them we require leaders to pilot the barge of the nation amidst the uproarious seas of contending interests. We need

leaders since the majority of the community are either, unable by nature to read the signs of the times or are too much submerged in their own personal pursuits to devote their time and energy to the study of social or political questions. With leaders, unselfish and sympathetic, the nation will go from perfection to perfection, rapidly not less than surely. A leader who wins the confidence and trust of the people unifies their scattered energies and we know what unity of purpose and harmony of forces mean.

We do need leaders, we require what Plato perhaps in more appropriate terms calls guardians. One or two generations of representative government has accustomed us to party leadership. Is it party leaders what we require in the establishment of democracy in India? There are writers on political and social subjects who hold fast to the view that representative government is only possible if it is conducted on party lines. And they write at great length extolling to the skies the merits of the party system. Does it not strike as uncommonly odd that the way to bring about a unification of the social classes should be none other but to split them in ever so many groups? Experience has shown the heights party feeling can rise to—a state of mind not particularly conducive to the purpose in hand. But wiser counsels have begun to prevail among political writers and there are not a few who are loudly denouncing the party-organisation. "The rigid formality," says one, "of the party means stultification, annihilation. Loyalty to a party is loyalty to a thing—we want a living politics in which loyalty is always intrinsic." Who can doubt that party organization is artificial, unnatural, delusive? The ultimate unification of the body politic unquestionably presupposes smaller units and groups but let the groups be the result of natural influences, in which case we shall have a living organism. The party is a most heterogenous collection of individuals. The bond that knits them together is artificial cohesion. We want groups of men whom nature has thrown together and whose bond of union depends on community of interests. Such a union will be natural and living, developing and enlarging its power of organization to broader and more comprehensive groups.

A leader to be true and loyal to his humanitarian call has to overcome the tendency so strong and so insidious to a human heart of self-assertion. His vocation is not to command the unwieldy, to drag along the weak, and to impose his views upon the ignorant but to draw out of every member of the community what is best in him. The ignorant lack expression, the weak force, and the unwieldy control, and it is the leader who is called to supply their respective deficiencies. The leader is the schoolmaster of the nation. Now, a very healthy reform in the educational outlook has been brought about by the great emphasis which modern psychology has laid on the essential activity of the mind. The schoolmaster is giving shape and moulding not lifeless and inert particles of clay but he is setting in motion powers of body and mind and marking out their course into habits of conduct. Similarly all the efforts of the leader should be calculated to assist the natural and spontaneous endeavours of his pupil, the *populus*.

High indeed is the calling and great the power that a leader of men wields. But is not the misuse of power one of the most powerful allurements of the human heart? And the greater the power, the more self-restraint it requires to use it aright. The political leader cannot help being conscious of the power he exercises over the multitudes. He keeps them spell-bound for hours by the imagery of his oratory. By playing upon their emotions and sentiments he knows he can produce in them a state very akin to hypnotism and mental hallucination, and once the multitudes are under his sway he can easily succeed in wresting out from them support for his political propaganda. The prospect is undoubtedly captivating. Who is not enticed by the vision of crowds of people applauding and falling at his feet? But let us clear up our ideas. What are we aiming at in a democracy? Are we not striving at the establishment of a rule truly and really representing the peoples' mind and choice? And in the supposition that the leader wrenches from the audience by a sort of hypnotism its consent, could that consent be termed popular wish and common desire? A writer on social and political subjects has pertinently observed that "the constant effort of pietists in religion and pietists in politics, of the demago-

gue and newspaper writer, to govern the world, or what little part of the world is in their power, by abuse of the law of suggestion—making appeal to the emotions of the masses while the facts on which they might form a rational judgment are withheld—has always been a serious evil in human society, and is perhaps the biggest evil of our modern life'. The abuse of this power has been called by another writer the greatest anti-social sin. There is nothing more dangerous to the public safety than these conjurors of the peoples' minds.

Shall we analyse more carefully of what the malice of this anti-social sin consists? First of all instead of fostering and helping the growth of the plant of Democracy, it tends to sap the juice that helps its growth and eventually to dry it up. For it precludes the possibility of collective thought and mature deliberation. A democracy to be true to its name requires the co-operation of each individual member of the community.

But what does actually happen when the leader works in the minds of the people by suggestion? The audience is asked to form opinions and pass judgments over questions on inadequate grounds. Facts relevant are either withheld or slurred over. As a writer says, politicians do not deal with facts but with vague generalisations, with the flag and the country. They do not convince; they dazzle. The objective is to gain popularity, to secure large number of votes, to enlist the support of vast constituencies. And if for the attainment of this objective facts have to be overlooked, events have to be disparaged, the actions of the opponents have to be ridiculed, consequences have to be exaggerated out of all proportion, a kind of fatalism binds the leader to do so in the interests of the party.

From this it should not be inferred that an appeal to the emotion of the crowd is essentially and irresistibly wrong. Emotions are the sources of activity and energy. The theoretical convictions of mathematical demonstrations leave us cold. The man without passions lacks the most essential requisite for activity. What we deprecate is an appeal to the emotions before sufficient information and adequate knowledge of the subject has been imparted. "An appeal to the emotions of men"—writes L. Dougal in *Spirit*—"when their minds are

hushed up by the gravity of the hour is a perfectly legitimate way of dealing with them, provided that the people thus dealt with have the fullest information and knowledge that can be given concerning the matter in hand, and provided their reasoning powers are stimulated and encouraged at all times."

High and exalted is the calling of the Leader of a nation. His position is one of great responsibility, his influence in moulding the future of the country is of no small importance. "The power of leadership"—writes Follett—"is the power of integrating. This is the power which creates community.....The skilful leader does not rely on personal force; he controls his group not by dominating but by expressing it. He stimulates what is best in us; he unifies and concentrates what we feel only groupingly and scatteringly, but he never gets away from the current of which we and he are both an integral part. He is a leader who gives form to the inchoate energy in every man. The person who influences me most is not he who does great deeds but he who makes me feel can do great things." It would be difficult to put in more terse language and in more striking sentences all that leadership in a democracy means.

P. G. BRIDGE.

PRIMITIVE ECONOMIC IDEAS.

Let us go back in thought to the earliest period of Aryan civilization. Here we will have to do with sidelights based on the Vedas, a literature so early as over 3000 years old. This lyrical poetry, although far older than the literary monuments of any other branch of the Indo-European family, was already distinguished by refinement and beauty of thought as well as by skill in the handling of language and metre(1). And though this literature bears an "exclusively religious stamp" (2)and "is meant to further religious ends" there are so many indications of economic conditions of all articles which the Gods are said to have created for the enjoyment and prosperity of the Indo-Aryans, that there is enough of justification for me to place a few of them before you, culled from this oldest work in the Aryan world, giving "a picture of the oldest civilisation which the Aryans developed in any part of the world", a civilisation which even at that time was an advanced and complex one—a civilisation which was not in any way inferior—if not superior to the Egyptian and Babylonian civilisations(3). And in this connexion, we would be altogether failing in our duty if we do not mention the name of the late Mr. R. C. Dutt who amidst his multifarious duties of an onerous nature could find time to devote to literary pursuits which although antique now, are entitled to our highest admiration as being the pioneer work in this direction. Likewise we ought to pay our debt of indebtedness to that devoted admirer of India, Acharya Max Muller whose edition of the Vedas gave such an impetus to the study of Vedic literature. Wilson also rendered us a great help by his edition of the Vedas, while last but not least, Pundit Durgadas Lahiri is enriching our mother tongue by his elaborate edition of the Vedas. For the first time in any of the Provincial languages of India, the Veda is being edited in Bengali and as

(1) Macdonnell : *Sanskrit Literature*, page 29.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) R. C. Dutt : *Early civilisation*, page 31.

Bengalees we may certainly congratulate ourselves on the efforts of one of our countrymen. I do not think that there is any cause for regret as Prof. Ragazin has done, to mark that, "it does not contain history in the direct narrative or epic form, but only in that indirect and fragmentary form which is internal evidence." But this internal evidence is clear, categorical and conclusive, so much so that enough of essential facts can be obtained even by a casual reader, so that a really interesting and reliable presentation can be made "of the Aryan advance from their first quarters in the Punjab, eastward to that vast region watered by the historical Ganges and Jumna; which became the centre and headquarters of the race when the Vedic era had glided by and merged into the Brahmanic period." My esteemed and learned friend Dr. Radha Kumud Mookerjee in his epoch-making book, a history of "Indian shipping and Maritime activity" took as his motto two verses from the Rig Veda—which sing "Do thou whose countenance is turned to all sides send off our adversaries, as if in a ship to the opposite shore; do thou convey us in a ship across sea for our welfare"(4). He has also referred to a number of such passages which bear references to the sea-going habits of the ancient Indo-Aryans while living in the land of the Five Rivers. Indeed not only is it evident of the sea-faring habits but also of the agricultural tendencies of those men of the vedic times. In the words of Griffith, who has done so much to popularise early Hindu literature, "the young husband is an agriculturist, and we see, him in his field superintending the ploughmen and praying to Indra and Pushan and the Genii of Agriculture to bless their labours. Anon, with propitiatory prayer, he is cutting a new channel to bring the waters of the brook to the land which is ready for irrigation, or he is praying for rain and an abundant crop. Again, when the corn is ripe he is busy among the men who gather in the harvest, invoking the aid of the good-natured goblins and leaving on the ground some sheaves to remunerate their toil. At sunset he superintends the return of the cows who have been grazing under the protection of the wind-God in the breezy pastures, and their return under divine guidance, and the re-union of all the members of the household are celebrated with

(4) Rig. 1. 97. 7 and 8.

symbolical oblation, with milk and a brew of grain"(5). Such in short was the life of the Vedic agriculturist.

India was and is an agricultural country and agriculture has been all along the chief industry of the people. "The very name Arya, by which the Aryan conquerors of India have distinguished themselves from the aborigines is said to come from a root which means to cultivate. Prof. Max Muller believes that traces of this root are to be found in the names of many Aryan countries, from Iran or Persia to Erin or Ireland, and argues that the word was invented in the primeval home of the Aryans, to indicate their partiality to cultivation, as distinguished from the nomadic habits of the Turanians, whose name is supposed to indicate their journeys or the fleetness of their horse. Certain it is that the word Arya is the one word in the Rig Veda which distinguishes the conquerors as a class, or even as a caste, from the aborigines of the country." (6) Indeed it has been admitted by all that cultivation of the soil was no doubt known to the Indians before they separated from the Iranian as is apparent from the identity of the expressions *yavamkrs* and *sasya* in the Rig Veda with *Yaskarest* in the Avesta referring to the ploughing in of the seed and to the grain which resulted(7).

Let us take the following hymn and consider the prayer conveyed through its lines—we find in it the prayer which even to-day echoes in the heart of every Indian cultivator, as it did in days of yore. The hymn is from Rig Veda(8).

"We will win this field with the Lord of the Field(9). May he nourish our cattle and our horses, may he bless us thereby O Lord of the Field! Bestow on us sweet and pure and butter-like delicious and copious rain, even as cows give us milk. May the

(5) Preface to the Hymns of the Atharvaveda. (Benares Edition).

(6) R. C. Dutt, page 34.

(7) Vedic Index: I. 181. "In the Rigveda, the Asvins are spoken of as concerned with the sowing of grain by means of the plough. In the later Samhitas and the Brahmanas ploughing is repeatedly referred to" (*Ibid*).

(8) IV. 57.

(9) The use of the words *Kshettra* and *Kshettrapati* in the Rigveda point clearly to the existences of separate fields, though in some passages the meaning is less definite, indicating cultivated land generally. In the Atharvaveda and later the sense of separate field is clearly marked, though the more general sense is also found. The deity *Kshettrapati*, "Lord of the field" should probably be understood as the god presiding over each field. It is a fair conclusion from the evidence that the system of

Lords of the water bless us! May the plants be sweet unto us; may the skies and the rains and the firmament be full of sweetness; may the Lord of the Field be gracious to us. We will follow him uninjured by enemies. Let the oxen work merrily, let the men work merrily, let the plough move on merrily, fasten the traces merrily; ply the good merrily. O Suna and Sira! accept this hymn. Moisten this earth with the rain you have created in the sky. O fortunate Furrow! proceed onwards, we pray unto thee; do thou bestow on us wealth and an abundant crop. May Indra accept this Furrow! may Pushan lead her onwards. May she be filled with water and yield us corn year after year. Let the ploughshares turn up the sod merrily; let the men follow the oxen merrily; may Parjanya moisten the earth with sweet rains. O Suna and Sira! bestow on us happiness." In the above, various agricultural personifications are addressed, the deity of the first three stanzas being Kshetrapati, of the fourth Suna, the fifth and eighth Sunnasira, of the sixth and seventh Sita, Suna and Sira being plough and ploughman.

Mr. R. C. Dutt commenting on this hymn has well observed, "In these two remarkable verses the Furrow (Sita) is addressed as a female and asked to yield copious harvests. In the Yayurveda also the Furrow is similarly worshipped. And when the Aryans gradually conquered the whole of India, and primeval jungles and waste-lands were marked with the Furrow, the Furrow or Sita assumed a more definite human character and became the heroine of the epic which describes the Aryan conquest of southern India"(10).

Let us take another hymn, this time hymn 17 of the Atharvaveda, Book 3.

"Wise and devoted to the gods the skilful men bind plough ropes fast,
And lay the yokes on either side.

Lay on the yokes and fasten well the traces, formed is the furrow,
sow the seed within it.

separate holdings already existed in vedic times." (Vedic Index. Vol. 1. 211). Macdonnell and Keith quote *Sathapatha Brahman*.

Vii. 1. 18 where the Kshatriya with the consent of the people gives a settlement to a man presumably assigns to him a definite Kshetra for his own, probably measured out as recorded in Rig-veda. 1. 1105.

(10) F. N. Page 36.

Viraj vouchsafe us hearing fraught with plenty !
 Let the ripe grain come near and near the sickle
 The keen sheared plough that bringeth bliss, furnished with traces
 and with stilts,
 Stear out for me a cow, a sheep, a rapid drawer of the car, a blooming
 woman, plump and strong !
 May Indra press the furrow down,
 May Pushan guard and cherish her.
 May she, wellstored with milk yield milk for us through
 each succeeding year.
 Happily let the steers turn up the ploughhand, the ploughers
 happily follow the oxen,
 Pleased with our sacrifice, Suna and Sira make the plants bring this
 man abundant produce.
 Happily work our steers and men ! May the plough and furrow happily.
 Happily be the traces bound ! Happily ply the driving good.
 Suna and Sira, welcome ye this land, and with the milk that ye have
 made in heaven
 Bedew ye both this earth of ours, (II).

Let us, take for example the 21st verse of Hymn 117 of the first book, which refers to ploughing and sowing barley(13) and milking out food for men or the eighth verse of Hymn 28 of the tenth book "Burnt the grass up where they found it growing," Ludwig considering in this a reference to the beginning of agriculture. Hymn one hundred and one of the same book gives us a glowing picture of the agricultural habits of the Aryans when we read, "Fasten the ploughs, spread out the yokes and sow the seed on this field which has been prepared. Through song may we find hearing fraught with plants; near to the ripened grain approach the sickle. The ploughs have been fastened; the labourers have spread the yokes; the wise men are uttering prayers to gods. Prepare troughs for the drinking of the animals. Fasten the leather string, and let us take out water from this deep and goodly well which never dries up. The troughs have been prepared for the animals; the leather-string shines in the deep and goodby well which never dries up and the water is easily got. Take out water from the well. Refresh the horses, take up the corn stacked in the field and make a cart which will convey it easily."

Ploughing is referred to in Book I, Hymn 23, Book VIII, Hymn 20, and in Hymn 22 as well as in Hymn 166 of Book X(14).

The other processes relating to agriculture are also often mentioned, *e.g.*, sowing is referred to, among others, in Hymn 94 of the tenth book(15); Thrashing is mentioned in the forty-eighth Hymn of the same book(16) while we meet with winnowing in Hymns 27 and 69 of the same (17).

Agriculture had to depend on irrigation as it has to depend even now. In fact, in a country like India, water-storage was and is absolutely necessary. As has been well observed, "Irrigation is everything in India. Water is more valuable than land,

(13) "Rice cultivation seems hardly known in the Rigveda. Rice grain is mentioned in the Atharvaveda."—(Vedic Index).

(14) "Ploughs with steers brings corn." "Even as a plougher to his steers" "Ploughed the first harvest" "Like two plough-bulls ye move along in traces."

(15) "Pillars of the Ground, when they are sowing seed."

(16) Like many sheaves upon the floor I thrash them."

(17) "Winnowing baskets".

because when water is supplied to land, it increases its productiveness at least six-fold and generally a great deal more and it renders great extents of land productive which otherwise would produce nothing or next to nothing"(18). The Vedas contain many references to irrigation(19), water from wells used for the purpose(20), irrigation of fields by means of canals(21), cultivators irrigating their fields(22) and digging the canal for the forward course(23), are only a few out of many. In the Atharvaveda also we come across such references. The best as I think, is the one in Book III, Hymn 13 which was sung on the occasion of cutting a channel for irrigation, where in the seventh stanza, we have the practical part of the ceremony. The canal has been cut and the water of the river is to be admitted.

"Here, O ye, waters in your heart. Here is your calf, ye holy ones. Flow here, just here, O mighty streams, whither I am now leading you".

We may also surmise the importance of such channels for in Book VII, Hymn 95 we meet with the punishment which was to be meted out to the undiscovered thief, viz., "his conduct was to be bound."

Pasturage also was one of the important items of an agricultural people and though the allusions to it are not so frequent, yet there are strong indications that the Aryans also paid importance to it and a great portion of the wealth of rich men consisted in large herds of cattle. Ox and cow were among the chief sources of wealth to the Vedic Indian and are repeatedly referred to(24). Leading on to meadows rich in grass(25) is mentioned while

(18) Sir Charles Trevelyan

(19) Rîg-veda. X. 25, 4

(20) *Ibid.* X 93, 13

(21) *Ibid.* X 99, 4

(22) *Ibid.* X 68, 1

(23) *Ibid.* X 75

(24) Cf. *Sathapatha Brahman*—ii. 4, 3, 13. iii. 1, 2, 13, iv. 5, 5, 10. xiv. 1, 1, 32.

(25) Rg. 1. 42. Twice a day they were driven out to graze, according to the Taittiriya Brahman. 1. 4. 9. 2. "Strictly speaking the cows were driven out from the cattleshed in the morning, spent the heat of the days in the samgarini, where then driven out during the evening to graze, and finally came or were driven home, as it is often mentioned." Rv. 1. 66, 5. (Vedic Index. 1. 232).

Hymn 19 of Book X of the Rig Veda is another true illustration of what the Aryans did in those days and their successors do now in these days :—

“We call thee cowherd, let him take out these cows ; let him pasture them in the fields ; let him know and pick out the animals ; let him bring them back to the house ; let him pasture them on all sides. The cowherd seeks for the cows and brings them back to the house ; he pastures them on all sides. May he come home safe ! O Cowherd ! pasture the cows in all direction, and bring them back. Pasture them in various parts of the earth and bring them back”.

In the words of Mr. Dutt, “we shall seek in vain in the entire range of later Sanskrit literature for a passage in which the humble hopes and wishes of simple agriculturists are so naturally described”.

Agricultural people will have to suffer from famine and we note that even in the time of the Vedas, the people had to withstand the depredations of this monster which claims now every year a number of people as its victims. In the 3rd Book, Hymn 8, prayer is offered to “drive far from us poverty and famine,” while in Hymn 53 we are referred to the feat of Sasarpāri dispelling famine. A similar prayer is offered in Hymn 18, Book VIII to keep off famine, while in Hymn 55 of the same book Indra is invited to set the people free from famine. Hymn 42 of the 10th Book also practically refers to the same fact, *viz.*, to subdue famine.

Such in short was the agricultural life of the Aryans.

I have given a bird's eye view of the agricultural life described so well by Kaegi in the following words, “The principal means of sustenance was cattle keeping. Repeatedly in the Hymns we meet with the prayer for whole herds of cows and horses, sheep and goats, heifers and buffaloes, but specially of milch cows, which are to more than one singer the sum of “all good which Indra has created for our enjoyment”. By divine power the red cow yields the white milk from which is prepared mead and butter, the favorite food of gods and men, and perhaps also cheese. After the cattle, the most important interest is the

cultivation of the soil. The ground is worked with plough and harrow, mattock and hoe, and when necessary watered by means of artificial canals. Twice in the year the products of the field, specially barley, ripen; the grain is thrashed on the floor, the corn separated from husk and chaff by the winnowing, is ground in the mill and made into bread(26).

Now I shall try to describe their life as traders and merchants. As Griffith well observed "the small merchant or trader lived a less settled life and saw more of the world than the agriculturist. We see him on the point of starting on a journey for business purposes with his little stock of goods. He first propitiates Indra who is a merchant also, the god who trades and traffics with his worshippers, requiring and receiving prayer and oblations in exchange for the blessings which he sends, and who will now free the travelling merchant's path from wild beasts, robbers and enemies of every kind. He prays also to many other deities that he may make rich profit and gain a hundred treasures; and commits the care of his children and cattle in his absence to Agni.....In due time he returns having bartered his wares for the treasures of distant places".

"The merchant's object in life is gain, and he is not always very scrupulous in his dealings. If he is in debt he would prefer to be freed by the intervention of a God and not by his own exertions; and he is bold enough even to pray for release from debts which he has incurred without intending to pay them"(27).

Having thus given an idea as to how the Vedic merchant lived, we shall endeavour to explain some of the points mentioned above to put some more light on the wonders of life. "But among the many wonders for which they are celebrated—and there are very many—none is sung so loud and so often as the rescue of Bhujyu, whom his father Tugra left behind in the midst of the swelling waves, as a dead man abandons his possessions. Tossed about in the darkness, he calls upon the youthful heroes, and they again are mindful of him, according to their wont, and hasten up with their red, flying steeds, self-harnessed, in their chariot, swift as thought. In the sea, which is without support,

(26) Page 13. Introduction.

(27) Griffith's Introduction. Preface. xi—iii.

unceasing and unresting, they accomplish their heroic work; the struggling man is drawn into the hundred-oared craft and the heroes, with miraculous power, bear the exile in the ship floating in mid air to his home on the other side of the rolling sea, journeying three nights and thrice by day"(28). As the poet has translated—

"Yes, Asvins, as a dead man leaves his riches,
Tugra left Bhujyu in the cloud of waters.
Ye brought him back in animated vessels, traversing air,
unwetted by the billows.
Bhujyu ye bore with winged things,
Nastyas, which for three nights, three days full swiftly travelled,
To the sea's farther shore, the strand of ocean in three cars, hundred footed,
with six horses.
Ye wrought that heroic exploit in the ocean which giveth no support,
or hold, or station
What time ye carried Bhujyu to his dwelling, borne in a ship with
hundred oars, O Asvins." (29)

There are also other distinct references to the mercantile sea faring habits of the Aryans, *e.g.*, in Hymn 47 of the first book, we come across with the prayer to give "the wealth which many crave from the sea". Likewise in another hymn of the same book we find a reference to those who seek gain from the flood. There is a still more clear reference in the fifth book, hymn 45 where we meet with "a wandering merchant gaining heaven's water". Likewise in the sixth book in hymn 46, Panis(30) are spoken to, who have been identified with merchants and traders. It is not very certain who these Panis were. I have suggested elsewhere that they were also very likely Aryans who made themselves prominent by their trading and mercantile habits. The merchant Brbu(31) is eulogised for his piety and liberality(32). Apparently Brbu was a Pani, though the words of the Rigveda might be taken to mean that he was one who had overthrown them entirely. If so, Pani must

(28) Kaegi: page 52.

(29) Book 1. Hymn. 116.

(30), (31), (32)—Cf. 1. 116, 3. 1. 182, 6; 1. 117, 14; 1. 119, 4; 1. 116, 5; 10. 143. 5.

here certainly mean a merchant in a good sense, Brbu being then a merchant prince"(33).

Mercantile and trading habits are closely connected with the construction of ships and shipping and there are innumerable references to this in the Vedas. For example, even in the very first book, in hymn 25, aruna is referred to as "knowing the ships that are on the sea", while in hymn 97 of the same book Agni is thanked for conveying them for their advantage over the flood in a ship and again in Book 5 Hymn 131 of the same book, Indra is thanked for furthering their cause like a ship. Similarly Surya is drawn in a ship through water by wise men(34), while thanks have also been conveyed to the Maruts for driving along their ship over the broad fields(35). Shipwrecks are referred to in the same book(36), while "golden ships" of Pushan are mentioned in the sixth book(37).

That sea trade was a profitable concern is evident from hymn 18 of the eighth book, where the Vasus are solicited for carrying them in their ship, beyond all trouble and distress", and similarly in the 72nd Hymn where a request is made to transport them over many woes. Safety also demanded the use of ships as we find in book 10, hymn 178, while ship-building is distinctly referred to in the same book, hymn 101, "build a ship equipped with oars for transport". Sea-faring habits were of course fraught with danger as we find in hymn 64 of the same book for "billows smite a ship." And that it was not merely "navigation confined to the streams of the Punjab", as Kaegi supposes(38) But it was voyaging in ocean as is conclusively clear from the following verse—Hymn 58 Book VII :—

"When Varuna and I embark together and urge our boat into the
midst of ocean,
We, when we ride o'er ridges of the waters, will swing within that swing".

Referring to this, Macdonnell and Keith, whom we have already quoted, rightly observed, "it is not easy to refuse to recog-

(33) Vedic Index II. 70.

(34) Book 5. Hymn 45.

(35) *Ibid.* Hymn 35.

(36) Hymn 59. "Full ship quivering lets the water in."

(37) Hymn 58.

(38) Page 14. Introduction.

nize here the existence of larger vessels with many oars used for sea voyages"(39).

Although Kaegi has expressed the opinion that, "in arts, the race still stood on the lowest stage"(40), there is the opinion of Mr. R. C. Dutt(41) that "it would appear from many passages in the Rigveda that many arts were carried to a high state of excellence" and perhaps Mr. Dutt was right. Weaving, for example, was an industry which was much in vogue. Female weavers are referred to both in 2, 3, 6 and in 2, 38, 4(42) and there is a fling at spinsters "who spin out their thread in ignorance"(43). One hymn refers to Agni for light regarding the mysteries of sacrifice but the language used is that of weaving—"I know not either warp or woof, I know not the web they weave"(44). Weaving is also referred in X. 130. 1. One passage is particularly significant, as referring to the weaving and bleaching of sheep's wool, "weaving the raiment of the sheep and making raiment beautiful"(45) while in the Atharvaveda a woollen coverlet is mentioned(46). That the wool of the ship was requisitioned for the Soma filter, there is no doubt(47) and the reference to Syuta indicates the use of 'linen corslets'(48). And well might Ragozin observe, "The Aryan settlers of Northern India had already begun, at an amazingly early period, to excel in the manufacture of the delicate tissue which has ever been and is to this day—doubtless in incomparably greater perfection—one of their industrial glories, a fact which implies cultivation of the cotton plant or tree," in vedic India.

But perhaps the best reply to Kaegi is the various references to "working in metals from the description of various gold ornaments and iron utensils and implements of war which is to

(39) *Vedic Index*. 1. 461.

(40) Introduction. Page 20.

(41) *Early Hindu civilization* page 44.

(42) "Female weavers, waken from a fore time.....interwove in concert" 2. 3-6. "What was spread out, she weaves afresh, reweaving." 2. 38-4.

(43) X. 71. 9.

(44) VI. 9. 2.

(45) X. 26. 6.

(46) XIV. 2. 66, 67.

(47) Rv. VIII 86.

(48) Rv. I. 31, 15 & X. 101. 8.

be found throughout the Rigveda"(49). For example, smelting is referred to distinctly in two passages as well as a caldron of metal(50). And though little is known of the smith's methods of work and of his tools, his bellows of birds' feathers with which he smelted is distinctly mentioned. He made metal vessels for putting on the fire and even the some-cup was occasionally made of hammered metal(51). Scholars have admitted that six metals viz. gold, ayas, syama, loha, lead and tripa were known(52). In the Atharvaveda(53) the iron and copper are mentioned, in one passage(54) the sense being certain of the other metals, as Macdonnell and Keith observe, that, "copper is conceivable and bronze quite likely"(55).

But the best references in this connexion are those which speak of the weapons of war and of the various gold ornaments and iron utensils and implement of war which is to be found throughout the Rigveda(56). Coat of mail for war(57), golden-colored mail(58), helmets of gold(59), "spears and weapons bright with beaming gold"(60), daggers, spears, quivers, arrows, bows(61), are frequently found, while in 4.34.9, there is the distinct mention of making of armour.

There is an interesting question as to whether coins existed in the Vedic period. Prof. Kaegi referring to it observes that "trade existed only in barter, the foundation of which as well as the money unit is the cow, in reference to which all things are valued."(62). Macdonnell and Keith also say, "sale appears to have regularly consisted in barter in the Rigveda" and again

(49) Dutt. Page 45.

(50) "Smelter fanneth thee, e'er as a smelter sharpeneth thee." (V. 9. 5) & vi.

3. 4 "Smelteneth them as a melter."

(51) Vedice Index. i. 140.

(52) Vedic Index. i. 31.

(53) XI. 3. 17.

(54) V. 28.

(55) V. 2. 1. 32.

(56) R. C. Dutt page 45.

(57) i. 140. 10 & 6. 75.

(58) 4. 53. 2.

(59) 2. 34. 3.

(60) 5. 52. 6.

(61) 5. 57. 2 possibly the arrow of the Rig-veda was painted with iron.

(62) Introduction. Page 14.

"there is little evidence of a standard of value in currency having been adopted".(63) Further cattle formed one of the standard of exchange and valuation".(64) Mr. Dutt and other authorities are not prepared to accept this view. Mr. Dutt observes(65). "In one remarkable verse, we are reminded of the finality of a sale is completed, one sells a large quantity for a small price, and then goes to the purchaser and denies the sale, and asks for a higher price. But he cannot exceed the price once fixed on the plea that he has given a large quantity whether the price was adequate or inadequate, the price fixed at the time of sale must hold good"(IV 24.9).

Mr Dutt then goes on to say, "A passage like the above would indicate the existence of current money for the purposes of buying and selling. We have instances of Rishis acknowledging the gift of a hundred pieces of gold.(V 27.2) and there can be no doubt, pieces of gold of a certain fixed value were used as money as indicated in these passages."(65a).

There is no doubt as regards the interpretation of the passage quoted by the learned scholar, but every one will agree with him, when he says that "it must be admitted that there is no distinct allusion to coined money in the Rigveda"(66) as well as with Kaegi when he observes, "the transition to use of coined money was being prepared by the various golden ornaments and jewellery; active tradesmen and usurers come to view; while the occurrence of the Babylonian mana as an accepted gold standard proves, in connection with other facts, a very early intercourse

(63) Vedic Index. i. 96. But the learned authors themselves admit "that in a considerable number of passages of the *Sathapatha Brahman* and elsewhere, the expression *hīranyam Gata-manam* suggests that there must have been some standard other than cows.....Necklets (Nisla) seem to have been one of the more portable forms of wealth."—(V. I. 1.197).

(64) V. I. i. 234.

(65) Page 39.

(65a) Lenormant laid great stress on the use of the word *mana* ("bring us jewels, cattle, horses, and a *mana* of gold" Viii 67.2) a word which can be traced to ancient Chaldea or Semitic Babylonia, with the same meaning and which afterwards passed into the Greek monetary system. (Vedic Index. Page 305).

(66) Page 39.

between India and the western Semitic colonies"(67) Macdonnell and Kieth observe rightly that "a gold currency was evidently beginning to be known in so far as definite weights of gold are mentioned." Indeed there may not be coins in the period but very few would be prepared to accept the dictum of Mrs. Rhys Davids and say that in "the Vedic age all exchange was by barter". Barter of course, formed the important item, the cow being as we find in 1. 126. 2 "a hundred necklets from the King, beseeching, a hundred gift seeds I at once accepted of the lord's cows a thousand" or in V 27. 2 where there is the mention of "granting a hundred kine and twenty") as well as in other passages the pecuniary standard by which the value of every thing was measured, the transition to coinage being made by the use of gold ornaments(68).

As I have said above, presents of cows are frequently referred to and I will mention certain passages where we meet with the presents of cows(69) as well as of other beasts and things. The list would give us an idea of the economic value of these presents.

In Book V. Hymn 30 we find that four thousand cattle were presented. In the same hymn kine in thousands are referred to as well as four thousand head of cattle. In 6. 47. 22, we find ten coffers and ten mettled horses, ten treasure chests and ten garments, ten lumps of gold, ten cars with extra steel to each and hundred cows. In Book VIII, Hymn 1 we find two brown steeds, ten bright hired oxen and ten thousand cows while in 8. 4. 1. a singer drives away, as the reward of his songs sixty thousand, whole herds of cows, so that the "the very trees were joyful at the coming"—kine in plenty and steeds also in plenty. The next hymn sings of a reward of a hundred head of buffaloes and ten thousand kine, while in the hymn following "a hundred thousand have I gained from Parsu, ten thousand heads of kine and steeds three times a hundred and buffaloes yoked in fours." A king Bitra is referred to in the twenty-second hymn as having

(67) J. R. E. S. 1910.

(68) "The Niskha which in the Rig-veda means a necklet in later times became the name of a coin" Macdonnell's *History of Sanskrit Literature*.)

(69) "The importance attached to the possession of cattle is shown by the numerous passages in which the gods are asked to prosper them and by the repeated prayers for wealth in kine." (*Vedic Index*. 1.223).

made a gift of thousand myriads. We also read of a magnificent gift—

"Steeds sixty thousand, and ten thousand kine, and twenty hundred camels
I obtained;
Ten hundred brown in hue, and other ten red in three spots; in all ten
ten thousand kine.
Ten browns that make my wealth increase, fleet steeds whose tails are
long and fair
Turn with swift whirl my chariot wheel;
He gave a chariot wrought of gold. The prince was passing bountiful,
and own himself most lofty fame.
So as a prize dear to the strong, the sixty thousand have I gained,
Bulls that resemble vigorous steeds.
To me came oxen like a herd, yea, unto me the oxen cows.
And in the grazing herd he made a hundred mid the white."

Perhaps it is unnecessary to add further details about the wealth of the Aryans.

J. N. SAMADDAR.

COMMERCIAL MISCELLANY.

PAPER-INDUSTRY.

In one of their recent Bullion Reports, Messrs. Samuel Montague & Co. almost went out of their way to draw the attention of trade to an immense potentiality of India as a producer of paper and paper-materials. They remarked: "The Indian Empire possesses an abundance of bamboos and Savannah grasses capable of being transformed into paper-pulp. An official enquiry has been made recently as to how an industry derived from this material could be developed, which would obviate the import of paper-pulp and also build up a profitable export trade with other countries. Paper plays such an important and increasing part in the world's activities that success would add considerably to the assets of the Indian Empire. *The potentialities of such a trade are so great that it might well become a significant factor in the exchange as well as in the internal prosperity of India.*" Though it seems an extravagant claim to make, an examination of the essential facts shows that the expectation is well-warranted. A lot of literature, scientific and desultory, has come into existence in connection with the capacity of India to turn out pulp and paper, but the most condensed and reliable account is found in one of the Indian Trade Enquiry Reports issued under the auspices of the Imperial Institute last July. The special Committee which investigated the question of paper-materials, was presided over by Sir Robert Carlyle and its report together with the findings of Mr. Raitt should form the basis of a correct estimate of the possibilities of the industry in India. To avoid the crowding of the discussion with figures, we may confine our attention to the resources of India, the adaptability of her raw materials for manufacture and the prospects of her being able to feed her home-market and exporting the surplus abroad.

Previously to the war, the world's consumption of paper was eight million tons, and the supply was met by the principal paper-producing countries, namely, the United States, Germany, the United Kingdom, Sweden, Austria and Canada.

In view of India's teeming population, the consumption of paper in the country is very small. In 1913-14 it was 83,000 tons per annum, of which only 27,000 tons were produced in India. The remainder 56,000 tons was imported. Illiteracy in India accounts for the low proportion of requirements, but it may be noted that the progressive demand of India is 5 per cent. higher every year, which is twice the rate of the world's increasing demand. The very fact that myriads of people are illiterate and therefore unconcerned with the use of paper, suggests that as the country becomes less benighted, the demand for paper will increase to an indefinite extent. The proportion of paper produced in India cannot be wholly accepted as of indigenous origin for the reason that the raw material employed by local manufacturers, is in considerable part imported. Hence apart from specious speculations about an export trade, there are exceptional opportunities for supplying internal demand.

In the United States, Canada, Norway and other countries, paper is mainly derived from wood-pulp which is the popular material for large scale production. The Indian Forest Department has in the last decade been specially interested in the character of the raw materials available in this country, and it has been found that what we have to rely upon is not the coniferous tree which flourishes in temperate regions, but the bamboo and Savannah grass. According to Mr. Raitt, Burma, Bengal and South India are capable of giving more than sufficient bamboo and grass to meet the whole world's requirement of pulp. The bamboo is of gregarious growth, and has a quality which is of exceptional value namely, its susceptibility to quick regeneration after crop. There is no immediate danger of wood-pulp running short of manufacturing requirements in other countries, but if the demand is doubled, the depletion of trees will exceed the rate of replanting. Whereas the wood-pulp tree takes forty years to develop to maturity, the renewal of the bamboo may be kept to a rotation of three years, with the advantage that the cost of transport can be maintained at a comparatively constant figure. The preparation of bamboo-pulp used to present two difficulties which have been happily solved. The first was the obstinate resistance of bamboo-nodes in the presence of digestive solutions; the other the resis-

tance of the material to effective and economical bleaching. The supply of bamboo while indefinite, is improved by the crop of Savannah grass whose long-fibre pulp makes it useful for the production of superior writing and ledger paper. When attention is drawn to the unlimited resources of India, there is a qualification to be made. Certain grades of paper cannot, so far as investigation has gone, be made from local materials, and to meet them, India will have to continue buying either the finished product or suitable pulp. This margin of import resembles the dependence of India on other countries for long-staple cotton. In the case of paper, the margin of dependence on foreign supply can be more than counter-balanced by the prospect of India being able to export large quantities of staple to other countries in the East. India does not enjoy a monopoly, in sub-tropical regions, of bamboo and Savannah grass, but the early exploitation of her resources will enable her to supply home needs and create a foreign market. The latter possibility depends on a variety of circumstances which the Committee has done well to explore.

Taking the prospects of Western Countries, including America, is there any likelihood of the foreign paper-maker requiring materials from a country like India? The question, of course, depends on the adequacy of wood-pulp in the manufacturing countries. In United States reserves are becoming depleted. Norway has 16 million acres of which 75 per cent. is coniferous. Half of Sweden is forest of which 80 per cent. consists of coniferous trees. European Russia has large reserves. The forests of Canada lie unmeasured. Nevertheless we are told the cost of producing wood-pulp is likely to rise and therefore new sources of paper-making materials would be welcomed. As it is a proposition that hangs on contingencies, the conclusion of the Committee does not seem satisfactory. Nor have they thought of estimating the effect of the new proximity between Japan and Siberia which has limitless reserves of forest.

In the second place, the Committee proceeded to enquire if import to Britain of selected materials from India is a commercial possibility, or whether Indian pulp can profitably compete with wood-pulp. In general, on pre-war standards, it would appear that in virtue of its superior paper-making qualities, bamboo-pulp

in restricted qualities should command in London a price of about £2-10 per ton above that of soda pulp; and in unlimited quantities, its superiority should enable it to compete successfully with soda wood-pulp at a price of at least £1 per ton higher than the latter. The Committee is unanimous that freight from India would be better received if sent as pulp ready for immediate bleaching. Bleaching is cheaper in Britain. The attitude of British merchants seems to be that a good trade in pulp can be developed and that if necessary, manufacturers may give up in a large degree the process of pulp-making, substituting in its place the production of paper directly from the pulp imported.

To sum up, India is very favourably circumstanced with regard to the development of the paper-industry. The replacement of imports by Indian produce would be quickly followed by a surplus production which would be available for export. Paper suited to British requirements can be made from Indian material and British traders would for the present welcome pulp in preference to raw materials and finished products. Technical difficulties in the manipulation of materials have been overcome, and there is an excellent opportunity for Indian enterprise. A word has to be added about the few Indian mills that do exist, mills which by the way have found it difficult to compete with the imported article. It is explained that the handicap was due to employment of foreign pulp and the Sabai grass, and that if new resources are tapped, the industry will have much in its favour in the home market. There are at present about nine paper mills in India. From an outsider's point of view the facts marshalled by the Committee and Mr. Raitt appear conclusive. The Indian industrialist has to examine the proposition at close quarters and ascertain the practical difficulties that escape the notice of the amateur. But it is certain that far-sighted businessmen have a clear case to investigate. For the position of affairs in respect of the paper industry at present, resembles the infant stage of the cotton and jute industries when courageous venture settled the command of the future.

AMERICAN TRADE REVIEW FOR JULY.

IRON & STEEL :—LOWER. Sales and Production is at the same low level. There has been a lowering of prices during the month averaging at least \$4.00 per ton. The drop since the first of the year has been \$12 per ton and since the high point of August, September 1920 there has been a drop of \$23 per ton. Prices are still 50% above the average for 1913. We look for still lower prices and no reaction within the next few months.

COPPER :—SITUATION BETTER. The 6 months U. S. production was 204,000 tons of 2,000 lbs., imports 92,800 tons. Domestic consumption 180,000 tons, export 133,250 tons or an excess in consumption over output of 16,450 tons. This change has been brought about mainly in the last three months. The price for spot Electrolytic, F.A.S. New York is 12¾c. per lb. Stocks however are so large that no higher prices can be looked for within the next few months, that is until stocks are still further reduced or until there is considerable general improvement.

RUBBER :—SITUATION STRONGER. Total imports last month were 13,477 tons and for the first half of 1921, 78,712 tons, against 14,881 and 151,889 tons respectively in the same periods last year. Plantation 1st Latex 16¼c per lb., Brown Crepe clean 12c, Smoked Ribbed Sheets 14½c, Upriver fine 16½c, Upriver coarse 7¾c, Island fine 16½c, Island Coarse 7c ex dock, New York. While the increased prices since last month are due to better demand, we doubt if present prices can be increased materially during the next few months as there are still large stocks in the United States and while the arrival for the half year have been cut materially, the arrivals in June were much closer to those of a year ago.

COTTON :—BIG STOCK OFFSETS SMALL CROP. The U. S. Government on July 1st forecasted a decrease in acreage of 28.4% compared with last year and a crop condition of 69.2% of normal or 9.6% below the 10 year average and a yield of 8,433,000 bales or 37% below last year or the smallest crop in 26 years. The

price of spot middling upland ex warehouse New York is now \$12.70 per 100 lbs., very little change since the first of the year. We look for somewhat better prices due to estimated production and better general situation which prices, however, will be held down by the very large world stock and to reduced consumption.

RICE :—With the mills closed for the season, the lifting of the Cuban Embargo and the placing of an embargo on Rangoon rice the market has become steady. Prices quoted are F.A.S. New Orleans, Fancy Blue Rose coated or uncoated 4c per lb., Choice Blue Rose $3\frac{3}{4}c$, Fancy Screenings $2\frac{1}{2}c$, Choice Screenings $2\frac{3}{8}c$, Fair average quality $2\frac{1}{4}c$. Due to the large stocks no considerable increase in prices during the next few months can be expected.

HIDES :—UNCHANGED. The present price on dry salted Peruvian Hides averaging about 33 is $8\frac{1}{2}c$ per lb. ex dock New York. Peruvian poisoned hides of good quality 18 to 20 lbs. average 12c to 13c. Little change can be expected until September when we look for an advance of 2c to 3c due to seasonal demand and better general situation.

SUGAR :—The price of spot 96° Raw Cuban and full duty, C. I. F. New York, duty paid is \$4.62½ per 100 lbs. Porto Rico, \$4.375. The domestic price for refined is \$5.20 to \$5.60 delivered New York less 2% for cash. The export price for refined is \$4.25. There seems no possibility of a marked increase in price due to the large quantities of raw sugar available.

GENERAL SITUATION :—SLOWLY IMPROVING. Bradstreet's compilation of wholesale prices in June showed an advance of 1% the first gain after declines for 13 successive months. There has been a decrease of 49% from the peak of February 1920. Prices are still 23% over those of August 1914. The terrific rate of decline can be realized when it is recalled that it took four years to advance to the peak of February 1920. The volume of business and traffic in this country is increasing although there is usually a slowing down in July and August. We look for a gradual improvement during July and August and with an increased rate of improvement in latter months.

A PLEA FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A FOLKLORE SOCIETY IN INDIA.

When the geologist delves down the earth he passes through the successive strata of the crust thereof, and comes across the fossilized remains of the animals and plants which, in the antediluvian ages, lived upon the surface of this globe, but have now become extinct. Although there is no record whatever of those remote ages, yet, from a study of these fossils, the palæontologist has been enabled to construct the life-like forms of these animals and plants and to draw up their life-histories.

In the same way, when the student of cultural anthropology studies the folklore of a country, that is to say, the riddles, proverbs and sayings, nursery-rhymes and lullabies, folktales and legends, superstitions and the like, that are prevalent in a country or province, he comes across the survival therein of curious customs and usages which were either prevalent therein in former times and have now fallen into desuetude, or are still current therein.

Take, for instance, the following riddle* which is current in the district of Sylhet in Eastern Bengal :—

1. "A spinning top has fallen from the sky; a fire burns upon the ground."
2. "Cries of 'ulu', 'ulu' are uttered in whatever direction my deity looks."

*Answer :—*The earthquake.

Divested of its metaphor, the second line of this riddle means that

"wherever earthquakes occur, cries of 'ulu', 'ulu' are uttered."

Now this riddle alludes to a custom which is current among the Hindus of Bengal. The Hindus in all parts of India believe that whenever the deity Vishnu in the incarnation of a boar, shifts the burden of the world from one of his tusks to the other, earthquakes take place. Another popular belief is that earthquakes are caused by the great bull or elephant which supports the world, changing his posture. At any rate, whenever earthquakes take place, it is the custom in Western Bengal to blow conches, ring

*Vide my article on "Riddles Current in the District of Sylhet in Eastern Bengal" in *The Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* (N.S.), Vol. XIII (for 1917), pp. 120—121.

bells and sound gongs. It would further appear from the aforementioned riddle that, in Sylhet and other parts of Eastern Bengal this custom prevails in a modified form namely, in the form that the women of those parts give utterance to cries of 'ulu', 'ulu' whenever this natural phenomenon occurs.

Take again an example of a proverbial saying. We find that, in the Tangail Subdivision of the district of Mymensingh in Eastern Bengal, a disgraced person is likened to a :—

"A Sepoy or soldier whose nose has been cut off."*

Now this proverbial saying refers to the practice of cutting off the noses of opponents in battle and of defeated soldiers for the purpose of disgracing them. It has prevailed in India from ancient times even to comparatively recent days. It is stated that when Randulha Khan, a general of the King of Bijapur was defeated in his attack upon Seringapatam, the noses of all his soldiers were cut off. This practice and the cutting instrument have also been described in a Fort St. George Resolution of January, 1679. The Venetian traveller Manucci has described the instrument for cutting off noses as being a "*half-moon of iron*".

Even nursery-rhymes and lullabies embody interesting historical and ethnographical facts, just as rare insects new to science lie embedded in pieces of amber. Take, for instance, the following lullaby which is current in the district of Pabna in Eastern Bengal :—

15. "(My) jewel (-like baby) has fallen asleep. The neighbourhood (of my house, which had been disturbed by my baby's squeakings) is now still and quiet. The *Bargis* (or the Marhatta freebooters) have invaded the country-side (in order to levy black-mail)."
2. "The parakeets have eaten (my) paddy. How shall (I) pay the impost (levied by the Marhatta freebooters)?"

Now this lullaby or cradle-song embodies an important historical fact, namely, that, during the ascendancy of the

*Vide my article on "On Some Proverbs from the Tangail Sub-Division in the District of Mymensingh in Eastern Bengal" in the *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. XI, pp. 155—156.

Peshwas, hordes of Mahratta freebooters used to invade Bengal annually, and after harrying and plundering the country-side, used to carry away a large quantity of booty to the Deccan.

So terrible were the depredations committed by these *Bargis* or Mahratta freebooters that the people of Bengal did not forget the same for a long time afterwards, and have preserved the memory thereof even in their lullabies and cradle-songs. A vivid account of the ravages committed by them has been narrated by an old Bengali poet named Gangarama in his manuscript poem entitled : "*Maharashtra Purana*" which was brought to light a few years ago. It was composed by him in 1158 B.S. corresponding to *circ.* 1751 A.D. This interesting historical document has been recently published by the *Bangiya-Sahitya-Parishat* (The Academy of Bengali Literature) of Calcutta in its *Patrika* or Journal, Vol. XIII (published in 1313 B.S.), pages 193—236. It narrates how, in 1740 A.D., Raghoji Bhonsla, Raja of Nagpur, sent his Dewan Bhaskara to invade Bengal for the purpose of collecting the *chauth* or one-fourth of the revenues of Bengal, which had not been paid to him during the previous two years on account of the rebellion of Ali Vardi Khan. His invasion of Bengal was undertaken for the following reason. When Raghoji Bhonsla represented to Mahammad Shah, the then Emperor of Delhi, that he had not received the *chauth* for two years, the latter accorded him permission to go to Bengal and collect the same himself.

This poem describe in vivid language how, on the coming of the *Bargis* or the Mahratta freebooters, the panic-stricken people of the country-side fled from their native villages, how pregnant women, being unable to walk any further in the course of their flight, gave birth to children on the roadways, how the marauding freebooters murdered the flying villagers and pillaged and ravaged their deserted homesteads and villages and how they ravished the pretty-looking women whom they could get hold of.

The study of folk-tales is also important from a comparative point of view. By comparing folk-tales and their variants which are current in different parts of the same country, or in different parts of the world, we find that different races of people, living in the same plane of culture and placed amidst similar surroundings, have evolved stories or folk-tales which are closely similar to each

other. To take one typical example, I may mention the four folk-tales from North Bihar, Chittagong and several other parts of Eastern Bengal, and a Muhammadan version thereof, the results of the comparative study whereof I have published elsewhere.* By a study of these tales I have come across the fact that they belong to a new group which I have named "*The Hero and the Deity Type*" and of which the story-radical has been fixed by me as follows :—

1. The hero goes to a deity to beg of him a boon or to a supernatural being to wake him up.
2. On the way, the hero meets with several suffering persons and animals, and a tree, all of whom importune him to enquire of the deity or supernatural being the causes of, and the remedies for, their respective troubles.
3. The hero obtains his own boon or effects his own purpose, and learns from the deity or supernatural being the causes of, and the remedy for, their respective troubles.
4. The hero communicates the same to them, all of whom adopt the remedies and are, at once, relieved of their troubles.
5. The hero is suitably rewarded by the benefited persons and animals and lives happily thereafter. But, in one case, the hero refuses to accept the rewards offered by the benefitted persons and is, in the end, eaten up by the suffering beast.

To take an example of folk-tales which are current in almost identical forms in countries separated from each other by a wide expanse of ocean I may mention the two fables of the Sanskrit *Panchatantra*, of which versions have been found in the Malayan Peninsula.†

It is now well-known that the custom of sacrificing human beings for the purpose of propitiating the water-deities or water-spirits in order that they might fill up tanks with water, was widely spread in Northern India, both among the Aryan and the

*Vide my two articles on "*A Folk-Tale of a New Type from North Bihar and Its Variants*", and on "*A Muhammadan Folk-Tale of the Hero and the Deity Type*" in *The Journal of the Bihar and Orissa Research Society* for September 1917 and December, 1918.

†Vide my paper "*On the Malay Versions of Two Ancient Indian Apologues*" in *The Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* (Silber Jubilee Memorial Number for 1911), pp. 67—75.

non-Aryan races of people. This has been confirmed by the discovery of further evidence which has been found in two legends which have been recently collected. One of these legends is connected with the ceremonial worship of the goddess *Shashthi*, otherwise known as the *Chapeta Shashthir Vrata*. This worship takes place in village Panchthupi in the Kandi Subdivision of the district of Murshidabad. In this legend, it is stated that a Baniya had a son, a daughter-in-law and seven grandsons. He had excavated a tank but water did not come out of it. He came to know in a vision that, if he would sacrifice his eldest grandson, the tank would be filled up with water. So he took his grand-child to the tank and held him up as a sacrificial offering to the *Jat* (or the female spirit resident in the tank), while his son cut up the child in two. As soon as the blood began to flow, the tank began to fill up with water. A closely similar incident is also narrated in a legend connected with the ceremonial worship of a village-goddess named *Natai*, which is very popular in same parts of Eastern Bengal.

That the custom was also prevalent among the non-Aryans, would appear from the mention of a similar incident in a Santal folk-tale entitled: "*Seven Brothers and Their Sister*" (vide Campbell's *Santal Folk-Tales*, pp. 106—107).

So we see that even the study of legends and folk-tales furnishes us with interesting side-lights on curious customs and superstitions.

Even folk-songs have their quota of light to contribute in the shape of interesting ethnographical facts. These mostly deal with mythological legends. But some folk-songs, which have been recently collected in the district of Barisal in Eastern Bengal, have disclosed a curious fact that, though the Musalmans of that province follow the tenets of Islam, they are still Hindus at heart and do not feel the least scruples in singing songs and hymns in praise of the Hindu gods and goddess.*

*Vide my articles on "*Three Folk-Songs from Eastern Bengal*" in *The Hindustan Review* for August 1917, pp. 115—119; and on "*Three Folk-Songs from the District of Pabna in Eastern Bengal*" in *The Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay*, Vol. XI, pp. 485—493.

The foregoing are a few examples of the interesting results that have been obtained from the prosecution of studies by an humble worker in this fascinating field of research. Now India affords a vast field for these researches, where not a few items only, but a regular harvest of folklore materials can be collected. But the number of gleaners thereof is at present, only few.

We should now make a rapid survey of what has been done in the past for the collection and study of folklore in India. *The Indian Antiquary* and the *Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal* used formerly to publish a few articles on this subject. Subsequently the latter society began to publish a separate part (Part III) of its *Journal* which was exclusively devoted to the publication of articles on cultural anthropology and cognate subjects. But the publication of this part has since been discontinued. In the Punjab, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Denzil Ibbotson published the *Punjab Notes and Queries* which, after a few years of publication, was stopped. Thereafter Mr. William Crooke, I.C.S., started the publication of his periodical—*The North Indian Notes and Queries*, which was also published for a few years, but was stopped on his retirement from India.

In the nineties of the last century, the Asiatic Society of Bengal issued a series of questions bearing on folklore; and some answers thereto appear to have been received from several persons. But, for reasons best known to itself, it has not yet published the same.

Since its foundation in 1915 the Bihar and Orissa Research Society has also published, in its *Journal*, a few articles on cultural anthropology.

The Madras Museum has also published several bulletins on this subject. But it is not known to the present writer whether this publication is continued up till now.

The *Sahitya Parishats* (or the Academies of Literature) of Calcutta, Rangpur and Dacca have also collected some folklore and published the same in Bengali in their respective *Patrikas* or Journals. But, as these are in Bengali, they are inaccessible to scholars in other parts of India and in Europe and America. In this connection, however, it may be stated that a small portion

of these materials has been studied by the writer of this paper, and, the results thereof have been published in English in the *Journals* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, the Bihar and Orissa Research Society, and the Anthropological Society of Bombay, and in the *Hindustan Review*.

At present, the Anthropological Society of Bombay, which was founded by Mr. Edward Tyrrel Leith on the 7th April 1886, is the only learned Society in India which has cultural anthropology or ethnography and folklore for the subject of its researches. It has up till now published ten volumes and six numbers of the eleventh volume of its *Journal*, which are replete with various articles and monographs on these subjects.

It would appear from what has been stated above that, at present, there is no Society in Northern India which has for its sole object the collection and study of folklore. There are such Societies in almost every country of Europe. Foremost among these is the Folklore Society of London. While there is the American Folklore Society in the United States. Both of these Societies regularly hold their meetings at which papers and notes on folklore and cognate subjects are read and discussed. These papers and notes are subsequently published in their *Journals*. They have also formed libraries of literature bearing on folklore and cognate subjects.

Similarly, museums have been established in Europe and America for the collection, preservation and exhibition of charms, amulets, and talismans engraved on stones and metals, from various countries of the world. These illustrate what men, in all ages, have worn on their bodies for protecting themselves from accidents and diseases, and from the supposed attacks of ghosts, demons, and beings of that ilk. Of these institutions, mention should be made of the Historical Medical Museum of London, which was founded by Mr. Henry S. Wellcome. Then there is the Department of Archæology of the University of Pennsylvania in the United States of North America. But there is no such museum in this country, although amulets and charms are extensively worn by persons of almost every race of people inhabiting this country.

For supplying the aforementioned desiderata, I suggest the establishment of a Folklore Society in Northern India. Its name should be "The Folklore Society of India." It should be located in Calcutta.

I. Its object should be the collection and study of folklore in its undermentioned branches :—

- (a) Folk-tales;
- (b) Legends and Traditions;
- (c) Folk-songs and Folk-ballads;
- (d) Social and Religious Ceremonies;
- (e) Customs connected with Pregnancy, Births, Marriages and Deaths.
- (f) Customs connected with the Worships of Deities and with Festivals;
- (g) Superstitious Beliefs;
- (h) Omens;
- (i) Witchcraft and Sorcery;
- (j) Folk-Medicine, Charms and Amulets and Nostrums;
- (k) Astrology;
- (l) Oaths, Curses and Imprications.
- (m) Ordeals for the Detection of Thieves, Other culprits, and Witches,
- (n) Games and Pastimes;
- (o) Riddles;
- (p) Proverbs and Proverbial Sayings;
- (q) Lullabies, Nursery Rhymes and Jingles;
- (r) Names of Persons;
- (s) Names of Places
- (t) Tattooing; and
- (u) Totemism.

II. It should hold meetings at stated intervals where objects of folklore interest shall be exhibited, and papers and notes

bearing upon folklore and cognate subjects shall be read and discussed.

III. It should publish a Journal wherein the notes and dissertations on the foregoing subjects, which have been read at its meetings, or which have been contributed by outsiders, shall be published.

IV. It should form a library of books and pamphlets bearing on folklore and cognate subjects.

V. It should form a museum wherein it should collect, preserve and exhibit charms, amulets and talismans, and other objects illustrative of folklore and cognate subjects.

SARAT CHANDRA MITRA.

ANACHRONISM IN MODERN INDIAN ART AND LITERATURE.

One noteworthy feature of the Indian Renaissance is the stimulus given to literary and artistic activity. Though this activity is most noticeable in Bengal, its influence is felt in other parts of the country also. In the Maharashtra, in Kerala, in Andhradesa and in the Tamil country, there has been a goodly output of original works in Indian languages. In painting, we no longer turn to Europe for inspiration. The literary and artistic revival is yet in its infancy and canons of criticism have not yet become settled. It is necessary to guard against errors of all sorts. One grievous error about which a word of caution seems to be necessary is the tendency to anachronism.

Anachronism is an error and a serious defect in all arts but is most offensive on the stage. Stories from ancient epics are often put on boards and sufficient attention is not paid to agreeable setting. Often one can see Dasaratha's court furnished in the style of a sitting room in a modern hotel. On one occasion Seeta graced the stage dressed in a Parisian silk costume, reclining on an armchair toying with some cheap modern nicknacks. The writer of these lines once attended a dramatic performance given by the students of the higher classes in a college and had to stand the shock of a Sakuntala in a light silk bodice, wearing imitation diamonds! The young gentleman who appeared as Dushyanta, all unconscious of the unbearably jarring effect, sang in a majestic voice the incomparable sloka describing the sylvan beauty of Sakuntala captivating the visitors' heart *'though clad in bark.'*

A yet more flagrant and ludicrous offence against taste was witnessed when in another "Sakuntala" performance, Dushyanta's Senapathi appeared in Khaki uniform armed with a carbine. Lakshmana in boots and trousers, painfully modern decorations in Yudhishtira's court and other similar monstrosities are not uncommon. Amateur societies in which gentlemen of education and culture take part must take up the work of setting up purer or at any rate less offensive modes in stage drapery and

furnishing. It is their duty and privilege to educate the public in matters of taste. Dramas staged by these bodies are always on a higher level but it must be confessed that even these are not free from inexcusable errors.

Anachronisms in literature are less offensive but by no means excusable. The large output of novels in Indian languages is not an unmixed good. Most of them possess little merit. They however enjoy a wide circulation and pervert the taste. Glaring anachronisms are often to be found in stories set in ancient or medieval days. Right in the middle of historic novels dealing with pre-Muslim India elaborate descriptions of buildings and costumes prevalent only in modern times are found. In a novel of Hindu India, the hero enjoys the hospitality of the Tahsildar of a certain village, a functionary unknown in those days. In a story set in the days of the Chola Empire, a vakil makes his appearance and propounds maxims of interpretation of Wills founded on the English Common Law as developed during the 18th century.

Mention may be made of a subtler form of anachronistic error. In modern renderings of ancient works, modes of thought peculiar to our age tend to creep in. Especially in philosophic works, this tendency is rather difficult to guard against. A modern writer on Sankara, for instance, is liable to put into the mouth of that thinker, philosophic thoughts not developed till centuries after Sankara's time. The importation of later ideas will be unobjectionable as a contribution to the philosophy of Sankara as tested by later thought. But, in a treatise professedly giving an idea of how Sankara himself thought, such interpolation is open to objection. The Bhagavat Gita has, perhaps suffered from this tendency to read modern ideas in ancient works, as few other works have. Most modern writers rather over-emphasise the chapter on Karma Yoga. They seek to interpret the Gita as a treatise on Karma Yoga, the other disquisitions being regarded as of secondary importance. It is doubtful whether the author of the Gita and the older commentators regarded Gnana and Bhakti as of less spiritual value than Nishkamya Karma. The Paramanu Vada of the Nyaya Vaisesika is undoubtedly a very valuable contribution to thought evolved long before other

nations made the least advance in scientific speculation. But it would not be correct to find a place in it for all the details of the modern theory of vortex-atoms. In all renderings of ancient works utmost care should be taken to see that the thoughts as developed by the author are given without colouring. This of course applies only to works claiming to present ancient treatises in modern terms.

In painting, the tendency to anachronism is more marked and is due in a large measure to our inadequate knowledge of the costume adopted by different classes of society in Ancient India. Our only materials for gaining this knowledge consist of the description in classical literature and ancient and medieval statuary. A few scholars have paid some attention to these but painters, speaking generally do not seem to have availed themselves of the knowledge culled by them. The display of modern costume in representations of ancient heroes and heroines is a serious error. In a number of paintings Seeta and Draupadi wear the sari and bodice used by modern Maharashtra ladies. This seems to be clearly untrue to true historic accuracy. Ladies of heroic India were absolutely innocent of modern modes. The bodice as an article of feminine wearing apparel was probably unknown in pre-Muslim India. There are clear references in the Ramayana and Mahabharata to the "Uttari". Seeta, when carried away by Ravana, wraps up her ornaments in her "Uttari" and drops the bundle in the Rishyamukha hill hoping it may catch the eyes of Sree Rama or Lakshmana. Draupadi's excuse for refusing to go to Duryodhana's court, when she was summoned thither soon after Yudhistira gambled her away was that she was then clad in a single garment, *i.e.*, without the "Uttari" and therefore not in a proper condition to appear in public. Judging from these references it would appear that high class ladies in ancient India most probably dressed themselves as Malayala ladies do even now with one piece of cloth round the waist and a loose *uttari* or upper cloth. No painting of any ancient man or woman can be true if the painter gives him or her a costume not known till a much later period. The mode of wearing the hair was also different at different times and with different classes. A mere representation of people in modern style of dress and ornamentation to whom the

painter gives some ancient names is an offence against taste. Dushyanta in pantaloons, Lakshmana with his hair cropped in English style and other such flagrant breaches of taste are not unknown.

It must not however be supposed that a scrupulously exact adherence to the historic environments of the subject treated is to be insisted upon. What must be steadily kept in view is conformity to the mental picture of the subject that a person of average culture may be expected to have. Judged by this standard Seeta and Damayanti in bodice may be excused, for with the exception of some scholars the average man of culture does not know much about the actual costume of ancient Indian heroines who appear before his mind's eye very much like modern high class ladies. But a Sree Rama in trousers is really impossible. It is not merely unhistoric but is untrue to the mental picture of that hero that any Indian man or woman has. The attire worn by men has been known to have passed through various changes in recent times, while for some centuries our ladies have been adopting almost the same style of dress. This fact explains the difference in our mental picture between ancient heroes and heroines. With the further advance of research into the costume and adornments of different periods and with the penetration of the results of that study among the people, our mental pictures of heroes and heroines of various ages will slowly change. In the work of educating people in getting a true and accurate idea painters ought to take a large share. Though a picture not offending against taste by being contrary to the mental idea of ordinary people may be pronounced excusable, it is presenting portraits that can stand the criticism of scholars that should be the goal of earnest artists. Italian master painters, no doubt, painted Biblical subjects using medieval European back-ground and drapery. That was largely because during their days scholars had not begun to rivet the attention of the public on the matter of historic study of dress and ornamentation in ancient days. It is now recognised that the works of those painters are open to criticism from this view point. However, being perfect pieces of art in other respects they have not suffered much. Modern artists living as they do in an age of precision and historic

research will be judged by a more vigorous standard. In the interests of true beauty, they must endeavour to avoid errors against cultured taste.

In other expressions of art also, it is necessary to carefully avoid jarring effects against the sense of historic fitness. For instance in kathas and gondils, the danger of offending against that sense is wide and must be carefully taken note of and avoided.

What is attempted here is not a detailed examination of the tendency to errors of anachronism in all forms of art. The above will, it is hoped, stir thought on the subject and help to improve the tone of art in general.

G. A. SUNDARAM.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A PHILOSOPHICAL CAUSERIE.

Indian Pantheism and Its Critics—III.*

The attainment of concentration of mind is not so easy as the writing of a thesis. Kabir says : "Reading, writing and cleverness—these are easy ; but extinguishing the desires, controlling the mind and climbing the heavens are difficult." Again, "This is the House of Love and not your wants' house ; first offer your head and then enter the House."

In the sublimest ode in the Persian, perhaps in any language Maulana Roomi exultantly says : "Young fortune is our friend, yielding the soul of our business ; the leader of our caravan is Mustapha, the Glory of the world." Elsewhere he says : "Fear not, fear not, O Heart, the labours of this stage (of contemplation), because the fountain of the Water of Life (God) by no means drives thee away."

Kabir says : "The Lord's House is at a great height like the top of a tall date palm. If one climbs to the top he enjoys the sweet juice of love, but if he falls he is dashed to pieces."

Every mystic of whatsoever land, East or West, has spoken of the enormous difficulty(1) of attaining the highest stage of contemplation where the God-in-Man is one with Man-in-God(2), and the price to be paid is complete renunciation of the world, as in the case of Raja Janak, who was in this world but not of it. Then "home is a forest and forest is a home", as Guru Nanak said. Only the most heroic souls(3)—*Suriha* of the saints—who are prepared to make any sacrifice for it are capable of undertaking such an extremely difficult task and not the *dilletanti* like, e.g., Dr. Rajendralal Mitra who makes a sad confession in his Preface to the translation "*The Yoga Aphorisms of Patanjali*" (1883).

*Parts I & II appeared in our July 1920 and January 1921 issues.

(1) Cf. W. R. Inge : *The Philosophy of Plotinus*, Vol. II, pp. 180-7.

(2) Cf. Tennyson : *Enoch Arden*.

(3) Cf. R. Eucken : *The Life of the Spirit* (pp. 42-5).

The popular Hindi song expresses the public dread of the practice of Yoga : "Gopees says to Uddhava that thou shalt not practice *bairag* (dispassion) and Yoga, because they are so difficult." (4)

It is not every one who is prepared to 'die to live' (5), i.e., the natural man must die not only morally, as Prof. H. Jones contends in his *Browning* (p. 308), or theoretically according to Prof. E. Caird in his *Hegel* (pp. 44, 211) and Prof. Uptonin's *Bases of Religious Belief* (p. 281), but intellectually also, before he can live the truly spiritual life. It is in this sense that Tennyson, the great Mystic, whose transcendent experience has already been referred to, sings in *In Memorium* :

"That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

The moral life of which British theistic philosophers make so much in theory but which is so little practised even by themselves (6), is only a means to an end that is the spiritual life. It is not an end ; it drops away when the truly regenerated man rises to the spiritual level, (7) as the love of a parent ceases when the young one is able to provide for himself. The Vedantist illustrates it by saying that the boat is not wanted when a man has crossed the river. Spiritual life is, as Prof. J. Ward truly says, "a series of processes, and in these, as in all other processes, the mere means either disappear and are left behind as the process advances ; or they become so far worthless when the process is complete and its end attained" (*The Realm of Ends* : p. 349). But there is this difference between organic and spiritual life that the means in the latter are absorbed by the end and increase its volume, intensity and vigour without the degeneracy that is

(4) Cf. S. Radhakrishnan : *The Philosophy of Tagore* (pp. 86, 201).

(5) Cf. Max Muller : *Ramkrishna* (p. 52) ; W. S. Palmer : *Confessions of Jacob Boehme* (pp. 12, 18, 47-52).

(6) Cf. W. L. Courtney : *The Meaning of Life* (pp. 29-30) ; St. George L. F. Pitt : *The Purpose of Education* (p. 83) ; A. E. Taylor : *The Problem of Conduct* (pp. 48, 498).

(7) H. Jones : *Browning* (pp. 226-7, 272-3) ; *Idealism as a practical creed* : pp. 239-44) ; H. Sidgwick : *History of Ethics* (pp. 2-8) ; Prof. Mackenzie : *Ethics* (p. 26) ; A. E. Taylor : *The Problem of Conduct* (pp. 445-50) ; E. Holmes : *The Creed of Buddha* (p. 76) ; Max Muller : *The Six Systems of Indian Philosophy* (p. 168).

apprehended. In the contemplative life nothing, not even the moral sense, is allowed to intrude. Maulana Roomi says :

"He has the attribute of perfection in him who is a prey to annihilation (of the personal ego). Not even a hair can find room in his circle (the famous circle or sphere of mysticism) of unity."

The sense of right and wrong is a positive barrier to unitive life(8). Indeed the aspirant to higher life is supposed to have passed through the purificatory stage and become an *adhikari* (one fit for higher life). In the contemplative life morality is submerged, sublimated and transfused into the spiritual life (9). Morality is only the raw material of spirituality. This point may further be illustrated from Kabir :

"I was a Brahman (*i.e.*, knower of Brahma) of Kashi (Kash-light) and my name was Parbina (*i.e.*, wise, experienced in spiritual knowledge). For a moment I forgot the name of Hari and I became a weaver".

The allegory of the fall of man in Genesis is a confirmation of this psychological fact. Spinoza, a true Vedantist and Mystic, who has been as much misunderstood by his English critics as Indian Vedantism by the Christian Missionaries, takes the same view. He says :

"The parable of Genesis embodies a philosophical truth. To know good and evil implies a lapse from the ideal state of freedom; a lapse, however, which is not historical since men never were (and never could be) perfectly self-sufficient, 'intelligent', 'active', or 'free' " (10).

The tree of knowledge is the same as the tree of life; *cogito, ergo sum*, watered by the river of life which issues from the throne of God. It is the same tree as mentioned in the *Upnishads* (*Katha Upanishad* : 6.1) and in *Geeta*. The *Yggdrasil* of northern mythology seems to be a variant of this spiritual tree. This tree, as known to the initiate only, is externally the human body and internally the nervous system, which is like an "inverted tree".

(8) Cf. J. B. Pratt : *The Psychology of Religious Belief* (p. 135).

(9) E. Holmes : *The Creed of Christ* (pp. 29-33).

(10) H. H. Joachim : *A study of the ethics of Spinoza* (p. 36).

This is the *pran vayu* (the vital air) which issues from Brahma, whose seat in the *Shatchakra* is in the *Brahmavandhra*, the crown of the head. This is the allegory of the tree of life as known to the Sadhus and mystics.

Childhood has been exalted in all the great religions of the world. Why is a child so innocent? Primarily perhaps because he is free from the torments of the adult conscience. In him the moral sense which is the bane of spiritual life, is not yet developed. "The child is, in short, neither moral nor immoral but un-moral, and childish propensities may be more fittingly designated in Prof. Sully's phrase, 'the raw material of morality' " (Drummond). Hence he lives in a perpetual paradise. His sinlessness and purity is akin to God's. He is unsophisticated by the moral conceptions of the world. "Except ye be as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" (Matt : 18.3). Saints in heaven are likewise childlike (*ibid* : 19.4). So also are the men of genius whose inspiration proceeds from God within(11). That explains why a child has a greater insight into spiritual mysteries than grownup men—Wordsworth has called him as the best Philosopher(12). Mrs. Browning in her well-known poem *A Child Asleep* lays stress on this trait of childhood, and the same understanding persuades Vaughan in his *Retreat* and *Childhood* and Traherne in his poems *Wonder* and *An Infant Eye* to glorify and exalt the Child(13). Shakespeare's love for a young man in his Sonnets has been mystically interpreted by some as his love for God in disguise (14); and some of the loveliest poems of W. J. Cary were inspired by similar love for boys-incarnate(15). Same was the case with Greeks—Socrates is represented in Plato's *Symposium* as loving a young and handsome boy. Apollo loved

(11) Cf. St. George Fox Pitt : *The purpose of Education* (ch. vii) ; B. Kidd : *The Science of Power* (pp. 141-5).

(12) Cf. Mathew : 11.25 ; Luke, 10.21, and Cf. McTaggart : *Some Dogmas of Religion* (pp. 268-9), where his intellectual pride revolts against the insinuations contained in these verses.

(13) Cf. *Silex Scintillas*, edited by W. A. L. Bettamy (p. 30) ; *Poems of Felicity*, ed. H. J. Bell.

(14) Cf. R. M. Bucke : *Cosmic Consciousness* (pp. 139-48).

(15) Cf. T. H. Ward : *Selections from English Poets*, Vol. 5.

Hyacinthus. The Sufis' love for boys is well-known, though truly understood only by a few. Hafiz has said :

"If that Turkish boy of Shiraz were to captivate my heart, I would give away Samarkand and Bokhara as a boon for the beauty of his black mole."

Maulana Roomi invokes God in the shape of a Young Boy :

"Hold on by the hand, O Boy, as I am not well. O Thou, whose lips are sweet as sugar, I am not well".

The author of the *Mamuquima* wrote :

"My master is enamoured of that boy. This story reached the ears of the young and old."

Kabir has left us the beautiful lines :

"My youthful loving Lord is my friend till eternity".

The reason why *Purshotum* is represented by Sadhus as a Child and the *Puraun Purush* as an old man is known only to the Sadhus and the initiated. This is the theism of the Upanishads which dissolves into the Pantheism of the highest stage of contemplation. They are both aspects of the same spiritual experience. That is why the Upanishads speak of Brahma as having a body and having no body (*asharirang sharireshoo*) because spirit can appear in both aspects(16). Therefore the objection of ignorant theists that the Brahma of the Vedanta is a mere abstraction which cannot retain man's love, is not merely false but mischievous(17). Those who know, in the deepest and vital sense of the word, in and through the spirit, what true religion is, will not contend whether theism or pantheism is the truer doctrine; or whether Christianity as understood by Christ or St. Paul, Buddhism as known to Buddha himself and not as preached by his later disciples; or *Advaitism* (spiritual Monism) as taught by the Rishis and Sadhus of India, is the true religion. The real knowers of religion know that there is only one doctrine, that there cannot be two in the nature of things. They keep aloof from controversy, because they all see the same thing and

(16) Cf. W. Scott Palmer : *The confessions of Jacob Boehme* (pp. 36-87).

(17) Cf. S. Radhakrishnan : *The Philosophy of Tagore* (pp. 55-60).

experience the same reality(18). They hold communion with one another in spirit and not in body. The mystics of all countries and ages form a community of their own and they possess one religion. Kabir wrote that among the castes of men there is the assembly of saints who hold their sessions in spirit, i.e., telepathically and not through the physical senses. It is the shallow, the prejudiced, the ignorant and the fanatical who, fired by biassed zeal or prompted by interested motives, fight with one another for the sake of 'religion' and exalt their own prejudices at the expense of others. Even laymen who judge of the essence of religion dispassionately come to the same conclusions. To be convinced of this one has only to compare the treatment of religion by scholars like Max Muller, Edmund Holmes and lately Sir John Woodroffe with that of pedants like Mr. Urquhart and his confreres, the Missionaries. The latter find differences in the various world religions simply because their wish is father to the thought. A jaundiced eye sees everything yellow. I have abundantly quoted from the works of those who are at one in their conclusions about religion. I particularly commend to the readers Mr. Holmes' *The Creed of Buddha* and *The Creed of Christ* which are characterised by a liberality and catholicity of view and a depth of spiritual insight unique among Europeans. He writes like one inspired or initiated into the mysteries of religion by an Indian sage.

To return to our argument, little unmarried girls are sometimes worshipped as types of *Shakti* (primordial energy) in many parts of India just as Vestal Virgins were held in high esteem in ancient Rome.

There is no fixed standard of morality. What is morality to one is immorality to another(19). It changes from place to place and age to age. Julia in *After Death* says that the notion of morality in the spirit world is different from what it is here. Atheists also are moral beings; nay, the lower animals are in some respects better than many a moral theist. Morality and

(18) Cf. E. Holmes : *The Creed of Buddha* (pp. 145, 241).

(19) Cf. J. H. Muirhead : *The Elements of Ethics* (p. 81); Alex. Bain : *Mental and Moral Science* (pp. 449-56); H. Sidgwick : *The Methods of Ethics* (p. 100); W. R. Sorley : *The Moral Life* (pp. 2-9); H. Jones : *Browning* (p. 16); E. Westermarck : *Origin and Development of Moral Ideas* (pp. 2-26).

popular religion both "belong properly to the practical side or aspect of human existence" (20). The King in *Gulistan* says :

"There is no happier moment than this, for I have no concern with good or evil or with any one".

This is the state in which the Sadhu lives—Nietzsche's "Beyond good and evil". We know from personal knowledge that there is no such danger as Prof. Taylor apprehends on behalf of those who permanently live in the rarified atmosphere of a region beyond good and evil, for those people, like Keats' "Bards of Passion and of Mirth" live a double life, the subliminal communing with the heaven and the normal living the life of a citizen. Habit reconciles and harmonises the antinomianism if there is any (Cf. Geeta 18. 56). Maulana Roomi says :

"When I excluded duality I saw the whole universe as one. I see only one, I seek only one, I utter only one and I know only one".

"He who permanently dwells there has nothing to fear" (Geeta, 2.40).

Dr. F. Paulsen in his *Introduction to Philosophy* writes : "Jesus and his disciples fought this fight : custom and law, the temple and the Sabbath are not the highest ; the kingdom of God is higher. And for that reason the citizen of the kingdom of God rises above the law." So says Krishna in Geeta (9. 30) : "Even if an evildoer contemplates me with an unswerving devotion he should be considered a Sadhu (i.e., spotless and sinless) even though he desired the fruit of his actions". The most illustrious examples of such devotees are Valmiki and Ravan in the Indian, Mary Magdalene in Christian, and Ordipus in Greek tradition. Christ himself, the founder of Christianity, was the friend of publicans and sinners, but his followers who profess his doctrines and point to the immorality involved in Vedantism and fling it in the face of the 'heathen pantheist', are unbending.

Every one knows that the senses have their seats in the five organs but nobody, except a Yogi, knows that all the faculties—moral, intellectual, spiritual—have also their seat in the human body (the phrenologist has made only a crude attempt at it). If one looks at the charts of the *Shatchakras*, as framed by our

mahatmas, he sees the position of the various plexuses from which the 49 *Vayus* (vital airs) issue and where they cross and recross each other and where they terminate in the *Shasras*. The moral and the intellectual powers are located in the lower centres of the *Shatchakra*, while the spiritual functions are at the apex, i.e., at the crown of the head. Swami Ananda Acharya gives a brief description of these in his *Brahmadarsanam* (p. 143), where however by an oversight, the *Agnya Chakra*, which is the sixth, is omitted. This *Chakra* is the centre of spiritual force and Yogis concentrate their attention here and is known as *Trikuti* to them, while in the *Yoga Shashtra* it is called the *Tap Lok*. Patanjali says in his *Yoga Shutra* that by concentrating one's attention on the light between the eyebrows one sees *siddhas* or *mahatmas*. It is here that the mind becomes perfectly tranquil. Kabir wrote :

"Tell me where the restlessness of the mind is extinguished. It is irrepressible. The mind struts about day and night full of pride. The God, Munis and men have all confessed their helplessness in subduing this restlessness. The unquiet mind begs of the Lord at the *Trikuti* between the eyebrows. Kabir sahib, who is clever and experienced has humbled the pride of this restless mind to the dust".

It is to this *Chakra* that the Yogi wholly withdraws his *pranvayu* by the particular process of Yoga known to the Sadhus at the time of leaving the body in order to attain Moksha or liberation. Here the spiritual rebirth of man begins. The Christian rebirth mentioned in John 3. 5. is the same as the *Brahmajanma* of the *divya* or the twice-born Hindus (Cf. *Manu*, 2. 146-78). The 'water and spirit' of the Bible is the *apo Brahma* of the Hindus and the *ab-i-hawa* of the Sunis. Thus an aspirant to the higher life has to transcend the lower or moral life, which is the resultant of the three *gunas* or the *nadis*—*ida*, *pingala* and *sushymna*. Such life is called *Trigunatit*, i.e., above the moral life as mentioned in *Geeta* (2. 45; 14. 20). This is the true death of the natural man, this is dying to one's self(21); this is *Jivan Mukti*

(21) Cf. Caird : *Spinoza* (pp. 241-6); H. Jones : *Browning* (p. 317); E. Holmes : *The Creed of Christ* (p. 76); E. Underhill : *Ruysbroeck* (p. 168); Paul Deussen : *The Psychology of Religious Belief* (p. 260).

—deliverance from life. Kabir says, "Take him for a true Sadhu, who dies alive". Sarmad, the Sufi, who is said to have been beheaded by Aurangzeb at Delhi for his heresy, said :

"The pangs of love are not given to an idiot. The ardent love of a moth (for the flame) is not given to a fly. An age must elapse before the beloved comes and sits in one's lap. This (spiritual) treasure of Sarmad is not given to all".

So sings Browning in Abt Vogler :

"But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear ;
The rest may reason and welcome : 'tis we musicians know".

Miss Spurgeon quotes the following from the *Phaedo* in a motto to her book *Mysticism in English Literature* : "Many are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics". "Many are called but few are chosen" (Matt. 22. 14—(22).

The life of a yogi, who is Vedantist, is not sporadic as Mr. Urquhart and British philosophers generally suppose. They do not and can not know what that life is unless they experience it themselves. They would do well to remember the words of Prof. Pringle-Pattison : "And it is to the moral and religious man himself that we must go, not to the philosopher weaving theories about him, if we are to understand his experience aright" (*Idea of God* : p. 252).

The late Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin has some beautiful lines :

"O souls perplexed with hood and cowl,
Fain would you seek a teacher ;
Consult the lark and not the owl,
The poet, and not the preacher".

All the mystics of the world have said that nobody can ever imagine what the true contemplative life is unless he has personal

(22) Cf. Mathew Arnold : *On Numbers* ; Thos. Taylor : *Select Works of Plotinus* (p. lxix) ; W. Knight : *Aspects of Theism* : (pp. 213-8) ; W. R. Inge : *The Philosophy of Plotinus* (vol. 1. p. 7 ; vol. 2. pp. 154-80) ; James Hinton : *Life and Letters* (p. 271) ; Prof. Gibson : *God with Us* (p. 62) ; *The Meaning and Value of Life* (p. 56) ; G. R. S. Mead : *Quests, Old and New* : (p. 33) ; E. Underhill : *The Mystic Way* (pp. 113-14) ; J. H. Hyslop : *The Life After Death* (pp. 237, 316) ; N. M. Butler : *Philosophy* (p. 8) ; H. Jones : *Idealism as a practical Creed* (pp. 96, 158-60) ; R. Eucken : *The Life of the Spirit* (pp. 52, 98, 295, 325) ; McTaggart : *Some Dogmas of Religion* (p. 299).

experience of it. A Persian proverb says : "A saint can alone know a saint". There is no phenomenon of the normal human life to which the spiritual life can be likened. The deep sleep mentioned in the Upanishads is only a verisimilitude. It may be crudely described as the sleep of the mind and the senses which makes the soul of the Yogi preternaturally awake and alert : "who is sleepless, breathless, tranquil and contemplative" (*Kashikhand*). There is not a shadow of langour or drowsiness on the countenance of a Yogi ; he never sleeps, as the normal man does. Maulana Roomi says :

"I am like a man asleep, but I am intensely awake and alert.
Though I am (outwardly) unconscious, I am all attention in
Thy work".

Prof. J. Sully in his *Outlines of Psychology* uses the very same words in describing the hypnotic trance. "At the same time," he writes, "the hypnotic state contrasts with that of normal sleep. This contrast already shows itself in the fact that the hypnotic patient remains sensibly awake and particularly alert to one region of impression, *viz.*, that answering to the action of the operator"(23).

A sufi poet says : "I live aloof from all like the strings of a guitar. I harmoniously respond to the slightest touch—let whosoever try". The poet means to convey the idea that He is always awake and alert ; that if anyone thinks of him any time, day or night, however casually, He will at once respond telepathically. Wordsworth in his *Tintern Abbey* truly writes :

"Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened ; that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until the breath of this corporal frame
And even the motion of this human blood

(23) Cf. Mrs. Rhys Davids : *Buddhist Psychology* (pp. 107-8, 125-8).

Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul :
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things". (24)

Dulan Das, the well-known disciple of Jagjivan Das of Oudh, says: "My eyes and ears and breath became tranquil and I prostrated myself at the feet of God".

Nor is this a mere static state, as Mr. Urquhart understands it to be. It has a most dynamic attribute as described in Geeta (6. 21). The esoteric explanation of this state(25), as given by the Sadhus, signifies that in a state of *Samadhi*, the breath, though suspended, has yet a subtle motion, while passing through the five *chakras* from *muladhar* to *vishuddhakhya*—the seats of five *tatwas* (elements). Such is the activity of a steadily burning taper in a windless place, or the motion of a spinning top when still at its topmost speed, or of a tuning fork which yields a musical tone if it is vibrating sufficiently rapidly. This is the interpretation of Aristotle's idea of God as the Unmoved Mover, also of Walter Hylton's phrase 'A most busy rest.' This supplies a complete reply to Dr. Caird's objection to static state as propounded in his *Spinoza*(26).

There is a serious and almost incurable misconception as regards Eastern Pantheism which is almost universal among Western philosophers(27). They misinterpret the famous monistic aphorism of the East: "All is God", and contemptuously dismiss it as a lower form of Pantheism. Both Prof. Jones and Prof. Pringle-Pattison criticise it from this erroneous point of view. Prof. Mackenzie (whom Mr. Urquhart follows) in his *Manual of Ethics* explains the Western point of view and condemns it as a lower form. This interpretation is due to the shallowness and spiritual incapability of these philosophers. They invariably take the more concrete side of the highest

(24) Cf. Caird: *Spinoza* (pp. 57-9); *Gita*, (2. 69); *Ashtabakra Samhita* (17. 10).

(25) Cf. Sir John Woodroffe: *Is India Civilised?* (pp. xx-xxv).

(26) Cf. Gibson: *God with us* (p. 143); R. M. Bucke: *Cosmic Consciousness* (p. 191); E. Underhill: *Ruysboeck* (pp. 59, 172); Max Muller: *Systems of Indian Philosophy*.

(27) Cf. W. R. Inge: *Studies of English Mystics* (p. 119).

spiritual experiences of Yogis and mystics. They are incapable as the normal man always is and always will be, of following men like Plotinus, Maulana Roomi and Indian Rishis in their "flight of the alone to the Alone". Indeed Maulana Roomi in a famous ode challenges the normal man to accompany him on his journey to heaven, where the latter is of course unable to follow him(28). Not being able to explain the profundity of their thoughts Western Philosophers in the pride of their intellect attempt to depreciate them. It is not the sphere of philosophy with its infinite reasoning but of poets with their imagination (in their higher moods) to fly to these transcendent heights(29). A Shelley, Wordsworth or a Blake alone could reach those summits of contemplation. The meaning of that famous Vedantic motto, as interpreted by Sadhus is that every atom of what is called matter is an aggregate or composite of a specific multiple of the atoms of Brahma. The various elements (tanmatras) of ether, air, fire, water and earth are composed of Brahmic atoms in the geometrical progression of 10. The *panchikaran* theory of the Vedant is only a variation of this. This is why Brahma is spoken of in the Upanishads as *anroaneeyang* (atom of atoms, i.e., the minutest of atoms) and the word *anubhava* (literally, dwelling in an atom) means spiritual intuition obtained by mental penetration into an atom of Brahma. Each of these atoms is infinite in capacity and power. Through the discovery of radium and electrons scientists have now begun to perceive a little of this infinite capacity of the atom. Dr. Mercer in his recently published book *Some Wonders of Matter* has popularly described some of the phenomena connected with the atom. By concentrating their mind on an atom of Brahma Yogis intuitively see the whole universe as ideal and spiritual, just as Sir Humphray Davy saw in his famous experiment with nitrous oxide what is commonly known as laughing gas(30). Plato's ideal world is

(28) Cf. Dr. Nicholson's *Selections*.

(29) Cf. W. R. Knight: *Aspects of Theism* (p. 13); Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch: *Poetry* (pp. 19-22); A. Seth: *Two Lectures on Theism* (p. 13); Jones: *Idealism as a Practical Creed* (pp. 106-8, 171-200); S. Radhakrishnan: *Philosophy of Tagore* (pp. 142-71).

(30) Cf. Sir D. Brewster: *Letters on Natural Magic*; E. J. Urwick: *The Message of Plato*.

no fiction. He was a true mystic and perfectly knew what he said. His ideal philosopher is our Yogi. This is the esoteric doctrine of the Vedant, the end of all knowledge. The other systems of Indian philosophy are mere stepping stones which lead up to unification of this diversity of natural phenomena in the One Spirit. This is absolute Monism and this is the ancient doctrine not only of the Hindus but of all wise men of the world. They form one spiritual fraternity and are the guardians of the world. It is to this doctrine that St. Matthew refers in *Matt.* 13. 35 and so also Krishna in *Geeta*, 4. 3. No one can understand this world-old theory unless he is initiated by a perfect Guru. To an outside layman all world faiths and the significant utterances of Mahatmas like Kabir, Nanak, Dadu, Jagjivan Das, Govind Sahib, Ramkrishna Parhmansa, Chaitanya and other saints of Maharashtra will remain a sealed book. No education can unlock the mysteries of God, Man and Nature. It is not by the common reasoning faculty but by virtue of a higher faculty called *parabudhi* in the Upanishads that the riddles of life are solved. People who have no knowledge or experience of spiritual life think that all men, irrespective of their spiritual evolution have a right to enter the sanctuary of God(31). But these very men who claim equal spiritual rights for all men will classify them under various heads at a competitive examination or at games. Political equality is only a fictitious equality. A beggar, an outlaw, a child and other non-descript people are politically non-existent, but not so in God's Kingdom. The religion of a Caliban cannot suit a Prospero or a Browning. Shakespeare, the largest-hearted of all men, speaks contemptuously of the vulgar mob. President Butler from free America says: "The beings who have stood on humanity's summit are those and only those who have heard the voice of Socrates across the centuries. The others are a superior kind of cattle" (*Philosophy*, p. 8). We do not mean to imply that men from the ranks have never risen to the most transcendent spiritual heights. On the other hand the Shastras expressly say that in *Kali yuga* low caste men will attain the highest eminence for sanctity and spirituality and will be the

(31) Cf. Edward Caird : *Hegel* (p. 131).

teachers of mankind. Such exceptional cases only prove the Dadu, another saint of Rajputana, was a wool carder. Ravi Das rule. Kabir, by universal consent of the *Sadhus* themselves, is the greatest of modern saints and by birth he was a weaver. (commonly known as Rai Das) was, like Boehme, a shoe-maker. There is no caste in the *Gyankund* (divine knowledge). "Nobody enquires about the caste of *Sadhu*. He is admitted as a lover of God" (Kabir). Again, "do not enquire about the caste of a *Sadhu*; ask about his divine knowledge. Ask for the price of the sword and not its scabbard." Our *Rishis* and *Sadhus* make no distinction between 'God is all' and 'All is God'. Even the Encyclopædia Britannica in the note on Pantheism rejects the difference as too refined. These expressions are interchangeably used in the Upanishads and in the Geeta. We have no higher or lower Pantheism. The distinction is based on a want of spiritual experience and misconception(32).

From what is said above it would be evident to every impartial reader that people like Mr. Urquhart, blinded by missionary prejudice and swayed by other consideration(33) have upheld the popular theism of Christianity and travestied Pantheism, which is the pivotal doctrine of Vedantism. They forget that Christian theism has been more or less successfully assailed by Philosophers from Hume and Kant down to our day(34). The truth about Pantheism is slowly spreading and admitted even by unprejudiced missionaries. Prof. Eucken in his book *The Life of the Spirit* has shown the way. It is indeed regrettable that a scholar of Mr. Urquhart's standing should be found guilty of all those artifices of special pleading with which Macaulay has been charged. His book on *Pantheism* is a glaring example of misdirected and iconoclastic zeal. There is little that is original;

32) Cf. E. Holmes : *The Creed of Buddha* (p. 5) ; *The Creed of Christ* (pp. 61-70).

(33) Cf. J. B. Pratt : *The Psychology of Religious Belief* (pp. 40-48) ; Sir John Woodroffe : *Is India Civilised?* (pp. xxxii, 74-6) ; E. Holmes : *The Creed of Buddha* (pp. 159-81, 211-52) ; Prof. Pringle Pattison : *Two Lectures on Theism* (pp. 2-10).

(34) Cf. A. C. Pigou : *The Problem of Theism* (p. 62) ; O. Kulpe : *Introduction to Philosophy* (sec. 22) ; H. Jones : *Idealism as a Practical Creed* (pp. 12-9, 296) ; N. M. Butler : *Philosophy* (p. 30) ; Mackenzie : *Outlines of Metaphysics* (p. 169) ; A. E. Taylor : *The Problem of Conduct* (p. 500) ; *Elements of Metaphysics* (p. 413) ; Sir John Woodroffe : *Is India Civilised?* (pp. 57-73) ; S. Radhakrishnan : *The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy* (pp. 38-45, 410-25).

the arguments are all taken almost verbatim, as I had the occasion to show, from his fanatic predecessors. His book is as disappointing as Vaughen's *Hours with the Mystics* and deserves the same fate.

TARAK NATH SANYAL.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

SEED OF RACE.*

The spectacle has of late grown increasingly familiar to us of certain men and women of the West who by their loving labours in numberless ways aid our onward march towards our destined goal of self-government. With our national self-consciousness fully aroused and our goal but dimly in view, the problem of the route to be adopted and the obstacles to be overcome has become enormously complicated. And it is to the solution of a problem of this nature that Sir John Woodroffe has brought all his armoury of intimate knowledge of Eastern systems of thought and philosophy.

Education has particularly ever since the outbreak of the last world-war been looming large before the eyes of every country of any importance. The war has opened our eyes to the momentous fact that much depends upon the culture that a country's soldiers can carry into the field. It was only the other day that Mr. Fisher was unfolding to his countrymen his precious scheme of National Education for England. Nor are such thunders in distant shores without their reverberating echoes in our land. The leaders of the people of India have been busy evolving a system of National Education for India. But the very idea itself has come in for a certain amount of mud-slinging and scepticism. Indian leaders famous for their sobriety and clear thinking affected a pious attitude of profound scepticism and adopted the Socratic tactics of demanding a definition of National Education. And were it only to silence these captious critics, we should warmly welcome Sir John Woodroffe's book.

Sir John Woodroffe lays it down that "whether the term national is appropriate or not, what is meant is an education suited to the needs of the Indian people". In fact, according to him it should be an education calculated not indeed to stifle the spirit of the Race in an Indian; on the other hand "true education in the case of an Indian is the bringing forth of the Indian

*Sir John Woodroffe : *Seed of Race* (Ganesh & Co. Madras).

Samskara" or the essence of National Character. Nobody is more keenly aware how hard it is to achieve this. The spirit of the Race in an Indian of to-day is, as he aptly puts it, comparable to a "young shooting plant" over which is piled as though to choke it "a mass of mixed earth and rubbish" of "foreign incongruous stuff". And according to him in Indian Education, as it exists to-day, the matter of first importance is to give the inherited Samskara a full free play". And to ensure this, not only is the negative process of not allowing 'foreign stuff' to choke it of primary importance: it is no less a task for tender care to nourish it properly.

Sir John Woodroffe enters into an elaborate discourse to prove the existence yet of such a thing as the Indian Samskara or essence of National Character. That such a simple proposition should instead of passing off as axiomatic truth stand in need of proof is matter for our shame. Any civilisation or culture less deeply rooted in the past could scarcely have survived vicissitudes so varying as ours. If we make all allowance for isolated cases of temporary or partial submergence of the Racial Samskara and view the whole problem broadly, "an Indian soul can never for any length of time wander far from the essentials of its inherited civilisation".

By the term 'Race,' Sir John Woodroffe means the Aryan race. It is impossible to hold that the Aryan spirit could have come down to-day uncontaminated by the traditions and beliefs of the baser races it absorbed in its growth. Any way Sir John Woodroffe here confesses that there is a racial tangle difficult to be solved and prefers to assert that "there was a specific Aryan culture whatever may have been the race of those whose culture it was".

And it has to be regretfully observed here that it is sometimes in places where deep-rooted questions of Oriental history, literature or philosophy demand elaborate handling and skilful decisions that the author profound as his learning and wisdom are, reveals that his information is second-hand. But we are comforted by the thought that a discussion of Indian "Samskara" and "Race" are but of secondary importance in a discourse on Indian Education as it is and as it ought to be.

But whatever all these may be, it cannot be gainsaid that undeniably the best advice to the Indian of to-day, who is for rejecting his inherited racial culture as a whole, scraping it "as out of date", is what in the author's words "resolves itself into a negative Counsel to avoid *mere* imitation, to be oneself and to thus enter on a path of evolution which is natural. The call in fact is to be vital, true to oneself and thus in harmony with Nature. In short the call is for the maintenance of those elements of the Aryan culture which have value." In any case steer clear of "mere imitativeness and automatism—the signs of feebleness and lack of vitality."

How far English education as imparted in our Schools and Colleges has promoted this much-to-be-coveted Indian Racial Spirit is next handled with the customary ease and vigour. There is a remarkable consensus of opinion that there is a hitch somewhere and that our present machinery of education is not characterised by smooth-running. Various are the defects which various critics by remedies equally various seek to overcome. The author also asserts, that the present system tending to smother the Indian Racial Spirit, stands sorely in need of radical change. This does not mean, that the system has been productive only of bad results. "On the contrary.....English education has had some good as well as some evil results". Any Indian of culture will hold that India has been immensely benefited by a knowledge of English literature. Much of our political advancement we owe to the land which has produced Cromwell, Milton, Burke, Bradlaugh, Paine, Mill and Morley. "English literature is amongst the most glorious in the world and breathes the spirit of a free and vitally creative people". It is therefore agreed on all hands that the "English language and culture must be taught both on account of their own intrinsic importance and of the fact that the English are the rulers of this country and one of the foremost if not the foremost power in the world, which power is also a great centre of culture". What on the other hand is not so well known or conceded is that "Indian culture has a great aesthetic value. Valuable as much of English education is, particularly in its development of a free spirit, it requires to be balanced by an education devised to educe the

Samskaras which are the seed of Race" or essence of National Character. And what Sir John Woodroffe seeks to labour for, is "the preservation in a regenerated form of the Indian soul and the rejection of all mere imitativeness".

To ensure the success of his labours he would draw attention broadly to :—(i) the instrument by which education is given at present, (ii) the consideration of local conditions in the giving of education and (iii) what exactly should be taught. On the question of the instrument by which education is given, it is easily granted, that the education of to-day is substantially an "education by aliens". It cannot be denied that Indian culture can be better appreciated and expounded and Indian needs better ministered to by an Indian than an English teacher. And Sir John Woodroffe also comes to the conclusion which none but the educationist as he calls them of the bureaucratic type will quarrel with, that, "the charge of education should be increasingly placed in the hands of the *right type* of Indian". Neither is it hard to find out who exactly compose the right type. It consists of those, in whom a knowledge of India's hoary civilisation is wedded to love and respect for it. The next question, of consideration of local conditions may be soon dismissed as more for parochial authorities. The exact time and suitable place of instruction are questions that local leaders can safely be expected competently to deal with.

The third question of what should be taught offers certain difficulties. The answer would to a large extent depend upon individual indiosyncrasies. Sir John Woodroffe's answer that while "it would be absurd to wholly exclude English studies, it is unnatural and injurious to wholly neglect the cultural inheritance of the people whose education is in question" is the one which by its essential wholesomeness and breadth of view has so far met with wide and enthusiastic acceptance. That Indian culture should be given a co-ordinate rank with English studies is the author's essentially sound contention. The suggestions of inferiority of Indian culture and classics are dismissed with contempt for the ignorance they are born of. And so, it is here that the question of national education comes in. It is conceded readily that the teaching of objective truths can never be

"national". "But there are forms of culture into which a strong subjective or otherwise peculiar element enters". Art, Religion, Philosophy, Literature and even History are instances, of where a subjective handling lends a charm to the presentation. Is it not becoming increasingly notorious that Indian history has undergone in the past severe mutilation at the hands of some English writers which later Indian historians have had to expose, condemn, ridicule? And yet in full view of all these facts people have been known to point the finger of scorn at the movement for National Education. Nor is it difficult to sympathise with that sort of temperament and outlook. Nothing can be a stronger accusation against the present system of education, than that it should have produced a type of Indian, who "with the import stamp of the West" would decry everything "because it is of the East". It can be conceded that this movement should be carefully engineered and the scheme cautiously worked out. We can quite understand, then, why Sir John Woodroffe says "I am as much opposed as anyone else to Nationalism on its hind legs anywhere". He then pleads for technical, industrial, agricultural and commercial teaching together with the teaching of the so-called higher sciences. Few will differ from his opinion that out of the general and literary character of the system of education so far in vogue, "a veritable legal pestilence" has been engendered. Language, it may be remembered to much the same effect has been employed by the authors of the Montford Report.

The whole trend of this exquisite volume of closely-packed ideas can be gathered in the few lines where the author strikes the admirable keynote of his work; "The true path is, while purifying one's country of its defects, to uphold what it possesses of essential greatness : while honouring what is great in the present and past Western peoples, not to fail in respect for the land of one's race and birth. Rightly has it been said that when a man loses faith in his own historic past, he cannot have any faith in and respect for himself". With these words of a noble Englishman ringing in our ears, irresistible should be our onward march and within easy reach our goal.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Literature of Indian Reforms.

1. *Dyarch*. By Lionel Curtis. (Oxford University Press, Calcutta and London) 1921.

2. *The Working Constitution in India*. By S. M. Bose. (Oxford University Press, Bombay and London) 1921.

3. *The New Reforms*. By A. D. Dhopeshwarkar. (Karnatak College, Dharwar) 1921.

4. *British Administration in India*. By G. Anderson. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., St. Martin's Street, London) 1921.

5. *Indian Administration*. By M. B. L. Bhargava. (Ganeshganj, Lucknow) 1921.

6. *Civil Government for Indian Students*. By Sir William Marris and Dr. James Wilford Garner. (S. C. Sanial & Co., 31/2 First floor, College Street Market, Calcutta) 1921.

7. *The Rules Relating to the Government of India Act, 1919*. (P. S. King & Co., 2 & 4 Great Smith Street Westminster, London) 1921.

The big volume for which Mr. Lionel Curtis has made himself responsible and the full title of which is *Papers Relating to the Application of the Principle of Dyarchy to the Government of India* will always occupy a most prominent position in the literature of Indian Reforms. Though by far the larger portion of it consists of reprints of pamphlets and articles written by Mr. Curtis during his stay in India when the Reforms were under discussion and consideration, all these fully deserved being brought together in a compact and permanent form by reason of their intrinsic worth. But the one new document—"the Duke Memorandum"—which is a statement of the principle of dyarchy by Sir William Duke is of very great value as throwing considerable light on the origin and early development of the idea which ultimately culminated in the passage of the Indian Reform Act of 1919. Mr. Curtis has enriched his work—which is shortly called *Dyarchy*—with a new Introduction in which he analyses and synthesises the whole

problem of the Indian Reforms. Though the literature of Indian Reforms is growing apace, it is safe to predict that Professor Panchanandas Mukherjee's *Indian Constitution*—already noticed by us in terms of high appreciation—and Mr. Lionel Curtis' *Dyarchy* (reviewed at length in our July 1921 issue) will always hold their own against all competitors.

Mr. S. M. Bose's contribution to the literature of Indian Reforms, in his *Working Constitution of India*, is of a practical character. There is nothing original about it, the whole book consisting of the texts of the two India Acts, Joint Select Committee Reports, the Rules and Regulations passed under the said Acts, applicable to the Council of State, Legislative Assembly and local Councils, with references, cross-references and annotations and a complete Index. Primarily intended for the use of members of the new assemblies and councils, the work has been carefully indexed for purposes of ready and easy reference. Students of Political Science will find the book invaluable in considering the developments of self-governing institutions in eastern surroundings.

In his *New Reforms* Professor A. D. Dhopeshwarkar of the Karnatak College, Dharwar, has written a very useful work alike for the student and the publicist. In five chapters headed "Changes in the Executive", "Financial Arrangements", "Legislative Arrangements", "India Office Reforms" and "Reforms in the Working", he brings into striking relief the salient features of the new regime in this country. His exposition of the subject is lucid and trustworthy and the book deserves wide circulation.

Mr. G. Anderson's *British Rule in India* is a well-known text-book for our students and the revised and enlarged edition under notice has been rewritten with a view to adapt it to the present conditions brought about by the enactment of the Reforms Act. Its statements of fact are accurate and the little book is likely to continue to be the students' favourite text-book of the working constitution of India.

It is a welcome sign of the times that educated Indians are turning their attention to the study of the system of Anglo-Indian administration and it is in this light that we appreciate the efforts of Mr. Mukat Behari Lal Bhargava in compiling his booklet called *Indian Administration*. It is carefully put together and will be found useful by our students. It deserves a better get-up.

The chief interest of Dr. Garner's *Civil Government for Indian Students* lies in the fact that it includes three chapters on the Government of this

country, which have been revised by His Excellency Sir William Marris, Governor of Assam, who as Reforms Secretary to the government of India had much to do with the shaping of the Reforms. The revision by him certainly enhances the usefulness of the text-book.

The official publication of the India Office called *Rules Relating to the Government of India Act, 1919* makes a most useful work of reference. It brings together in a convenient volume all the Statutory Rules made under the Act with an index and appendices containing the Corrupt Practices Act and the Instructions to the Governors. Altogether a very useful handbook.

Our Library Table. Miscellaneous Literature.

We welcome the appearance of the seventy-sixth annual issue of *The Newspaper Press Directory* (Mitchell & Co., Ltd., Snow Hill, Holborn Viaduct, London). It is, as usual, replete with sound, accurate and up-to-date information on all matters connected with the present condition of the Press in the United Kingdom and the British Colonies. The issue for the current year has several special contributions on subjects connected with the Press which we have found both interesting and instructive. Mitchell's Directory is the oldest and the best guide to the Press.

Under the auspices of the Calcutta University, Mr. Salahuddin Khuda Bukhsh has brought out an excellent rendering into English of Von Kremer's classical work in German, called *The Orient under the Caliphs*. Though it originally appeared a long time back, it has not yet lost its value ; nor is it likely to do so for yet a long time to come. The translator has rendered a valuable service to English-knowing students of the Caliphate. The book can be had of Messrs. Cambray & Co., Hastings Street, Calcutta.

The Official Year-Book of the Union of South Africa, compiled by Mr. C. W. Cousins, Director of Census (Government Printing Office, Pretoria) is a voluminous work containing a vast mass of facts and figures and statistical data about the country. It should be invaluable not only to residents in South Africa but to publicists throughout the British Commonwealth. How much we wish we had a book on similar lines dealing with the Indian Empire and the Indian Government may well address itself to this task.

We have already spoken in terms of appreciation of the usefulness and handiness of the series of guidebooks issued by Messrs. E. G. Burrow & Co., Ltd. (Regent House, Kingsway, London, W. C. 2.). The latest additions to the series are *Motor Runs Round London* in two compact, well-got-up and illustrated volumes, one dealing with the country north of the Thames and the other with that on the South. Another volume is called *The Old Country* which is intended as a handbook for the American motorist in Great Britain. It brings together a mass of useful and practical information not easily accessible, and it will meet the requirements of Indian travellers also in Great Britain.

The Law Printing House (Mount Row, Madras) have published a bulky volume called *Ideals and Realities* by Dr. Shafaat Ahmad Khan, Assistant Professor of Economics in the Madras University. The first part contains a well-written survey of English education from 1689 to 1750, while the second deals with Indian Banking and Currency. Both the essays betray study and research. The first essay is a valuable Sketch of 18th century education in England and the second a careful study of the many highly technical and controversial problems of Indian Exchange. It deserves attention of the students of Indian Economics. The two parts should have been issued separately.

History of British India under the Company and the Crown by P. E. Roberts (Oxford University Press, London and Calcutta, 1921) is the latest addition to the concise and compact histories of "Our Dependency, called India". It is perhaps a logical blunder and excusable, for a non-Indian to fail to appreciate the spirit and the ideals of India's people through the ages ; but the blunder develops into contemptuous cynicism if the historian, untrue to his virtue of impartiality, tolerates the assumption in his laborious thesis that the history of a politically subject people need have very little to say about the politico-economic evolution of the community and nothing about the spiritual and moral struggle for ideals always going on among its members. Mr. Roberts is not alone in this assumption—majority of the "histories of India" written by Englishmen start from this common viewpoint. Mr. Roberts would have been well advised if he had named his book more accurately as "History of British in India", and he would have unqualifiedly achieved a conspicuous success in bringing together in a conspactive whole the impacts and offshoots of British policy in India during the last 100 years.

Limited by this unconscious bias for ignoring the *people*, the book

under review is a clear and discriminating exposition. One feels tempted to join issue with him on certain controversial topics which he has dismissed all too briefly—e.g., Dalhousie's Doctrine of Lapse and the Revolt of 1857—but Mr. Roberts' elucidation, on the whole, is fairly lucid, keen-sighted and illuminating. The author has, in his moments of relaxation, sought to develop interesting comparisons between the various vicerealties, but almost in every case the chief stress is laid on the respective foreign policies and the parallels consequently suffer from incompleteness. The concluding chapter brings us to the threshold of the blessed era of "Dyarchy". Contemporary events and recent controversies do not allow the historian to build up a coherent opinion and the briefest sketch is thought sufficient.

Slight errors of fact mar the otherwise harmonious reading of the book, as e.g., Baron Sinha of Raipur is called Lord Sinha of Calcutta. There are far too few maps and sketches and we hope the second edition will eliminate the slight deficiencies.

"*The Parts Men Play*" by Arthur Beverley Baxter (McCelland & Stewart, Toronto-Canada, 1920) insinuates in the mind of the wearied reader a suspicion of another war-story—a battlefield romance revelling in the usual admixture of emotional bathos and a sharp, stinging climax. The opening chapters of "*The Parts Men Play*" do not disarm this suspicion. But as the author gets into stride, as it were, we realise by the sheer vitality of his rich and forceful characterisation that it is not, well, the usual type of the war book, full of silly sentimentality or of old-maidenish effusions. Mr. Baxter frankly sets out to analyse, possibly for his own amusement, the spirits of the American and the British people during war time and he has no scruples in avowing his faith in the dispensation that will bring these two people closer to each other. Apart from a few rhetorical didacticisms—natural, because of the setting—the merit of the book lies in the forceful presentation of character psychology. Mathews, robust and sturdy groom—ever faithful to his salt; Van Derwenter, the grim and cold man of steel yet full of impulsive zeal and welling with emotion; Selwyn, the apotheosis incarnate of Logic and Reason but tempered with a shaky faith in his own nurtured ideal, a lacerated soul bounding and rebounding from a prejudged plan of action until it lands through uncertainties and privations of thwarted love on a sheltered cove foretasting of cheer and happiness—charming portraits all, delineated with skill and confidence. The most charming because the most elusive, figure of all is that of Elise's—the puzzling aloofness of her attitudes damming

the hilarious sceptic's laughter in her soul. Elise, with her sublimer airs and snubbing retorts, presents an entirely lovable picture as she meets with scornful humiliation the conflict of pride and love with her sense of femininity and her appreciation of realities. Altogether the book is a delightful reading.

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FROM THE DESK.

HUMAN IDEALS.

I.

A lovely girl in the lonely glen,
Her looks spake Love :
I kissed her lips,
I pressed her close.
'Ah! Sweet the bliss.
How long?—For wan and weak I grew.

II.

Mighty warrior, Statesman king,
Earth's Lord,
High thron-ed above the cringing crowd :
But I play the God
Amid the salts of this mother-earth
Soon fear possessed my soul—haunting shapes pursue.

III.

A lowly peasant, the peoples' shield
 Against a Tyrant's wrongs :
 The strength of God is mine ;
 Their hearts my glorious home,
 Will Quiet fly my grasp ?—Worse,
 Tyranny roams apace—Charity flew.

IV.

A homely Scholar rich in lore,
 Unstinting of human kindliness ;
 A grateful world for evermore—
 Will memory treasure ?
 Me Poverty grinds ;
 Misery is thy lot—*Curse You !*

P. V. C.

* * * * *

The Arrests.

Repression is an ugly word and uglier still are its practices. The word connotes force without reference to necessity and lays no store by professions of right conduct or protests of civic indulgence. In actual practice it seeks to revoke the common obligations of society towards an individual and, questioning the *bona fides* of the victim deprives him of the benefit of doubt. When malice *pre pense* is introduced in the shape of an ulterior object quite distinct from the supposititious malpractices of the individual, repression assumes the hedious pretense of "reasons of State". One may at times discern justice in an invocation of the basic foundation of social organisation to-day, that is Force; one may also reconcile oneself to the rustication of a person's civic rights in face of the great danger to peace and order of the specific community through the unbridled agitation of one of its members. But one cannot accord ready consent to doctrines and practices that bring in the safety of the state as the supreme and only reason to gag—that is, to *repress*—the volitional acts of any citizen.

There is no mental contortion that will adjust the common ideas of what the society—or for the matter of that, the State, in its concrete representation of a government, albeit, an alien one—owes to the individual in theory and what a repressive state does by him in actual practice.

If a person has openly flouted the existing statutes, ordained for the preservation and peaceful progress of the particular community he is a member of, he faces the ordeal of a legal trial and bears the penalty that the law awards him. One will hesitate to call this species of legal invocation a form of repression, even though the acts of the person are avowedly committed for the good of the community according to his lights. If however he is summarily interfered in the full exercise of his rights as a citizen and hauled up under the charge that "reasons of State" necessitate his temporary incarceration, we have no hesitation in terming such policy as repressive. The distinction is subtle but nonetheless fundamental. We have purposely ignored the set of circumstances in which the might of community urges the deliberate violation of statutory laws which choke the progressive betterment of the society—that is, in other words, the moral right of citizens to break the tyranny that is breaking them. We know that appeal is made in these days to this moral unction. But an insistence upon this extreme right necessitates the recognition of a state of conflict between the tyrannous government and the healthy progress of the society. Once recognition is accorded to the presence of such a state of affairs all the paraphernalia of constitutional, political or civic rights and duties vanishes and the un-moral and repressive methods of the state to preserve its existence deserve the moralist's castigation no more than the perfectly moral, even violent, resistance of the citizens.

Assuming, then, the absence of such a conflict in India at the present time we will not be transgressing the ordinary canons of public criticism if we emphasise our failure to appreciate the viewpoint of the Government of India in arresting the Ali Brothers at the present juncture and on the charges put against them. A closer examination will not be unprofitable.

Both Maulana Mohammed Ali and his stout-hearted brother have been openly non-co-operating with governmental laws and regulations for the last twelve months. In conformity with their pledge of non-violence they assert that they have actively refrained from advising any sharp physical conflict. They see, according to their lights, in the grievous insult to Khalifa a serious injury to their religion. They know how big the share of the British Government is in framing this insult. While unable to hit the Chief Power they desire to bring the sins of the masters home to their confreres, to wit, the Government of India for its alleged supineness at the Conference Table when the Treaty of Sevres was being discussed. The outrageous barbarities of 1919 added impetus to the antagonistic attitude and confirmed the sense of the party, which the two Brothers represent, in their frank disbelief in the voluminous after-thoughts and gushing protests of good behaviour of the Government of India. This is not the occasion to dispute the accuracy or otherwise of this posture. What is more relevant is the question of expediency of the projected action of the Government in setting into motion the machinery of law against them. It is common news that the coming visit of the Prince of Wales has something to do with these trials. It is sought to keep down all open-mouthed agitation for the benefit of H.R.H. The Government has been advised to follow the usual hare and catch the loudest; and so wise if not effectively curb the agitation, at any rate lower the pitch of the grievous wrongs so vociferously ventilated at hundred platforms. The resort to the Seditious Meetings Act in order to prevent Speech all over the land was well nigh impracticable: Ali Brothers, it was feared, if shut out from one place would break into a louder pitch at another. When it is sought to produce an artificially calm atmosphere during the Prince's itinerary and appeal is made to lame legal infringements as excuse to keep out of the way a couple of citizens, frankness demands a confession of bankruptcy of constitutional honesty, for the only valid excuse is "reason of State" and only correct procedure their speedy internment without the mockery of a judicial trial. That the two Brothers were a party to the passing of a certain resolution would have remained unnoticed had the Prince not been coming to

India; but the need of giving him a 'good' time when he is here required all this search into the dustbin. The delegates that were present at the Karachi Conference were equally guilty with the Ali Brothers and if they are left unmolested they must thank their small vocal powers, for the wrath of the Government must needs find the victim amongst the loudest-toned.

The procedure of imposing the guilt (if guilt it be) of counselling Muslims to refrain from military service on grounds of religion on the heads of the principal exponents of Islamic opinion is in no wise a *legally* accurate step, for the motive behind the invocation is not strictly 'within the law', but ultra-constitutional and a mere "*raison d'Etat*". We fail to find any other suitable description of the step—repression is the only word and deserves the same condemnation which violence does.

* * * * *

That the policy lacks a gift of humour as it does all traces of moral courage is evident from the immunity which Mahatma Gandhi enjoys. No one in the present day has dared to defy all governmental laws openly both by words and in practice and with a boldness born of true conviction as Mahatma Gandhi has done; and yet the State dare not touch him. Why?—Can they not find any reason of state to intern this worthy? Are they afraid of carrying their humourless logic too far? Perhaps we should not peep too closely into the ferret of the pachydermatous, wit-proof bureaucracy. Ali Brothers have gone to their incarceration; they asked for it, our Anglo-Indian contemporaries say. But hasn't the hidebound sensitiveness of the Home Office received yet a shock from the open defiance of Mahatma Gandhi? Is he too big a force or a potentiality more powerful in prison than at large? Why all this emphasis by the governmental gollywogs on the sacred non-violence of his crusade?—Or, better still, in the words of John Viscount Morley (written *à propos* the State deportations of 1907-8) "why this quackery of hurried violence dissembling a love of order"? Or is it a secret of state policy aping the rectitude of benevolence and fearful of the ruthless consequences of its logic? We are forced to ask these questions for the official Camp in India to-day is woe-

fully panic-stricken and tares in the flapping sidewings reveal a sordid cowardice of motive and action.

Haphazard repression does not govern a conspictive and well planned policy, but precision and certitude have never been the pride of British character: they love muddling through. But they forget that the graft in an alien atmosphere provokes contempt for the procedure that may have served better in a cooler clime. Any way they are in it and there is hardly any drawing back. What perturbation and hustle that royal visit—harmless and innocent pleasure trip in other ways—will evoke in our busybodies, what dusty corners it will sweep, what a concatenation of tragic sequences it will engender, time alone can tell. But why these angry disputations, they say, for "State must pursue its power as its only objective; what is good for that purpose is proper and necessary". (Trietschke).

Be it not said, however, that they were

".....averse to noisy Fame

Or shrank reluctant from her ruder blast;

But still aspired to raise their sinking name

And fondly hoped that Name might ever last".

* * * * *

Karachi, the venue of the trial of Ali Brothers, has suddenly sprung into prominence. We will credit the palm of notoriety not to the fact of political arrests but to the precious balm of Gilead emanating from the head of its chief executive. Here is the full recipe:

"The District Magistrate hereby orders that for a period of one month from September 8th no person shall carry heavy sticks other than ordinary walking sticks or carry, collect or prepare stones or missiles, publicly utter cries, sing songs or deliver harangues likely to inflame hostility between different classes or incite to the commission of an offence or disturbance of the public peace or to resistance or contempt of lawful authority within the limits of the Karachi Municipality and Cantonment. Also the District Magistrate hereby orders that for one month from September 18th all persons mourning in the public streets and footpaths within Karachi Municipality shall at once move

in the direction and manner indicated to them by any police officer and shall not stand or move in the public roadways or foot-paths so as to obstruct the free passage of vehicles or persons pursuing their lawful avocations and shall conform to any orders issued by the District Superintendent of Police under Section 48 of the Bombay District Police Act. Under Sections 53 and 54 of the Bombay District Police Act, the Police have power to arrest any person refusing to act in accordance with the above orders and such person is liable to prosecution and punishment under the said Act or the Indian Penal Code."

* * * * *

O Thou of Tender Heart, Aspouser of mere people's rights!
Witness the glorification of Liberty in this realm of British Raj!
Turn not thy face at the Pharisaic apotheosis, for look thou at
the solemn, smug-faced Councillors on Simla's Olympian heights
bamboozled into believing that *they* ruled this mighty Empire.
Hark not the voice for

"If the wild bowler thinks he bowls,
Or if the batsman thinks he's bowled,
They know not, poor misguided souls,
They too shall perish unconsolated.
I am the batsman and the bat,
I am the bowler and the ball,
The umpire and the pavilion cat,
The roller, pitch, and stumps, and all."

* * * * *

Kenya.

We make no apologies for reproducing the two letters that appeared lately in the *London Times*. They speak for themselves and reveal the reading of the situation by two representatives of different groups in Britain. It will complete the picture if we could place alongside the view of a Kenya Indian and it will be instructive to refresh the memory by a re-perusal of Mr. Malik's paper in our July issue.

Sir Northrup McMillan.

"As a member of the Legislative Council of the Colony of Kenya,
I have taken a keen interest in the articles and letters published

in *The Times* recently on the Colony of Kenya and its affairs. I have lived in Kenya for 17 years, and know the native, the white settler, and the Indian living in the colony, and I know of nothing that would justify the Indians in their claim for an equal status with the European.

"It is quite true that for generations small traders and shopkeepers have lived at Mombasa and Zanzibar under the protection of the guns of the British Fleet, but they never dared penetrate the interior of Africa one inch until the white pioneer came along, in whose wake and under whose protection the Indian trader followed for the purpose of exchanging Birmingham beads for native goat skins. The Indian has never, except as a mere coolie, built railways or made roads, or done any development of the country in the way of large plantations or industries. All the development of the Colony of Kenya, or any other part of Africa, has been done by white men, their capital, their energy, and their ability to handle native African races. I have often heard Indians claim that they built the Uganda Railway. The Uganda Railway was planned by British statesmen, carried out by British engineers, with British capital, and for economic reasons a large part of the coolie labour was brought from India."

Sir H. H. Johnston.

"As a much earlier pioneer in East Africa than Sir Northrup McMillan, I must protest against the matter of his letter to you on the rights of natives of India—an integral portion of the British Empire—to participate in the settlement, development, and commerce of East Africa, or of any other portion of Africa under the British flag. As recorded by Sir Richard Burton, the first person of non-African race and birth to enter the kingdom of Uganda was a native of British India. Indians traded with East Africa soon after the commencement of the Christian era. The presence of large numbers of British Indians on the Zanzibar Islands and coasts was 100, 80, 70, 50 years ago the main excuse and justification for British interference with those regions; and without the help, the bravery and discipline of Indian soldiers I doubt whether we should easily have got the better of Arab hostility, have suppressed slavery or the slave

trade, or have acquired the magnificent Empire over East Africa that we now possess.

"The British white men have been the leaders in East African enterprise, and they have been loyally backed up, laboured for, fought for by thousands of black men. But the intermediary *role* played by the Indian sepoy, non-commissioned officer, surveyor, clerk, surgeon, botanical collector, trader, and horticulturist, in all East Africa, from the Zambezi to Somaliland, has been far too important and loyal to be overlooked in the callous way characteristic of the thousand recent white settlers in the hinterland of Mombasa. The injustice of their attitude, the excess of their influence, revolts me, who strove before they were born to open up East Africa to knowledge by the help of Indian troops, Indian doctors, and Indian clerks".

* * * * *

There has been a grievous tendency in certain journalistic circles to regard the Kenya issue as the '*acid test* of Imperial good fellow feeling' as they call it. Nothing of the sort. Kenya is a new colony which has only of late come into prominence as a possible field for exploitation. Its uplands still remain unexplored, its vast forests with their innumerable mysteries are still virgin unshod by any alien interloper. The pioneer work has been done but exploitation, both in its truer and grosser aspects, has just started. And it is at the commencement of the game that conflict has arrived. The British planter proposes to have all his own way and an easier way at that. The earlier and longer-rooted Indian trader has not forgotten his treatment in the South of that very continent by another race of 'white' men and has now kicked at the way the things are being arranged in his sphere of life. We are not disposed to add another word to what we have said: our view remains unchallenged that the decision of the problem lies in our own hands. India could solve it to-morrow, if she will. But there is another aspect.

We were grieved to read the other day the protest of a well disposed journalist who, more in sorrow than by way of a gibe, pointed the unpleasant reservation of silence in the treatment of the question by Indian papers as far as the African inhabitant is

concerned. We cordially endorse his protest and hasten to declare our attitude in more definite terms than could be derived from previous remarks. In our July notes we did not absolve the Indian colonial from the charge of intrusion upon another's land. We freely admitted that if we wronged any one it was the African inhabitant. But as beggars can never be choosers the substantiation of the Indian stake in the land comes from the unstinted pioneer service they rendered in opening the country. However it needs emphasis and should be proclaimed above the din of concessionary rights and privileges of vested interests that the Indian Colonial neither claims nor desires any rights that are not accorded to the African residents; but he also emphasises that he will not permit any one else—much less the pretentious free-booter of a white planter—to obtain any differential privileges. The Kenya Indian is out for an equality of treatment for all foreigners in that country and in the decision of such claims he claims the bigger voice because of his greater service to the colony. He does not need any protection from the African inhabitant, nor any special treatment where common law is concerned.

This principle should, in our opinion, form the basis of any future treaty settlement. India in her own struggles for liberty and freedom does not believe in playing the aggressive *role* against still weaker people of this earth. He goes to his land as a guest; he does service and earns his mite. But he claims no cold-blooded exploiter's greed and would disdainfully reject to be party to an arrangement that gives him preferential treatment at the expense of the local inhabitants.

* * * * *

The Press Act.

In pursuance of a resolution passed in the Indian Legislative Assembly a Committee was appointed in March last to examine and report upon the various acts pertaining to the liberty of the press in the country. A bill has now been introduced in the Assembly to give effect to the recommendations made by the Committee. The matter of restraint upon public writing is of vital interest, not only to the press-men, but to the general public

at large, for upon its judicious exercise depends the problem of 'cranial rations' that could be permitted to the members of the community. It seems that a genuine effort has been made by the Committee to meet the claim for an open policy.. How far it has been considered safe to relax the insulting fetters that hitherto binded the press will be evident from the provisions of the proposed enactment. A summary of the salient points will not be out of place :—

A. The Newspapers (Incitement to Offences) Act, 1908, and the Indian Press Act, 1910, are repealed.

B. Amendments are proposed for the following :—

(1) The Press and Registration of Books Act, 1867—

A new clause is inserted, namely :—

"Every copy of every such newspaper shall contain the name of the person who is the editor thereof printed clearly on the front page of such copy as the name of the editor of that newspaper."

Another clause is modified to read :—

"Declaration could be made *in person* or *by agent* authorised in this behalf before a District Presidency, or a Sub-divisional Magistrate within whose jurisdiction such newspaper shall be printed or published, or within whose jurisdiction such printer or publisher resides."

(2) Code of Criminal Procedure, 1898 :—

A new section 99A is added on wherein authority is given to the Local Government to declare forfeit any paper or document containing seditious matter coming under section 124A and thereupon

"any Magistrate may by warrant authorise any police officer not below the rank of Sub-inspector to enter upon and search for the same in any premises where the newspaper, book or other document may be or may be reasonably suspected to be."

Any person having an interest in such forfeited paper may within two months of the order apply to the High Court to set aside such order. But

"On the hearing of any such application with reference to any newspaper, *any copy* of such newspaper may be given in evidence in aid of the proof of the nature or tendency of the words, signs or visible representation contained in such newspaper, which are alleged to be seditious matter".

* * * * *

There has been lot of wangling going on in the matter of editorial name and fame. It is contended that the editors as a rule love dearly the obscurities of their desk—for they can better flog and chastise, boom up and raise to the skies, or, as an alternative, drag down into the mire of infamy and ridicule any portentous personality or principle. That the Editor whose name flares up in bold characters from day to day on the front page will earn an altogether unjudicious douche of public wrath or public acclaim as a direct consequence of a piece of writing for which perhaps he is only distantly responsible, is a prospect which no self-conscious journalist would care to associate with his daily vocation. His must remain the silent, mysterious personality working in and out of the public ante doors, instructing here and declaiming there, teaching the correct line to a truculent official or pouring ridicule over an unanswerable opponent. The profession carries with it an indulgence in orgies of impulsive raillery—well directed and ruthlessly pointed; it also seems to possess the rare *verve*—a fine unconscious insouciance—which attempts to fool all the people all the time. To reveal and emphasise from day to day the personality of the chief actor would be like asking the producer of a stage success (or failure) to trundle across the foot-lights after every scene!

There is a great deal of argumentative sense in this sort of reasoning. But disclaiming any accurate knowledge of the mental pabulum that dictated the Committee in its digestive process to insert this clause relating to the editors we cannot refuse assent to the new regulation—perhaps from other reasons than those which had the greatest weight with the Committee. The Press in India has been a monopoly of vested interests and vicious ones at that too—its policy swayed by a particular set of propaganda, its lies dictated

by ulterior motives of designing conclaves. There has been a sad dearth of honest instructional 'copy'. It were high time we took stock of the venalities of organisation in our journalistic camp. While we profoundly believe that no amount of legal instructions will make the Press moral—as no amount of Press laws made it loyal—we are persuaded in our own minds of the judiciousness of the new move in the matter of editorial names. We must learn to abide by the pledge of public service which every journalist enters into by the very nature of his vocation. The editorial desk should not presume to ignore the viciousness or unmorality that guides the pen. The editorial Name will react to focuss the glaring unscrupulosities of the showmen of the tribe, and if the prominence given on the front page is reasonably expected to make an Editor think twice before permitting an unprofessional, scurrilous paragraph to appear in to-morrow's sheet, the thing would be worth while. I am sorry personally to subscribe to this admitted lowering of the prestige of the Editorial Plurality, but a stout faith in the message and virtue of a straightforward and honest Press exceeds any timorous clinging to the unholy pleasures of mystery.

* * * * *

The amendment to The Press and Registration Act authorising an Agent to appear before the Magistrate and make the formal declaration will be welcomed as a great relief by all publishers. I will relate the great adventure that befell the new publisher of *The Hindustan Review* when the shifting of offices from Allahabad necessitated a fresh declaration :—

“A business sort of a letter was at once despatched to the controlling magistracy of the district. Imagine our surprise when we received back the self same letter with a curious scrawl in red ink in one corner overlapped by a big seal sporting violet colours ! We were curtly informed that petition should be made in the style prescribed in Section—Subsection—Clause—Para—of an act 54 years old. By no means legal luminaries ourselves and ignorant of the professional tribe and reluctant to spend an ‘un-

necessary pie we considered it wise to send an emissary to the Secretariat for a copy of the offending statute. A diligent study revealed to us the irregularity: we are supposed to present petitions "*in person*". Humbled we duly presented ourselves the next day at the court of the presiding justice. No amount of cajolling could land us anywhere near the bar wherefrom we could lay our petition at His Honour's feet. We attempted to invade the sanctity of his private Chambers but were held back at the door by a liveried janitor. A scrutiny of the audience hall convinced us of the vantage position of a certain box near the long table and we found ourselves soon after into the prisoners' dock when we were politely asked to move off. A sudden bright idea made us hand over our petition duly drawn with all the flourishes and epithets that law loves so well, to the Clerk and the contempt in his voice as he handed us back our precious document!—Why, we hadn't affixed the proper stamps? Cruel waste of an 8 anna bit but we understood now how these drab and officious creatures live. Soon after, the arrival of His Worship was announced in a peremptory style and we hastened to catch his eye before he fell asleep in the chair. "Crown Vs.—" and an exceptionally interesting case of assault began its tortuous course in the Court. We forgot our humble petition in our scramble for a 'scoop-copy'...We trudged home that evening with the un-sanctioned petition still in our vest, carrying the mixed odours of the magisterial court, though not, alas! its unperturbed dignity.

"A similar experience next day fortified us in our resolve to break into the somnolence of the courtly procedure and the very next occasion (after a wait of well near 3 hours) we perched ourselves on the Counsels' table and almost rudely thrust our petition into the hands of the horrified Magistrate as he was taking his seat and before the ominous yell of "Crown vs.—" could

be heard. The pompous respectability of the pince-nez helped to conceal the unspoken wrath, but we looked unconcerned and the ripple of half-submerged amusement in the court hall convinced him of the necessity of immediate action. A hurried perusal, a leading question to us accusing us of the sharpest trickery and violent sedition—and an order! Immense our relief, but how short-lived! "To the police for report"!

"Another fortnight passed away and no summons to us except a couple of polite visits from a police functionary. Possibly a big search was going on among the files and being more or less an insignificant quantity we credited the delay to our own omissions. We prayed for an *ad interim* order but His Worship was obdurate: he wouldn't move without a word from the police quarters. However an extremely courteous functionary helped us out and we obtained the much treasured order with the attached injunction to present ourselves again for final sanctions.

"To conclude the tale, exactly a month latter we were graced with an invitation to attend the court at 11-0 sharp in the morning for our final orders. We punctually did take ourselves to the Audience Hall, but it struck two of the afternoon before we lost patience and were advised to take our chances at His Worship's Chamber door. Little brown forms were filled in with scrupulous exactitude and only awaited the High Priest's Mark to declare us counted amongst the immortals. No, there was another hitch—His Honour's courtly traditions refused to recognise any petitioner who is not chaperoned by a legal luminary of his court—a wise and benevolent forethought for the honour and incidental livings of the swarm of forensic lights that crowded his court and heightened his brilliance. We confessed our strangeness to the place and expressed an absence of

nodding acquaintance with any of his legal crew. Short and curt came the crushing rejoinder from His Worship: "The pleader who knows you the least will be able to indentify you the best. Yes, but at a cost". We represented our case to a corpulant personage who occupies a low divan under the shadows of the long table and he promised to procure for us legal intelligence. A thin, lean, stark scarecrow soon approached us. His mien betokened professional luminosity but his hands itched nervously as he offered to identify us at a fee of Rs. 8. We were primed by our corpulant friend as to the schedule of damages and we started with the opening bid of 8 annas. Ultimately two rupees did the trick and after another little argument about affixing our thumb impression on the mean looking scroll (which we resolutely refused to do on grounds of an absence of decent wash stand to remove the smudges) we emerged triumphant at 3-45 p.m. from the court vestibule carrying the precious roll high up in the air. We had declared!"

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It has taken us long to retail one experience, but we wished to emphasise the numerous little annoyances that such attendances provoke. The representation by an agent henceforth may be a small mercy but a mercy in fact. We think however that a simple notification to the Registrar of the court within whose jurisdiction the publisher resides should have met the case and the urgency of this simple procedure should be placed before the legislature before final decision is arrived at.

* * * * *

The assumption of a new clause in the Criminal Procedure Act is a more vital and in our opinion a retrogressive change. Although provision is made for an appeal to the highest court in the land in case of a forfeit for sedition, exception is to be taken with the manner in which a Magistrate is authorised to issue warrants for search. We believe that the proviso needs safe-

guarding by a sort of a rider to the effect that a *prima facie* case should be made out before the warrant is issued. An unscrupulous police may combine with a vicious magistracy—or even with an indolent one—to harass and annoy the citizens who do not keep good with the police quarters. These little vexations count more to exasperate public opinion than any single act of glaring injustice.

Then again where a tall order is given to produce any copy of the newspaper in support of a forfeit order the rule transgresses the basic fundament of criminal law. To convict a person of a criminal charge his motive, howsoever criminal, should not be sufficient; there must be committed by him some overt act in pursuance of that specifically criminal motive. If a particular document is declared forfeit because it is supposed to contain seditious matter and if a contest is entered to disprove the supposition, the right of the crown to tender other writings emanating from the same person in support of the charge is indeed stretching the law too much on the prosecution side—a contrarywise theory. Reliance should be placed entirely on the forfeited document and if it is the avowed intention of the bill to fortify any and sundry *prima facie* action of the local government and ensure its ultimate confirmation by a judicial authority without reference to the merits of the case, the intention should be openly stated and legislation carried in full light of what is meant.

WHIP.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.

Mr. Upton Sinclair, the veteran Socialist writer, by his wholly courageous but scathing exposure of journalistic practices of American Capitalism has earned the abiding gratitude of Press-men all over the world. His remarkable book "*The Brass Check*" deserves a wider circulation than it has attained in India where the main Press is avowedly an expression of particular vested interests and not a medium of honest and straightforward instruction. We have pleasure in introducing Mr. Sinclair to the Indian public. In this contribution however he deals with more fundamental ills of the present society and discusses whether there is a natural basis for the doctrine of 'superior' classes and races, how authority in human society is obtained and what sanctions it can claim: a problem of engaging interest to-day in India.—*Editor.*

In the letters of Thomas Jefferson is found the following passage:

"All eyes are open or opening to the rights of man. The general spread of the light of science has already laid open to every view the palpable truth, that the mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few bootied and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God."

Now what Jefferson, over a hundred years ago, described as a "palpable truth" is still a long way from prevailing in the world. We will try not to take anything for granted, so we will not assume this truth, but investigate it and begin by admitting that there are many facts which seem to contradict it, and which make it more difficult of proof than Jefferson realized. It is not enough to point out the lack of saddles on the backs, and of boots and spurs on the feet of newly born infants; for the fact is that men are not exploited because of saddles, nor is the exploiting accomplished by means of boots and spurs. It is done by means of gold and steel, transformed into banks and credit systems, railroads, machine guns and battleships. And while it is not true that certain races and classes are born with these things on them, they are born to the possession of them, and the

vast majority of mankind are without them all their lives, and without the ability to use them even if they had them.

The Question of Equality.

The doctrine that "all men are created equal," or that they ought to be equal, we shall describe for convenience as the democratic doctrine. It first came to general attention through Christianity, which proclaimed the brotherhood of all mankind in a common fatherhood of God. But even as taught by the Christians, the doctrine had startling limitations. It was several centuries before a church council summoned the courage to decide that women were human beings, and had souls; and to-day many devout Christians are still uncertain whether Japanese and Chinese and Filipinos and Negroes are human beings, and have souls. I have heard old gentlemen in the South of the United States gravely maintain that the Negro is not a human being at all, but a different species of animal. I have heard learned men in the South set forth that the sutures in the Negro skull close at some very early age, and thus make self-government and moral responsibility impossible for the black race. And you will find the same ideas maintained, not merely as to differences of race and color, but as to differences of economic condition. You will find the average aristocratic Englishman quite convinced that the "lower orders" are permanently inferior to himself, and this though they are of the same Anglo-Saxon stock.

For convenience I will refer to the doctrine that there is some natural and irremovable inferiority of certain races or classes, as the aristocratic doctrine. And I will probably startle some of my readers by making the admission that if there is any such natural or irremovable inferiority, then a belief in political or economic equality is beyond question a blunder. I have proclaimed always the supremacy of the intellect, its right to rule. If there are certain classes or races which cannot think, or cannot learn to think, as well as other classes and races, the mentally inferior classes and races will obey, and they will be made to obey, and neither you nor I, nor all the preachers and agitators in the world, will ever be able to arrange it otherwise.

Supposing we do it, we should be committing a crime against human life—we should be holding down the race and aborting its development.

The Backward Races.

Whether there is any such natural and irremovable inferiority is a question of fact. When we come to consider the question, we find it complicated by a different phenomenon, that of racial immaturity, which we have to face frankly and get clear in our own minds. One of the most obvious facts of nature is that of infancy and childhood. We have just pointed out that if you are competing with a child, you do it in an entirely different way and under an entirely different set of rules, and if you fail to do this, you are unfair and even cruel to the child. And it is a fact of our world that there are some races more backward in the scale of development than other races. You may not like this fact, but it is silly to try to evade it. People who live in savage huts and bent on tom-toms and fight with bows and arrows and cannot count beyond a dozen—such people are not the mental or moral equals of our highly civilized races, and to treat them as equals, and compete with them on that basis, means simply to exterminate them. We should either exterminate them at once and be done with it, or else make up our minds that they are in the childhood stage of our race, and that we have to guide them and teach them, as we do our own children.

There is no more useful person than the wise and kind teacher. But suppose we saw some one pretending to be a teacher to our children, while in reality enslaving and exploiting them, or secretly robbing and corrupting them—what would we say about that kind of teacher? The name of the teacher is capitalist commercialism, and his profession is known as “the white man’s burden”; his abuse of power is the cause of our present racial wars and revolts of subject peoples. A fair minded man, desirous of facing all the facts of life, hardly knows what stand to take in such a strife; he hardly knows from which cause the coloured races suffer more—the white man’s exploitation, or their own native ignorance.

The Revolt of the Oppressed.

To say that certain races are in a childhood stage, and need instruction and discipline, is an entirely different thing from saying they are permanently inferior and incapable of self-government. The latter is a problem for the man of science, to be determined by psychological test, continued possibly over more than one generation. We have not as yet made a beginning; in fact, we have not even acquired the scientific impartiality necessary to such an inquiry. Our race prejudices and our economic dishonesties are such that work in this field would not carry authority.

In the meantime, all that we can do is to look about us and pick up hints where we can. In places like Massachusetts, where Negroes are allowed to go to college and are given a chance to show what they can do, they have not ousted the white man, but many of them have certainly won his respect, and one finds charming and cultured men among them, who show no signs of prematurely closed up skulls. And one after another we see the races which have been regarded as inferior, and have been held down upon that theory, developing leadership and organization and power of moral resistance. The Irish are showing themselves to-day one of the most vigorous and high-spirited of all races. The Hindus are developing a movement which in the long run may prove more powerful than the white man's gold and steel. The Egyptians, the Persians, the Filipinos and the Koreans are all devising ways to break the power of capitalist newspaper censorship. Apparently the subject races of the world all have to get their education through hatred of their teachers, instead of through love!

Hope in Young Generation.

Of course, these rebel leaders are men who have absorbed the white man's culture, at least in part; practically always they are of the younger generation, which has been to the white man's schools. But this is the very answer we have been seeking—as to whether the race is permanently inferior, or merely immature and in need of training. It is not only among the brown and black and yellow races that progress depends upon the young

generation; it is a common statement of travellers returning from Russia that the Bolsheviks have given up the old peasants as hopeless, but are training the young men and women, and hope to make a new race out of the children. The writer, who has spent twenty years pleading with Americans to change a few of their more obsolete ideas, has sometimes been tempted to the same desperate conclusion concerning his own people.

Therefore, in the course of this argument we shall assume that the Christian or democratic theory has the weight of probability on its side, and that nature has not created any permanent and necessarily inferior race or class. We shall assume that the heritage of human culture is a common heritage, open to all our species. We shall not go so far as the statement which Jefferson wrote into the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are born free and equal"; but we shall assert that they are born "with certain inalienable rights," and that among these are the right to maintain their lives and to strive for liberty and happiness. We shall say that there will never be peace or order in the world until they have found liberty, and until their right to seek happiness has been recognized.

Ruling Classes.

It is possible to conceive an order of nature in which all individuals were born and developed exactly alike and with exactly equal powers. Such is apparently the case with lower animals, for example, the ants and the bees. But among human beings there are great differences; some are born blind and some are born idiots and some are born geniuses. Even supposing that we are able to do away with blindness and idiocy, it is not likely that we can ever make a race of uniform genius. There will always be some more capable minds, who will discover new powers of life, and will compel the others to learn from them. It is to the interest of the race that this learning should be done as quickly as possible. In other words, the great problem of society is how to recognize the wise and capable minds and put them in authority.

We look back over history, and we discover a few wise men, and many rulers; but very, very rarely does it happen that the

ruler is a wise man, or a friend of wise men. Far more often we find the ruler occupied in suppressing the wise man and his wisdom. There was a ruler who ordered Jesus crucified, and another who ordered Socrates to drink the hemlock, and another who tortured Galileo, and another who chopped off the head of Sir Walter Raleigh—and so on through a long and tragic chronicle. And even when the accident of a wise ruler occurs, he is apt to be surrounded by a class of parasites and corrupt officials who are busy to thwart his will.

The Struggle for Power.

The general run of history is this : some group seizes power by force and holds it by the same means, and seeks to augment and perpetuate it. Those who win the power are frequently men of energy and practical sense, and do fairly well as governors ; but they are never able to hand on their virtues, and their line becomes corrupted by sensuality and self-indulgence, and the subject classes are plundered and driven to revolt. Often the revolt fails, but in the course of time it succeeds, and there is a new dynasty, or a new ruling class, sometimes a little better than the old, and sometimes worse.

How shall one judge whether the new regime is better or worse? Obviously this is a most important question ; it has to do, not merely with history, but with our daily affairs, our voting. As one who has read many tens of thousands of pages of history, and has pondered its lessons with heart-sickness and despair, I lay down this as the general law by which such revolts and changes of power may be judged : If the change results in the holding of power by a smaller number of people, it is a reaction ; if the change results in the holding of power by approximately the same number of people, there has been no change at all ; but if the change results in distributing the power among a larger group of the community, then that community has made a step in advance. This may seem like a rough and ready method of judging history, but I have found no better criterion of progress than popular rule. The voice of the people may not always be the voice of God ; but then whose voice is ?

I have seen a sketch of the history of some Central American country—Gautemala, I think—which showed a hundred and thirty revolutions in less than a hundred years. Some rascal gets together a gang, and seizes the government and plunders its revenue. When he has plundered too much, some other rascal stirs up the people, and gets together another gang. Such revolutions we regard as subjects for comic opera, and for the Richard Harding Davis type of fiction; but we do not consider them as having any relationship to progress.

Change may not be Progress.

But compare with this the various English revolutions. We write learned histories about them, and describe England as "the Mother of Parliaments." The reason for this is that when there was political discontent in England, the protesting class proceeded to organize themselves and train themselves to understand their trouble and to remedy it. They had the brain power to do this; they maintained their right to do it, and when by violence, or threats of violence, they forced the ruling class to give way, they brought about a wider extension of liberty, wider distribution of power. Tennyson has pictured England as a state "where freedom slowly broadens down from precedent to precedent." We to-day, reading its history, are inclined to put a sarcastic emphasis on the word "slowly;" but Tennyson would answer that it is better for a community to move forward slowly than to move forward rapidly and then move backward just as far.

We have pointed out several times the important fact of biology that change does not necessarily mean progress from any rational or moral point of view. Degeneration is just as real a fact as progress, and it does not at all follow that because things change they are changing for the better. It is worth while to repeat this in discussing human society, for it is just as true of governments and morals, as of living species. A nation may pile up wealth and multiply a hundredfold the machinery of wealth production, and only be increasing luxury and wantonness and graft. A nation may change its governmental forms, its laws and social conventions,

and boast noisily of these changes in the name of progress, while as a matter of fact it is following swiftly the road to ruin which all the empires of history have traced. So far as I can discover, there is one test, and only one by which you can judge, and that is the test I have already indicated: Is the actual, effective power of the state wielded by a larger or a smaller percentage of the population than before the change took place?

A Steady Growth.

You will note the words "actual, effective power." Nothing is more familiar in human life than for forms to survive after the spirit which created them is dead; nothing is more familiar than the use of these forms as masks to deceive the populace. There have been many times in history when people have gone on voting, long after their votes ceased to count for anything; there have been many times when peoples have gone through the motions of freedom long after they have been slaves. Mexico under Diaz had one of the most perfect of constitutions, and was in reality one of the most perfect of despotisms; and we Americans are sadly familiar with political democracies which do not work.

Shall we, therefore, join the pessimists and say that history is a blind struggle for useless power, and that the notion of progress is a delusion? I do not think so; on the contrary, I think it is easily to be demonstrated that there has been a steady increase in the amount of knowledge possessed by the race, and in the spread of this knowledge among the people. I think that through most of the period of written history we can trace a real development in human society. I think we can analyze its laws, and explain its method; and I think that this knowledge is precious to us, because it enables us to accelerate the process and to make the end more certain. This work of the analysis and explanation of social evolution, is the task we have next to undertake.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

(To be continued)

THE BARSHAM LETTERS.

With regard to the main pursuit, the career which, with its collateral interests, so completely occupied the brisk and indefatigable mind of Grace Fortley, she and her husband were completely at one; they found in it the meat and drink of life. He naturally had his business to attend to as well, and during the day social aspirations had to give place to aspirin and the collateral drugs out of which he had amassed so substantial a fortune, but from the moment when he quitted his office no thought of business entered his head till he returned there next morning; and though for the sake of his health he always walked home to his charming house in Chelsea Square, it required the strictest self-control on his part not to take a taxi and thus gain an extra half-hour in his wife's drawing-room. Tea-time stretching on for a couple of hours from half-past four was a season of which every moment was precious; no one could foretell what might not (in the manner of some speculation) be "maturing" there. Since he left the house in the morning Grace would have entertained a luncheon-party, or betaken herself to the table of a friend, and who knew what fresh and illustrious personage might not now be sitting in the pleasant room which she always kept rather dimly lit, because people talked so much better when there was not too much light?

It was now two years since Grace Fortley had settled down to the task of turning herself into a social and artistic centre.

It had been no very difficult task to convince her husband. Bernard Fortley had the fullest belief in the power of his clever wife to accomplish anything she set her mind on, and the ideas that she spread before him were wonderfully seductive. Her hard, bright, practical mind had them all definitely pictured and arranged, without muddle and without vagueness.

"You're too clever, my dear"—such was the pith of her admirable discourse—"not to have been often bored by all our indiscriminate rushing about. There are parties we go to, I grant you, which magnificently reward one, but it all entails too

much making oneself pleasant to dull people, and paying attention to nobodies. We must choose now, we must simplify, we must select. What do both of us really seek for and enjoy in people? Distinction, success, or rather, the fine and splendid qualities which lead to distinction and success. I hope I am not a snob"—a forlorn hope—"but I, like you, worship beauty and adore knowledge, and the way to find beauty is to sit at the feet of the people who make it, artists, actors, dramatists, and such; and the way to find knowledge is to talk to the people who know, to the wise and the witty, and, not less to those who are in great positions, who govern and lead, and make history."

The vision brightened in her tidy, well-furnished brain.

"If we want to make the most out of life, we've got to select"—she repeated the word with emphasis. "The world, the bright, amiable world as we have known it, is too much diluted with dull people. We must surround ourselves with distinction, we must cultivate those who are wiser than we, who feel more finely—"

She gave him a quick glance out of those bright, black bead-like eyes, to see what effect her statement of aspiration was having on him. He seemed to grasp it rather gingerly at first.

"Entertain more, eh—" he said. "Politicians and Ambassadors."

She presented him with more of her clearcut outlines.

"That will all come," she said, "indeed, they will all come, if we lay our foundations properly. But that's not the way to begin; that would be mere vulgar climbing—such an odious word for an odious thing. No; it's they, the politicians and ambassadors, as you so neatly sum them up, who will have to do the climbing!"

Her vocation had certainly dawned upon her, illuminating her handsome horse-like features.

"I mean to make our house an intellectual centre," she said. Here we are in Chelsea, classical Chelsea, where all the brains and the artistic heart of London are situated. There are poets, dramatists, actors, authors, artists, with no common meeting ground, no centralizing force. I think, no, I feel sure I can give them one. Brains! That is the passport I require and no other

will gain anyone admittance, until our circle is formed and whirling. What would not you and I give to know that when we go out, we shall find no one who is not in his way brilliant? How often, my dear, at some dinner party have I seen you, ever so patiently trying to strike sparks of intelligence from your neighbour?"

Grace Fortley knew (or strongly fancied) that when once her house was famous, as she most entirely believed that it soon should be, as a place where you were likely to meet people of distinction, people whose pictures and books and plays were for the moment being talked about, the leisurely, the magnificent, the highly titled would be eager to flock there. Then, so she faintly foresaw, the process of selection would finally become a little less stern.

Two years had now elapsed since first she enumerated her policy, as outlined above to her husband, and they had been years of unremitting patient toil. Though the "general idea" of her campaign had never varied, she had brought to bear on it an admirable elasticity in the matter of tactics, and to-day these dimly-lit tea hours of the winter months, were to her like "trial grounds" for horticultural treasures. It was this which made them so violently exciting to her husband, for he never knew what fresh celebrity might not have been invited to see if he would "do." There Grace sat at her tea-table with the new guests, the new candidates near her, drawing them out, probing their minds, tasting their wit and their conversation, weighing their merits. Then if they passed this preliminary examination, they were asked to lunch, and if they proved themselves of the finest clay to dinner. The more celebrated, those who had already made for themselves distinguished names, were not subjected to the preliminary process. She scraped acquaintance with them, and straightway launched an invitation, giving them probably a couple of nights to choose from, and mentioning that she hoped that certain other people, whom she named, would be dining with her that night. There was no falsity about this, for she very much hoped that they would be so doing, and by the same post she wrote invitations to them, expressive of a similar hope that they would meet the great man in question if she was so fortunate

as to secure their presence on Thursday week. These invitations were now typewritten : no human hand without this mechanical aid could have kept pace with her correspondence, but she did the typing herself, and signed her name with a scrawl of her flying pen. Often an evening party followed these dinners, and if singers and other music-makers were present, they were easily induced, especially if they had dined here, to give just one little song, one little fingering of the grand piano. Sometimes—and these were the most glorious nights of all—the germ of envy and rivalry fructified in these artistic breasts, and singers and pianists would vie with each other in a series of magnificent solos.

About this time the whole of London had lost its collective head over Godfrey Barsham, and every woman with two or three thousand pounds to spare fought and kicked and struggled to get her portrait painted by him, and hardly less did every hostess fight for his complicated conversation and superb presence at her parties. Even if he could not come she might, if she was anything more than a mere acquaintance, receive from him one of those elaborate letters for which almost as much as for his portraits, he was famous. Words no less than pigments were the vehicle of his incomparable art, and these involved and jewelled epistles were the portraits of his mind, and, as such, highly prized. There he appeared in full length presentments, as the elaborate pages indicated delicately and flawlessly that of all the cruel ordinances of fate the particular one which, a consequence of a previous engagement, forbade his presence next Saturday was the most inexorably ruthless. No human hand could have kept pace with his correspondence, and, like Mrs. Fortley, he had learned the use of the lettered key-board, and occasionally he dictated to his adoring sister, who kept house for him, but in any case he signed his name at the end. He was a somewhat frequent visitor at Mrs. Fortley's house, for she had the intuition to "back a winner" in him when first Godfrey Barsham appeared low on the horizon and before he ascended to his zenith ; and by a mixture of tact and persistency she had retained his constant presence there. At the moment he was far the most powerful of the magnets which she so dexterously wielded ; and she, often when confidently attracting the most desirable of her guests, added

The next week had in prospect been a very busy one for her, and there were many such notes to be written, putting off its festivities and making these little brilliant lamentations. Taken together, or talked over by their recipients and discussed and commented on, they formed a picture full of hints and suggestions rather than statements. No one had quite grasped before how much Grace had been to Godfrey Barsham, or how happy she had been in her sisterly relation to him. She saw him, so these deft little notes suggested, as some god-like brother, and the world in general began to wonder with growing curiosity if that had been his view of their relationship. Was there here perhaps the solution of why he had never married? Was he Dante, not Lenardo alone, and in the matter of letters a sonnetless Shakespeare as well?

Interest in the forthcoming volume grew to fever-heat, and Grace, gently sighing, admitted that some, anyhow, of the most beautiful would not appear in the life-time of certain people.

With the unusual leisure now at her command she spent studious hours in her sitting-room where not even her husband came without invitation or permission. Occasionally she went to see some other great friend of Godfrey Barsham's and was allowed to peruse such letters as were to be sent to Miss Barsham, and with her marvellous memory for detail, came away with notable sentences and turns of characteristic phrases. On going home after some such visit, she was always busy with her writing block again, often consulting with eager minuteness the pages of her old engagement books, which formed a sort of diary with regard to her own parties and those to which she had been. Then on one particular morning, she compared the paper on which she habitually did her typewriting with that on which these few prized letters from her dead friend was written. Soon her machine was clicking under her fingers.

"That's just where you put, my dear Grace, your finger, the index finger, the firm, unerring finger on to all that I so nebulously gassed about and it becomes at once beautifully illuminated. All emotion, (there's the exquisite rightness of you) is illumination, whether it's just only that phosphorescence on a match-box that enables you to see the hands of your watch by your

bedside, or whether it's the sun itself which not only shows you the time, but which originally and astronomically and all goldenly and unconsciously is the cause of your watch pointing to that hour and minute which the phosphorescence reveals..... What knocks me flat is your unerring perception that comes so easily to you. For me, you are always smiling in the sunlight, or being, bless you, a tenderness of kindly presence at the entrance of the burrow where I fume and fidget. When I have groped my way through some dim subterranean rubbish of my own, and crawl, poor anæmic rabbit, wearily and rheumatically out of my tunnel, then, always, I see you sitting there, with, so my heart exults to assure me, a kindliness, an indulgence, a whole heaven of comprehension as my long ears and eyes bleared with twilight-strivings emerge into the blessed day. Then, too, some deuce of an enchantment weaves its spell, and I'm ready to chuck everything down there below, and want only to breathe and be, and sit up on my hind-legs, and munch the cool lettuce you hand me.

"Well, about Thursday, the Excellencies and the Highnesses flash on my burrow at five o'clock, and if you can be there then, how beautifully—"

She paused a moment from the brisk clacking of her typewriter, and consulted a letter of his. He had certainly written "How beautifully alright it will be." But that must merely have been a slipped "l"; he had touched the key twice in rapid succession, and but one had been recorded.

She resumed, "How beautifully all right it will be. Then, dear, delicious guest, after this long eclipse, for it is three days since I have seen you, you will refulgently shine on me, and what larks; yes, to dine ever so quietly and refreshingly, with you and your dear Bernard dog, and I hope no one else, after the Highnesses have politely Walhallaed themselves away again. But first come and sympathetically make rabbitpie of me for the disdainful Highnesses."

She drew the sheet from the typing-machine, and, laying it upside down in front of her, placed above it, also upside down, a letter of his, so that his manuscript signature came just above the place where her own typewritten sheet required signing. Line

by line she copied his signature as if it was some meaningless design. When it was finished, she compared her copy with the original. It completely satisfied her.

The winds of March and the chill of bereavement melted into a mere genial warmth of summer, and the activities of life. Grace Fortley and her husband spent a few weeks in the country at Easter, and came back reinvigorated for the pursuit of aspirations. He had been obliged, for the pursuit of aspirin, to make shortly after their return, an expedition to Holland, and this evening, as she dressed for an early dinner to precede the first night of the Russian ballet, she concluded that, as he had thought probable, he had been unable to catch the afternoon boat, and need not be expected till to-morrow. Just as she was on her way to her solitary dinner, the bell of the front door sounded, and, all smiles and welcome, she went to open it herself. Probably he had caught the boat after all, and there was yet time for him to dress hastily and accompany her. On the doorstep was standing Miss Barsham, and she had a small packet in her hand.

"I came across with your—with my brother's letters to you," she said. "I wanted to be sure that they reached you safely."

"Ah, those dear letters!" said Grace. "It's delightful of you not to trust them to any other hand but your own."

Miss Barsham's eyes seemed, more than ever, to look quite through her.

"Yes, I thought that was the best plan," she said.

"But why do we stand on the door-step?" said Grace. "Come in, my dear, and talk to me for a few minutes. I am going to the ballet, and am dining early. Do stop and dine with me, just as you are. I haven't seen you for so long."

Miss Barsham hesitated a moment.

"I won't dine, thank you," she said, "for I am expecting a friend to dine with me. But I should like just a minute or two with you. To tell you about the letters, you know. Or shall I write to you?"

Grace Fortley experienced that unpleasant sensation of her mouth "going dry". It is a symptom of suspense, and she recognised it as such.

"Pray come in," she said. "Why should you write to me when you are here and can so deliciously talk to me instead."

She paused, conscious of having used a form of phrase not quite natural to her. Then, as they went into the little sitting-room by the front door, she gained entire mastery of herself again.

Miss Barsham had laid the packet on the table.

"I have not copied any of them," she said. "I am much obliged to you for your sending them to me, but I find that, in my plan of the book as it is to be, I can't use any of them."

Grace assumed all her armour, the armour in which she had so successfully been impervious to any jolts and snubs and shoulderings.

"You don't find them characteristic of Godfrey?" she asked. "He had many sides you know. I don't think that any preconceived idea of yours about him ought to blind you to that."

"It doesn't," said Miss Barsham very gently.

"Then why—" began Grace. "Yes, just that! Why?"

"There are rather odd things about the letters you sent me," said Miss Barsham.

"Such as?"

"Well, Godfrey used always to say that the expression 'all right' had become a word. He used always to write it 'alright.' The phrase occurs more than once in these letters, and it is written 'all right.' Then again he used a Marston typewriter, the line of which is several letters shorter than the line of the pages which you sent me."

Grace, with her quick agile brain, saw clear ahead the convincing explanation of these two discrepant circumstances. She was not so stupid as to feign any indignation at the innuendo which so clearly underlay these remarks.

"Ah, but of course, what I sent you are copies of his dear letters," she said. "I corrected a slip in spelling no doubt."

Miss Barsham looked at her no longer. Out of mere kindness she looked away.

"But your letters, apparently, are signed in my brother's handwriting," she said. "I should have certainly believed it was his."

There was dead silence, and soon Miss Barsham got up.

"What are you going to do?" asked Grace.

"Just leave your letters with you, I don't intend to say anything about it all, if you mean that."

Grace opened the packet when she had gone, in some vague suspicion that the letters were not all there, that the odious sister (who after all mattered so little) had abstracted some, to keep as evidence. But her scrutiny revealed no such design of exposure, and leaving the opened packet there, she dined and went out to the ballet. She returned home full of new projects, and, letting herself in, remembered to go into the sitting-room where she had left the packet of letters. To her amazement, as she opened the door she found it lit inside, and sitting there, her husband. "But, my dear, how delightful," she said. "I had given you up. I thought you would not come till to-morrow. Was your boat very late?"

She paused, and in his silence saw that his hand held a thin sheet of paper covered with typewriting.

"I picked this up from the bundle," he said. "There it was; it might have been a circular. I saw the signature. Then I read it. It began with a series of dots; it was typewritten too; it did not look private. Now was this which I hold here written to you? This thing about rabbits and long ears and enchantments, was it written to you?"

"Before God," she began, and then remembered how like this was to Becky Sharp; and then her voice broke.

"I wrote it myself," she said in a strangled whisper. "I thought it would be so interesting. Never did he write to me like that. Miss Barsham has been here already. I can't stand any more."

It was about the middle of July that the great book of letters made its appearance, and nobody talked about anything else; the same old subject kept cropping up however often it was changed. It was in vain that Mrs. Fortley, surrounded by the highest and best, tried to introduce other topics of current interest; she had private information about the state of Ireland, the Italian ambassador had lunched with her that day, the—it was all no use. Worst of all there was her husband talking to Miss Barsham within easy earshot. As she began to speak, unable to

refuse an answer to a direct question, she saw them both look at her for a moment and then continue their conversation.

"No, there are no letters to me in the book," she said. "My friendship with him concerned me. I did not see that it was incumbent on me to give it to the world. Tell me, Lord Middlesex, because you're the only person who really knows, and there are so many reports going about—"

E. F. BENSON.

CITY AS THE EXPRESSION OF CIVIC LIFE.

Interpretation of Civic Architecture: Cultural and Socio-Political.

Art is expression. True, great art is not a mere body, it shows a heart, a soul shining through the form. A national art does not only express the matter, *i.e.*, the needs and interests of the nation, but also its spirit—its culture and ideals. Civic art therefore must express the needs, life and aspirations of the community in the outward form of their towns, portraying the community, as it were, on a gigantic canvas. "The city as a whole is but a visible symbol of this life behind it." In the following pages I shall make an attempt at an interpretation of Indian civic art, especially in its socio-political and cultural aspects. How Aryan master-builders did not only attend to the needs of the community, at that time, but gave the city permanent value and interest by embodying in its lay-out the spiritual and cultural life of the Aryans; how Indian cities are the most convincing records of evolution and progress of India, more than the edicts and copper-plates—an interpretation of these is the great and difficult them that can at best be an attempt.

The most conspicuous characteristic of ancient Indian towns in fact of all ancient towns, Greek or Roman—that cannot fail to arrest the indifferent eyes of the most casual tourist is their fortifications—the girdle of walls and moats. It is not for nothing that these constitute an integral part of the discourse on town planning in the *Silpa Sastras* where their construction is treated with elaborate details. It is because they were indispensable bulwarks of defence that their structure was consummated to a skilful science. In India, as in Europe, there was no vast empire under one suzerain extending all over the country, in which case Nature would have furnished the most formidable breastworks in the shape of encompassing seas and mountains. But, on the contrary, like the old Greek city-states India was a congeries of many small principalities which were often carrying

on guerilla warfares against one another for mutual subdual and consequent overlordship. Life of citizens was made insecure by these internecine conflicts and this insecurity was further accentuated by the barbarian aborigines, called the Rakshasas, driven by Aryan might into the jungles and who with their anthropophagous propensities were ever ready to fly to the throat of Aryan intruders upon their original home and hitherto undisputed realm. Over and above these, the whole country was interspersed with thick woods alive with their dreadful denizens who, off and on, carried havoc into human habitations. These causes making human life extremely insecure combined to emphasise upon the ancient civic architects the indispensability of effective protection against the inroads of deadly foes, rational or irrational.

To a student of history and sociology prying through the hazy past and groping for unmistakable signs marking the various gradations in the evolving process of Aryan progress, political and social, the mound—the most ancient and aboriginal abode of the natives; the subterranean rooms with superstructural houses walled round, with no windows or doors opening on the street, the quadrangular groups of houses all facing an open space in the middle and their back-walls forming a continued enclosure, with only small openings on one side; the villages or the wards in the city with their girths of walls and moats; then the wards with a contour of houses lined along the streets and opening on them; the city fenced round by similar rampart, and embattled parapets and wide ditches and their paucity of gates; then walled and ditched cities with large number of arteries of communication with the country outside; finally the open city of the present day with no walls and ditches;—all these are indelible landmarks and their comparative study opens up wonderful vistas of Ancient Indian history. Let the student consider along with the above three types of cities—the fort capital; the capital with a citadel or fort in the centre containing within its fold all the important public buildings, to wit, the royal palace, the cantonment, the Commander-in-chief's Lodge, the Court, the Council House, the Treasury, the Minister's house, the City shrine; finally the capital with the fort on one side, some or all of other public buildings having been stationed without the fort. In very ancient times the king was

nothing but a redoubtable warrior-chief at the head of a large following, a band of soldiers whom he had excelled in military traits and accomplishments. In those formidable times when everybody had to depend for safety and self-defence upon the artful manipulation of his sword and had to draw it out every now and then, fighting capacity decided the worth of men. Hence anybody who excelled in the art of fighting transcended in bravery and fortitude, was willingly obeyed and followed by all. The leader of the combatants was the king and his exceeding martial ability struck awe and reverence in his followers. In the absence of any administrative machinery in those unsettled times, the military, the executive, the judicial, nay, all the important functions of a state combined and centred in him. Later on when peace and tranquility prevailed to some extent in his territory and a sort of state machinery was elaborated, still the old notion of the supremacy of the chief in all matters, did not change. Facts change faster than ideas. The king remained still the State in-miniature, the fountain head of all justice, the head of the executive, *parens parenti*, Lord paramount, and Commander-in-chief of his brave warriors. Hence it is we find that the Court, the Treasury, the soldiers' barracks, the Council-house, the Minister's house were grouped round the royal castle, and formed part and parcel of it. Again in case of emergency the citadel was utilised as a fort, the ultimate retreat.

The very reasons which led to the elaborate fortifications of the city and its citadel and gave rise to the foregoing political theory, were responsible for the origin of communalism in Ancient India. I have already observed that blocks of houses under different ownerships were erected round an open space in the middle so that their back-walls formed a continued enclosure. In the common ownership of the central open space lies the seed of communalism. The communalistic sentiments engendered by combination for mutual watch and protection were crystallised by the patriarchal rule. Hence we find in village communities of Ancient India common pasture, common field or *ténure*. Communalism was forcibly expressed in ancient city or village-plannings in the shape of a public square or common tank in the middle of the village, or in the village rest-house, in the council tree

planted at the cross-section of the two main roads of the village with a pedestal raised round it or in the temple of the tutelary deity of the village with its spacious *mandapam*. At all these trysting places the village elders congregated after sun-set to discuss village politics; and at all hours of the day rural folks repaired to these places and enjoyed friendly chats. "The essential condition for the development of a strong civic spirit lies in the maintenance of the communal life and consciousness, and this condition is fulfilled nowhere else in the world as it is in oriental countries. This is to a certain extent the result of climate. Life, in the clear air and under the cloudless skies of India, is necessarily passed much in the open air. That the street is a kind of club, the very architecture, with its verandahs and stone-couches, bears mute witness. The family-homes stand ranged behind the great open air *salon*, like a row of convent cells, for the stricter members of the choir. Sometimes there are added evidences of the larger social grouping visible to the eye. Bhuvaneswar has its great tree in the midst of the parting of three roads, and at any hour one may see there knots of talkers of one sort or another, seated at ease beneath it. Conjeeveram is like a city out of the old Greek or Assyrian world, so wide is the roadway that leads to the temple entrance, and so splendid the arch that spans it just before, eloquent, both, of communal worship and rejoicing. Nor are women in India altogether without their civic centres and gathering places, though these are necessarily concerned chiefly with the bathing-ghat, the temple and the well". (*Sister Nivedita*).

Patriarchism also accounts to some extent for trade-guilds, as the castes or their sub-divisions really were, in as much as any profession used to be, handed down from generation to generation *i.e.*, sons in almost all cases followed the trade and crafts of their parents. This guildism combined with division of social functions and theory of decentralisation of government so as to make the village community an autonomous unit, gave rise to that peculiar social organism or constitution of the Hindus, the Varnasramadharma. This Hindu sociology ramifying the whole Hindu community into four principal castes ultimately disintegrating into many more sub-castes stamped the Aryan town or village-planning

with ineffaceable landmarks. For we find in the town or village, different building plots or wards were assigned to different castes or sub-castes and the Silpa Sastras are very much particular in their distribution. In this stratification of the society too, communalism asserted itself, for every building plot or ward of a town was planned exactly in accordance with the same principles as were followed in village-planning and consequently such communal centres as the council tree, the square and the like were inevitable to be organised and provided for in the wards or the building plots. The evil consequence upon city-corporate life of segregation of people into detached wards liable to develop and actually developing different habits and customs was provided against and arrested in the large composite wards, villages by themselves, of the big cities, or of small towns with simple residential blocks, by institution of temples in the centre with magnificent mandaps, debate-halls, rest-houses, within the temple compound where all sorts of people could freely congregate together irrespective of their caste. As in strictly religious matters, there was no distinction of caste, so the holy ground of the temple was open to all. Varnasramadharma was strictly a social institution and it could not stretch beyond the pale of social concerns. Every person belonging to any caste has his inherent right to make offerings and devotions to the tutelary deity of the city or village whose holy precincts can by no means be polluted by his sons. The influence of human organisation cannot enter and interfere with the equality and fraternity reigning amongst the devotees in the consecrated compound.

In as much as every institution or performance draws its inspiration from religious creed which was supreme in all matters, true national spirit of the Hindus as embodied in the common religious susceptibility premeated through all strata of the society strengthening the bonds of corporate life. It was in periods of degeneration that caste distinctions were carried also within the holy ground of the temple.. It is for this reason and also because non-Aryan gods, such as the Dravidian deities were not recognised by the proselytizing Aryans who, though they took the non-Aryans within the pale of their society did not in some cases find niches for their deities

in the Hindu pantheon, that we find arrangements for exclusive caste-deities or temples in the villages or towns. Dirty habits of the low classes might have accentuated this untenably ugly phase of Hindu society. How be it, it cannot be gainsaid that caste-distinctions prevented one thing : it did not make poverty a crime, a depressing disqualification. In the towns or villages building blocks were not distributed on the basis of wealth, thus dividing the city into two parts like the East End or the West End of London. Though from the stand-point of city-sanitation the difference mattered little, yet so far as corporate life and building up of individual character and civic consciousness were concerned it meant a good deal. Freedom of religious belief, freedom of worshipping the tutelary deities, and communal instincts were the equilibrating and unifying forces that stopped social disintegration likely to arise out of social differences and consequent caste-acerbities.

It was the great Vivekananda who said in one of his speeches at Ramnad : "The secret of a true Hindu's character lies in the subordination of his knowledge of European sciences and learning, of his wealth, position and name to that one principal theme which is inborn in every Hindu child—the spirituality and purity of the race." At every stage of town planning the Master builder's duties as laid down in the Silpa Sastras bring home to us the validity of this sound dictum. Religious predilections of the Hindus led authors of the Silpa Sastras to enjoin some ritualistic and sacrificial observances in selection, exorcisement and purification of the sites. We have seen how the whole site was divided into a number of plots or chambers, how each chamber was held sacred to and named after a god. Then a presiding deity of the *vastu* was conceived, his various limbs occupying fixed chambers and then offerings were made to him. Some religious rites were also performed when laying the foundation of a city or of a building : "The gods such as Vishnu, Hara, the Sun-god, etc., should be worshipped before founding a city and offerings should be made at the instance of the founder.*" The assignment of causeways among the city-walls to the senti-

*Agni Puranam, Ch. 106.

nel-deities, the denomination of the various plans and gates of the villages, the annular strips demarcating the city-ground and their appellations were the unmistakable signs which the pre-eminently religious character of the Hindus impressed upon the civic art.

The same truth embossed itself on the Hindu civic architecture in the shape of a large number of Aryan and non-Aryan gods and their magnificent edifices trimmed and arranged throughout the city. Every street of note, every building zone or every district of the town was sanctified by these religio-communal centres where the patron deities were installed, radiating bliss and brightening their jurisdictions with a halo of holiness. Thus we read in the description of Vijaynagar by the Portuguese traveller, Domingo Paes :—"There are temples in every street, for these appertain to institutions like the confraternities you know of in our parts, of all the craftsmen and merchants ; but the principal and greatest pagodas are outside the city." All the expenses of worshipping the deities and the upkeep of their edifices were met by local subscriptions. These communal traditions of public worship of gods are kept up to this day in every Indian city.

In the village or the town the various gods were enshrined according to some scheme. The scheme of the Agni Puranam runs as follows :—"The phallic emblems belonging to the *chala* or removable class should be installed in temples situated at the eastern quarter of a city. The images of Lakshmi and Vaisravana should be established at each side of the western side of a eastern gate ; and the temples of God established on the western side of a city, should face the east, looking on the two above-said images. In the east or the south, the divine edifices should face the west and the north respectively. The images of Brahma, Vishnu, Isa and other gods should be installed in a city, for the protection and as the guardian deities of the latter." The Agni Purana now proceeds to cite the evil consequences of absence of divine installations in the city : "A city, village, fortress or a house not having tutelary deity of its own, is devoured by the Pichases, and becomes infested with a fell disease or pestilence."

The blessings that are due to the divine images raised in the city are as follows :—"A city or a village, etc., protected by a deity, becomes thriving and prosperous ; and imparts victory, enjoyment of earthly good, and finally salvation to its inhabitants." Mayamuni's order is different, and more detailed and comprehensive : "Allocation of the gods is to begin from the east. The Aryan gods should all be set up within the compound of the village or city. The temple of Siva may be established outside it. The Vinayaka is to occupy Vringaraja or Pavaka's chamber. Siva is to be enshrined in the chambers consecrated to Isa or Soma, or at those adjoining Soma. Surrounding Siva are to be measured the sites for the temples of his attendant deities. The Sun-god is to be quartered at the chamber held sacred to Aditya ; the goddess Kalika is to have her shrine installed at Agni's plot. Vishnu's edifice is to be erected at the plot presided over by Vrisha, and the image of Shanmuka (the six-faced god) is to be constructed at the yamy square. To the north (Mriga quartered) or the south-east of Mrisha's chamber lies the temple of Keshava. The Lord of the ganas is set up at the chamber held sacred to Sugriva or at the Pushpadanta's portion. Aryaka has his edifice at the south-east corner of the village and Vishnu is assigned his shrine at Varuna. The great Sugata (Buddha) should have his monastery at the Sugriva and at the Vringaraja the deity of the Jainas should be located. The liquor-shop should be relegated to the north-west corner and the goddess Katyani should occupy the Mukhya site. Kuvera (Dhanada) is to be stationed at Soma's chamber and the Matris may also be assigned sites there. Sankara may possess temples either at the Isa, the Paryanya or the Jayanta. Kuvera must occupy either of the two sites, the Soma or the Sosha and if he occupies the one, the other should be allotted to Gajanana. The Matris may occupy shrines at the Aditi. The edifice of Vishnu should be erected at the centre of the village. To the south-east or the north-east of the Vrahma's site the council-house is to be raised. To its north-west Hari should have his shrine. The dimensions and number of storeys of all the divine edifices should be commensurate with the size of the village or the city. If a divine edifice be too low for the village or the town, the men become also low-minded and the women

acquire foul habits. Chandeswar, Kumara, Dhanada, Kali, Putana, Kalisuta and Kadgi are the divine porters of the city. Isa should face either the east or the west and Vishnu can face towards all the cardinal quarters. All should have their faces turned towards the village or city. All the gods bearing Isara and Vishnu should face the east and the Matris are to have their faces turned towards the north. The Sungod's shrine is to have its door in the west."* Generally Bhahma is placed at the cross-section of the two principal highways crossing at the centre of the city, with His four faces turned towards the four cardinal directions as if looking down the streets and watching the city in all quarters. All the gods are posed as facing the village or city which symbolises their tutelage over it. The non-Aryan gods or goddesses are stationed without the compound of the village or city. The above in a way is indicative of idealisation or deification of the abode. "The ground on which a city stands is in truth a great hearth-place of human love, a veritable altar of spiritual fire." As for instances of idealising the abode, "What of Benares, built about the Vedic hearth, that to-day is the golden grating of Bisweswar? What of Allahabad, with her thousands of pilgrims, bathing in the sacred waters of the Ganga-Jumna? What of Chitor, with her cathedral church of Kalika—Kangra-Rani, queen of the Battlements? What of Calcutta, where appears Nakuleswar, as guardian of the ghat of Kali. From end to end of the peopled earth, we shall find, wherever we look, that man makes his home of a surpassing sanctity to himself and others, and the divine mingles with the domestic fire on every hearth."†

I have already remarked that religion is the be-all and end-all of Hindu life. Spirituality is the fountain-head from which flowed national currents. Hence the temples—embodiments of spirituality, were the centres where culture and education were carried on. Again the sages who were the custodians of sacred lore and expounders of Hindu theology, holding holy commune in meditation with God, were also the professors and propounders

*Vide Mayamatam, Chap. IX, pp. 31—33.

†Vide Civic and National Ideals by Sister Nivedita, pp. 13—14.

of Hindu sociology. Generally, the wise and sagacious hermits, belonging to the sacerdotal class were also the persons who directed legislation of society. A sequestered place away from the hustle and bustle of the city is the one most suited to their contemplation and for training the young hopefuls of the race. Hence their hermitages were like the modern colleges where students congregated from all parts of the country. The temples, hermitages or monasteries of ancient India formed the nucleus of the University towns of later ages, such as Taxila or Nalanda, Naimisharanya or Benares.

Communal instincts of the Aryans were reflected not only in the great concourse of votaries in the temples irrespective of caste or rank, power or pelf, but were evident also in the common rejoicings on the occasion of any public worship. The conscious thought of the spiritual unity and kinship of all the citizens was expressed in festivity. Every triumphal arch that spans the village gates or 'crowns a bathing ghat, on the banks of the Ganges' testifies to that feeling. It was this feeling which led to the institution of the grand ceremonial processions along the principal roads of the towns or village. "Over and over again, in the Rig-Veda, the earth is referred to as the 'sacrifice' round which the path of light makes a friendly circle in the course of the year. It is one of the most beautiful and vigorous of similes. But it reminds us of the beautiful procession of the images which are so characteristic a feature of life in Indian towns. As the light encircles the earth so verily do these ceremonial pilgrimages girdle our boroughs and villages, nay, it is not only the worshipper of Saraswati or the commemorator of the Mohurram who makes the circumambulation of communal home. The whole Indian idea of enjoyment is communal and even at a marriage, processions form the typical delight."* These processions cast salutary effect upon town-planning. It was the grandeur of these processions which necessitated the great width of the highways of Indo-Aryan towns; the stupendous cars, as for example, the Jagannath's car at Bhuvanewar, which were dragged by huge crowds gathered from far and near, must easily pass through

**Vide Civic and National Ideals* by Sister Nivedita, pp. 20-21.

them. This is why we come across descriptions in ancient Indian cities of fine broad streets. These processions prevented the narrowing of streets by encroaching buildings. Quite akin to this there was another ceremony which prevented the germination of bacteria of diseases in the stagnant waters of the tanks of the Indian towns. This is water festival. It consists of a Floating Car as a counter-part of the land-car. It was also pulled and propelled to and fro, hither and thither, which results in the extinction of all disease germs, destroys the aquatic plants that overgrow the water-surface and thus pollute the water, and invests the water with purity and sanctity.

The massive architecture of the public buildings and their fascinating details of ornamental decorations bear eloquent testimony not merely to the high level of artistic skill reached by the Indian schools of architecture but also speak of the affluent economic condition of the citizens, their happy life and jubilant nature. The Indian town-planners were alive to the importance of the public buildings. They were not built in a hap-hazard way. Their civic utility is too great for such indifferent treatment. Art is nothing if not culture and method of imparting and spreading culture. These public buildings constituted therefore one of the most effective means of educating the citizens, training their eyes, inspiring them with religious and national ideals. The bas-reliefs and alto-reliefs sculptured on the walls, aisles, cornices, corridors and the paintings on ceilings, capitals and domes of the public buildings and their colonnaded pillars illustrate the soul-stirring achievements of the religio-national heroes like Rama, Buddha, Hanumana, and Krishna. The walls were painted with brilliant portraits, groups of pictures illustrative of a scene inculcating humanising and ennobling ideas—all taken from the epics, the Puranas, folk-lore and other religio-sociomythological literatures. A more pleasant and effective method than through art and aesthetics like the above of disseminating national culture, sustaining and patronising art, emphasising glory and fulness of civic life cannot be conceived. Cities are turned into great schools of nationality, in its most liberal and comprehensive sense.

BENODEBEHARI DATTA.

THE PROSPECTS OF PEACE.

The peace of Europe is now a question which intimately concerns India in a manner that is has never previously done in her history. Politically and economically she is becoming so linked with the West that she can no longer view with calm indifference the course of events in other parts of the globe. It is not only a matter of being part of the British Empire. War on a large scale in Europe or in the Pacific would in any case seriously affect the economic stability of the country, as is instanced at present by the serious depression of the tea trade on account of the virtual isolation and bankruptcy of Russia. The immediate effect of war would be, as it has been in the past, a demand for India's raw products, creating an appearance of great prosperity. But the inevitable rise in food prices the world over whenever several nations devote themselves to the unproductive occupation of war places a heavy burden on the mass of the population. Wages follow reluctantly the upward curve and seldom without a struggle on the part of the manual workers that leaves a store of bitterness behind. While war on a world scale looses passions and disintegrates political organisations to an extent that none can foresee.

It may therefore be worth examining how far the late war, which the soldiers hoped so ardently was to end war, is likely to be the last in our own lifetime. Now the possibility of war is largely dependent on the state of mind of that portion of the population which will be called upon to take an active part in it. We do not mean to say that the majority of able-bodied men ever actually desire to fight, but if they are in a frame of mind which considers a military victory desirable or a defensive war inevitable, it will not to be much jockeying on the part of their government or newspapers to send them running to kill and be killed with the best will in the world. It is only when men are convinced that war is so entirely foolish and damnable that they will seek almost any other alternative rather than be forced into it, that the prospects of peace are really sound. That fortunately is the position in Europe to-day. The high enthusiasm of Armistice days may have evaporated, but enough of the spirit remains not only amongst the fighting men but amongst all who suffered those four

years of anxiety and deprivation, to make the final step towards war impossible. The press of Paris may revile perfidious Albion and Foreign offices talk as big as mountains, but it is perfectly certain that if it came to the point, the nations themselves would find a way out of it. And an even stronger incentive to the government to maintain peace is the spectre of anarchy which feeds on bankruptcy and despair and seemed at one moment ready to envelop victors and vanquished alike.

Unfortunately in this respect the memory of man for his troubles is short and when a new generation grows up that knows not war, or worse still, knows it through the fictitious haze of glory that historians and story-writers love to cast upon it, the particular element of safety which we have just set out will largely disappear. Even the knowledge that war never pays and that bankruptcy is the best preparation for revolution will not prevent nations from going to war, man not being, as one is tempted to think Mr. Norman Angel must have overlooked, a rational being but a creature of impulse and prejudice. Rather in twenty years' time one will have to rely on a tradition of peace. Now that tradition is by no means easy to come by. It is a temperance habit that is easily broken. England did something to build up such a tradition while the dynasties of Europe wrangled through the nineteenth century, although it must be confessed that it was not a tradition she honoured very much overseas. The peaceful progress of the United States, more fortunately placed geographically, has also contributed largely to the tradition. In fact the relations of the British Empire with the United States are in themselves significant, it being regarded as almost unthinkable that the two great Anglo-Saxon nations should engage in fratricidal strife.

It is Europe itself however that is the breeding ground for wars and the outlook there is not altogether hopeful. There are several small countries which have hardly settled down to peace at all, and if Europe had a temple of Janus, there would be few days when its doors would not be open. Some of them would seem to be taking advantage of the fatigue of their elders to benefit their position before the mosaic of Europe is finally set. But these after all are small affairs. The real *Bust* of Europe is at

Paris. France has in large measure succeeded to the hegemony of European politics from which Bismarck cast her out some fifty years ago. She has certain powerful assets: the prestige of victory; the overwhelming strength of her armies; the energy and ability of her diplomacy; and the wide range of her language and culture. Germany is at her feet with England as her only protector. Belgium and Poland are naturally her grateful henchmen. In Hungary and the Balkans the governments seek her favour and she is acquiring powerful economic interests in return. Neither Italy nor Spain are in a position to do much else but mind their own affairs. If therefore France set her mind resolutely on peace there could be no war in Europe. But it is not too much to say that France looks, if not to another war, at least to another campaign in order to seat herself yet more firmly as mistress of Europe. The rapid economic recovery of Germany alarms her beyond measure and Great Britain's sentimental attitude—as the French term it—towards Central European politics fills her with disgust. A recent article in one of the best known French periodicals expresses fairly accurately the attitude of the average educated Frenchmen. The writer, having as a preliminary placed a somewhat low estimate on the part played by the other Allies in the late war, proceeds to review what he considers to be the main essentials to stability in Europe. These he puts as follows:—

- (1) "To ally ourselves with a powerful Poland, supported by Roumania and the new States, and acting as a neighbour to our own neighbours. We shall thus keep Germany in check by preventing her from joining hands with Russia, her eventual accomplice.
- (2) "Occupy the Ruhr and pay ourselves, since the Germans will not. The operation will ruin nobody, not even Great Britain, and will be our own salvation.
- (3) "Constitute an independent Rhineland, living in our sphere of influence, since it is a district which was never meant for a life of sheer negation."

We have here a reversion in cold print and in the year 1921 to the Napoleonic idea of a century ago. Not for nothing was the

centenary of that great and fatal statesman celebrated with such fervour in France this year. It is the old cry of the 'National Frontiers', born in the wars of the Revolution and embodying an idea peculiarly attractive to the phrase-loving, persistently historical French mind. The author of the article postulates a balance of power where the balance will be permanently and heavily against Germany and he would realise it by a system of military alliances, buffer states and economic interests—a system to which the principal objection is that it is most surely provocative of war. And this adjustment is to be independent of Great Britain. In any case gratitude is not of long duration between nations and France's dependence on England during the last few years has been peculiarly galling to her pride. We quote again from the same article—

"France then is compelled to subordinate everything to the realisation of the plan of having a really powerful Poland, even if necessary at the expense of a sacrificing temporarily our good relations with Great Britain in case she declares for her 'new friendship'."

The 'new friendship' phrase refers to Mr. Lloyd George's rather blunt and incautious threat in a recent speech on the Polish question. Thus whether England likes it or not, she will find herself forced into opposition to French interests and aims. If England is to maintain even a semblance of balance in Europe, she will be forced, if not to ally herself with Germany, at least to sit on the same side of the table at diplomatic conferences. That has already happened over Silesia. However repugnant the idea it is bound to happen again if the French continue their Napoleonic policy.

The difference between the English and French attitude in approaching foreign politics is well worth notice. One last extract will serve as an illustration—

"A State, in order to exist, must answer to certain ethnical conditions: but it must also possess certain economic and territorial guarantees which are not always in accordance with the former. The principle of nationality, always difficult to define, is not

moreover a sound basis unless it is modified by certain territorial necessities and a consideration of the unequal aptitude of certain races for forming political organisms which make for order and peace. Poland is not only a name : it is a principle, a balancing influence, an outpost : it is the foundation of an entirely new diplomatic, military and scientific organisation of Europe."

It is almost the language of Von Bernhardi. As the English know from their experience in England there is an element of truth in the above pronouncement, but take this as an attitude towards things and compare it with the ideals on which was founded the League of Nations and on which the mass of English still base their judgment of European affairs, and one may understand what a gulf there is between the French and British standpoint, and how impossible it is for their statesmen to go hand in hand. France with the bitter personal experience of the last decade is grimly realist and not a little cynical. England with the national optimism of one not in such immediate danger and with the tolerant outlook of a merchant nation, prefers to live and let live in peace. A new orientation in the grouping of the Powers may therefore be regarded as inevitable in the near future.

Briefly we would summarise the prospects of European peace as follows :—For the time being and probably for fifteen years bitter remembrances and the fear of anarchy will act as an insurance against war. Eventually the regrouping of powers and the old national rivalry will lay Europe open to yet another conflict. A new attitude towards foreign nations, a revision of the old ideas about national honour and interests and a reliance on arbitration rather than on war, just as private citizens prefer the law-courts to a pugilistic encounter, can form the sole safeguards of peace. These are a matter of education and tradition rather than of rapid conversion. And it is for this reason that one has to hope that the League of Nations, however poor its power and achievements in comparison with the aspirations of those who founded it, will continue to exist as a concrete representation of a better order of things.

INDIA'S INDUSTRIAL OBJECTIVE.

The World War has shaken the capitalistic organisation of industry to its foundations. As a result of the cataclysm old ideas are being pulled down and old institutions overhauled. India also has been profoundly stirred by the forces of liberalism unloosed by it. She has further been vivified as never before by the great non-co-operation movement of self-discipline, self-purification and self-sacrifice launched by Mahatma Gandhi. There is so far no reason to fear that India's contribution towards the reconstruction of the world will not do credit to the pristine purity of her ideals regarding betterment of the human race.

India's greatest need to-day is the development of her vast resources of raw materials so as to possess an industrial equipment on a par with that of the rest of the "civilised" world—factories to make her own machinery for the requirements of her mills, her own locomotives for her railways, her own motors, steelplates and aeroplanes. These, it is argued, constitute the *sine qua non* of a modern nation and without them India's citizens must remain exposed to danger from the attacks of outsiders. To a full development of her resources there can be no objection from any quarter. But *cui bono?*—and shall it be on the lines of capitalism? These are the paramount questions which face her.

Capitalism is based on the motive of profit to the capitalist. It cannot flourish without markets, to secure which it does not hesitate to make war, at any rate, in the last resort. It forces weaker peoples to buy its manufactures at the point of the bayonet. In its essence it is thus opposed to the peace of the world, intensifying old feuds, racial jealousies and national greeds. It is thus the foster-parent of militarism. It is unfair to its own nationals. It has never worked smoothly even in the continent of its birth. Its inefficiency is being brought home more and more even to its active advocates, leading in several places to a creeping paralysis of social and industrial life. There has, in consequence, arisen an incessant demand for drastic changes and a complete transformation of the economic structure of society.

But even if it were possible to get rid of the evils of the capitalistic system, is not India confronted by an insurmountable difficulty in the way of her success in that she is a subject nation? Her interests have always been subordinated to those of the dominating country and its effects are writ indelibly in the huge drain on her wealth, the extinction of her world-famed manufactures and her consequent impoverishment and misery. She is now said to have the same liberty to "consider" her interests as Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, and South Africa. But will she be allowed to take action irrespective of who may be hit by it? As long as the Governor-General remains responsible to Parliament and the Government of India is constituted as it is, the Government and the Legislature of India are not bound to be in agreement over important fiscal measures. Then our new-found liberty is confined to matters purely of Indian interest. But in these days of international trade matters of any consequence can hardly remain "purely of Indian interest". In a conflict about them India must needs go to the wall. In his recent reply to the Lancashire delegation Mr. Montagu is reported to have said that he was determined to maintain the right given to the Government of India to consider India's interest first like Britain and the rest of the Empire. But the right must remain unsatisfactory as long as India is unable herself to maintain it adequately. No doubt British trade is in need of the good-will of India for the sake of its own prosperity. But if India is allowed to have her own fiscal way, she will adopt a policy of protection and the question cannot but ultimately arise whether her action can be looked upon as consonant with her solidarity within the British Empire. Unfortunately the world situation is only too much full of possibilities giving rise to those "exceptional circumstances" which Mr. Montagu declared as justifying the Secretary of State's intervention in matters purely of Indian interest. How would Indian capitalistic interests fare in that eventuality?

The Indian Merchants' Chamber and Bureau are not a body of non-co-operators. Nevertheless when they recently had an exchange of views with the head of the Supreme Government's Commerce and Industry Department for the purpose of mutual

help and co-operation, they could not disguise their suspicion and distrust towards Government and plainly showed fear lest Indian interests should suffer at the hands of the Government. Even an Anglo-Indian daily in referring to the incident was led to remark: "But while we feel that the Chamber has not done itself credit by its fulminations upon false premises, we can understand the apprehensions prevailing in Indian industrial and commercial sections, on the strength of past history, lest there should be appointed to take charge of the (fiscal) Commission some Englishman who would have an unfair bias in favour of the British export trade.....". The view that Indian fears are not unjustifiable gains strength from the fierce competition that is inevitable between England, America and Japan for world supremacy and, therefore, for capturing Indian trade. Germany with her colossal burden of the reparation charges will also be compelled to try her chances in the competition. Under the stimulus of conditions created by the war America greatly increased her power of production and cannot now find buyers for her manufactures. Great Britain finds herself in no happier predicament, and yet her productive capacity is now at least 50 per cent. in excess of the pre-war standard.

Then there are further reasons why the growth of Indian industrialism is expected to be hampered by British direction. Twenty-eight millions of the people of Great Britain depend upon foreign trade for their livelihood. They have a standard of living which is much higher than what obtains in this country. There can be no finality to the economic advancement of a country which flourishes on capitalism. Then there is the need for England to engage in as comprehensive a programme of ship-building as that of the United States so as not to be outstripped by them in naval power and this at a time when her ability to meet the increased expenditure is questionable. The Dominions are asked to lighten the Mother Country's burden in this respect and they in their turn desire to participate in England's profits from her oversea dependencies. All this portends sooner or later a concentration of strong alien capitalistic forces on Indian soil in addition to making it their dumping ground for "home" products to oust the Indian competitor from the ground he may dare to

occupy. The might of the British arms would make the issue of such an unequal struggle a foregone conclusion. Indian capitalists may be tolerated so far as they may consent to their absorption by their British rivals just as Indian Ministers are, but beyond that they will receive scant mercy. The fate of the venerable fabric of the Austrian Empire is a standing warning in this respect. The Big Four dropped it like a bowl of porcelain on the ground. What guarantee is there that the pogrom spirit which could ruin the economic structure of Central Europe would leave that of India uninjured?

India again cannot go on playing the second fiddle *ad infinitum*. She has her own pressing problems to solve and a moment's delay in dealing with them will be nothing less than criminal. The writer of a very careful and elaborate article in the *Indian Journal of Economics* says that in 1916-17 the best year from the agricultural point of view, despite restrictions on export of food-grains to foreign countries due to the war, so many as 160 millions of people were in a position to get only 79 per cent. of the coarsest kinds of food-grains to maintain them in health and strength. Two-thirds of the population, he continues, always get only three-fourths of the amount of food-grains they should have and it is just possible, he further goes on, that one-third of the above number (two-thirds of the population) may be getting a little less than 90 per cent. of their requirements and the rest of the two-thirds or 100 millions in spite of hard labour may be getting for a greater part of the year less than sixty per cent. of food-grains that are given to the worst sort of criminals in the jails of the United or Central Provinces. It is surely a very alarming state of affairs. An examination of the brief analysis of the census figures issued by the Government of India and of the facts recorded in the vital statistics of the country during the past few years reveals, in the words of the *Times of India*, that "there has been a decline of both birth-rate and survival rate since 1913 and during 1918 and 1919 births were fewer than deaths, while the stimulus which the war gave to agriculture did not affect the population figures". After making due allowance for the terrific havoc caused by the influenza epidemic and the famine among the population it could not suppress "an uneasy

feeling that the modernisation and current material improvement of Indian life are not being accompanied by an equally promising betterment in the health of the people, but rather the reverse". Thus India is menaced by a grave danger in the form of the food or vitality problem of the vast bulk of her population. Every other question must necessarily pale into insignificance before it. It would be a national disaster of the first magnitude if this problem of problems were neglected and India's man-power were to be seriously crippled as a result.

The remedy to be of any use must be one which will add to the inadequate resources of the masses in fighting the dire enemy of semi-starvation. No amount of success in the growth of capitalism will be able to effect this. There is not space enough in the cities, which are the citadels of capitalism, to accommodate all the population of the villages and they must always look to the soil for their sustenance. What is required is to provide them with an occupation which will supplement their income and thus render them capable of earning and retaining enough food for themselves. An ideal occupation is that of spinning and weaving. The spinning wheel is cheap, is easily made and repaired by the village carpenter and requires only a small capital for raw material. The yarn can be woven in almost every village. Vast potentialities have now been opened out by the introduction of the *Charkha* propaganda and the boycott of foreign cloth. The prices of cloth may leap up for a time as a consequence but it will not be an unmixed evil for the villagers, who, as producers, will be able to share in the profits. Again British capitalism need not become anxious, as it has endless resources. A self-reliant and self-sufficient India will farther be a source of greater strength to the Empire than a helpless, weak and starving India. What is more is the promise of the rise of a peasantry in India healthier, cleaner, freer and sweeter than the population ground down by capitalism, which will ever furnish an object-lesson stimulating the European societies wrecked by war to revive similar rural societies amongst themselves.

THE POET'S ANXIETY AND HIS MESSAGE.

I

The poet keeps the childlike purity of his heart by meditating upon God. In the *prarthana mandir* (prayer house) Rabindranath and all the members of Shantiniketan meet every Wednesday for prayer. The very lines on the face of the poet during prayer show the sincerity and truth in his heart.

Modernism has brought with it a spirit of scepticism. We love to argue, but do not see that by mere argument truth refuses to be bound. It does not mean that philosophers who proceed by argument do not know the nature of truth. They go with an open mind and therefore do get a glimpse of it. But the real danger is not in philosophy but in sophistry—mere love of bandying words. This warps our minds and deadens our spirits. It is this that is rampant everywhere. So, what is really needed is to keep our minds open for truth.

This is, I think, what the poet does. Look at his "Gitanjali" or "Lover's Gift and Crossing." There we see, in an instant, how the poet can feel that God is there before him. This wrangling intellect is pushed into a corner for a moment. For it can only heat the brain, it cannot bring the cooling touch of creative joy. He lays bare before his Maker his mind and heart. He is like a child talking to his father. What is more important, he has that childlike faith in God which steels his nerves and keeps him young for ever.

But, I am afraid, not one among ten of the modern educated men is capable of such a faith. It is such a faith that kept the older generations healthy and strong even in their old age and unfortunately this important element is conspicuous by its absence in modern educational institutions. That is precisely the reason why Mahatma Gandhi and other eminent leaders of India are opposed to the existing system of instruction. The poet is fortunate in one thing, *viz.*, that he has enjoyed the advantages of English education without being hampered by its disadvantages. His genius rebelled against it. Mahatma Gandhi asks the

modern youths to show that they are made of sterner stuff and to rebel against it as this poet did.

II

But the question arises "Science is the great gift of modernism and how can we afford to ignore it?" The answer is simple. There is poetry in Science. Science employs, not sophistry, but argument to prove some truth which suggests itself to us through imagination. Through imagination, like the poet, the scientist also perceives some possibilities in the economy of human life. Like the poet, he has the joy of discovery and of invention. He feels the joy of creation. He gives; therein consists his greatness. Like the poet the great scientist keeps his mind open for new suggestions and does not warp it by endless and fruitless arguments.

So, we need not underrate the value of Science. But the real danger is that we are likely to drift into overrating its importance. Like a child which suddenly got big new toys to play with Europe set a greater value upon the machines which Science gave her. Like fire and water they are good servants. But when we allow them to encroach on the life interests of humanity we commit the greatest blunder. The poet's message is "Do not in a fit of rage destroy the creative work of Science, but in the meanwhile be careful to see that this very Science and its products are not allowed to create a split among ourselves. Harmony among all living beings is the *sine qua non* of future progress. You cannot do without it."

Here the poet is reasonable. His aim is the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God. The steamers, railways and other products of Science were put to improper use, hence the disaster of the late war. By setting up a fury of passion you can never do anything good. It is the light of the spirit and not the flame of passion and hatred that can bring together humanity. "Do not" he says, "raise barriers between India and other nations when Europe, after much suffering, is ready to repent for her past." Certainly, this ought to be the spirit of a healthy movement.

III.

The poet is a great conserver of human energy. He knows that we are sure to feel weary and lose strength when we cry out against anything. Look, how even in his old age, by opening his mind and heart to God to receive truth he has kept up the freshness and agility of youth.

Moreover, he has a mission for the world. He has ended the epoch of patriotic poets of narrow nationalism. Their days are gone. So long as there was this local patriotism in poets we see almost invariably that they wrote war poetry in which they did not hesitate to praise themselves and blame their enemies.

T. H. Green has given an interesting discourse on "Can we justify war" in his *Principles of Political Obligation*. It is worth a reading by all who feel interested in modern problems. For, there he speaks like a true citizen of the world. He almost cries out in anguish why in civilised humanity war should be possible at all. He tries to fix the crime of this "multitudinous murder" on each of the parties in turn and in the end concludes that all are responsible. We thus see wherein consists the greatness of the "Non-co-operation Movement."

But unfortunately in an evil hour the people have adopted this word as a mere rallying cry without comprehending its spiritual message. It is unfortunate because it denotes the passion of rejection. The manner in which the mind of the poet works is by assuming a better attitude. It says: "These are toys which kept me away so long from truth. Now that I see the beauty of truth in harmony let me ignore them as useless."

But it may be said that this attitude will not do, because, when you are preaching truth your property and the very bread of your life may be taken away from you. True, but by keeping alive your flame of passion you lose yourself. Bread is not the sole thing needed to sustain life. Make your needs as few and simple as possible. Instead of courting the indignation of your opponents ignore them and turn to the path of spirituality which your ancient *rishis* showed you to be the best. Then you get the joy which keeps you young for ever.

Here, it will be interesting to recapitulate a small anecdote

of the poet. Speaking to two ascetics who said they had seen truth he asked "why don't you preach your doctrine to all the people of the world"?

The reply was :—

"Whoever feels thirsty will of himself come to the river."

"But do you find it so? Are they coming?"

The man gave a gentle smile and with an assurance which had not the least tinge of impatience or anxiety he said, "They must come, one and all". This is just the attitude that is necessary. He feels his message has not fallen on barren ground and that *they must come—one and all*. The poet has got this strength of faith; others have not. But "Return to nature, to the simple life of your forefathers and shake off this fever of civilisation" he says, "and then, this very faith will come to you. Then only can the wheels of progress proceed fast. Never for heaven's sake blind yourself in passion and bring ruin upon all." This is the anxiety of the poet and there is his message.

R. RANGAIYA.

Shantiniketan.

TWO TYPICAL SCHOOLS OF DENMARK.

"The educational institutions of Denmark have reached a very high degree of perfection; indeed, few countries, if any, can compete with Denmark in this respect. Education is compulsory. Poor parents pay a nominal sum weekly for the education of their children at the government schools, so that almost all the lower classes can read and write"

The Danish system of education is admirably framed and when one travels through this little country, he is astonished to find even the lowest peasant well conversant with current affairs and speaking two or three European languages beside his own. In a short stay in Denmark, one feels and realises how extremely well-instructed people the Danes are. It is a pity that a big country like India with all its glorious ancient tradition is to-day wallowing in the mire of rank illiteracy and ignorance which is one of the greatest causes of her down-fall and poverty.

It was last year on the first of April that I saw the Ladelund School. Mr. Emill Konradi was kind enough to take us over the institution and to supply us with information about it. The school comprises a square of handsome and serviceable buildings to which is attached a farm of about fifty-two acres. It is an agricultural high school with a dairy combined, worked on co-operative lines by about a hundred members. The school was the property of the director and manager Mr. Niels Penderson, founded by him in the autumn of the year 1879. There are in Denmark to-day altogether, one more such school with dairy combined and sixteen purely agricultural schools without any dairy attached to them. The Ladelund School had last year 150 students for agriculture and 55 for dairy work. Mr. Konradi is a teacher for dairy work. The agricultural students are taught management of stock, agriculture, book-keeping, chemical and physical science, botany and bacteriology, social economy, mathematics, Danish language, drawing, land-measurements and Swedish gymnastics. The dairy students are taught

the same subjects, agriculture, drawing and land-measurement only excepted—but they have lessons in dairy work in addition. Cow-breeding and cow-feeding are also taught. The hours of instruction vary according to seasons. The school is subsidised by the State to the extent of 5000 kroner a year or less according to the number of students. The School has large, bright and spacious rooms. Starting with humble buildings, it has grown into a nice, red-bricked copious mansion with all modern convenience and arrangements. In the small museum containing specimens of insects, etc., we came across the skeleton of a cow which was the property of the school, yielding 8000 kilos of milk per year. There are chemical, bacteriological and other laboratories necessary for the students in their studies.

Gymnastics are compulsory to the students and the schools of all description follow the Swedish system in physical training. Every boy and every girl in Denmark must have physical training. Education is free and compulsory and in every educational institution of any denomination whatever physical training is compulsory. Indeed, without a strong body, no strong soul can evolve. Physical deterioration of the race is the curse of India to-day. There is nothing like physical training for boys, nothing at all for girls. From the beginning of adolescence begins for our boys and girls the period of mental worries and mental pressure attendant on poverty and want of education and by twenty-five, they are pale, emaciated, sunken youths counting their days. Without health and physical strength, we must not forget, all life is insipid and miserable, not worth living. It is time we revived our energies in this direction.

The school has its own dormitories where the students reside during term-time. They have to pay 90 kr. a month each (one kr. = a shilling in normal times) for their food, boarding and lodging expenses and of these 90 kr. per student, 45 kr. are paid by the student and 45 kr. by the State. There are two courses, one agricultural which occupies five months, and another for dairy work which extends to about 28 months. The students are generally admitted in order of their application until the school is full. Boys from primary and elementary schools after they have worked on farms and are about twenty

years of age, are admitted to this institution. No girl students attend classes here. The dairy attached to the school is the property of a co-operative society of 50 farmers who have attached it to the school for demonstration purposes to the students. The school has also a cattle-shed and a piggery. It has thirty cows and a very fine bull of the red Danish breed. Each cow yielded an average of eleven kilos of milk containing about 3.6 p.c. of butter-fat. Last but not the least interesting is the Dairy Museum, which is said to be the finest in Denmark. The series showing the gradual development of the plough is very interesting, the earliest implement being not unlike some we see even to-day in India with our farmers. There were a number of milking apparatus but now in Denmark they are at a discount for the use of them leads to a decrease in the yield of milk and people now milk cows with the hands.

It is wonderful to see such a fine, up to date institution with a really good museum, a fine dairy and a nice building established on co-operative lines by private initiative without much state aid. Indeed, Co-operation can achieve much and co-operation is but a larger illustration of the wisdom of our ancestors in that wise tale of "an old man and his four sons" when he called them to his death bed and asked them to break a bundle of sticks. India is essentially an agricultural country and every thing must be done by her to foster and spread agricultural education. To-day, the Indian farmer is a sort of bye-word for ignorance and illiteracy. It is very necessary in a country like ours to have a number of Ladelund type of agricultural schools to build co-operation among farmers and to propogate the value of progressive scientific agriculture; to teach the farmers how to obtain the best yields and how very profitably to themselves to dispose off their agricultural products. Agriculture cannot prosper without co-operation and the two would simply be misnomers without proper education. That is the problem which requires our attention closely. Denmark to-day has the most scientific and progressively organised agriculture and a fine system of co-operative venture. India with its agricultural possibilities should follow on Danish lines as far as is consistent with its own needs and circumstances.

The Folk High School at Ascov is an entirely different type

of an educational institution. Ascov is one of the most famous of the People's High Schools. These schools are patronised by young men and women of between seventeen and twenty-five. Their object is education of the highest type and the strongest thing about them is that nearly ten per cent. of the Danish population passes through them at their own private expense. This school is directed by Mr. Apple—a very able man of real scholarship in Denmark. The institution has a fine library containing 35,000 volumes. The school was originally in Sleswig when war broke out with Prussia in 1846. It was founded at Ascov in 1886 by Mr. Schroedor, who owned it. On his death, he made it a self-owning institution. It is now managed by means of State grants and fees from students. There is a committee of the President Mr. Apple and four teachers to administer its affairs. It is not affiliated to the University, but is founded on national and spiritual ideals of education. It does not aim so much at imparting information to students as developing their character. Students enter here generally from Folk High Schools. A student can pass three winter years here, but a great majority generally take the first year course only. This is an advanced school, and is the only one school of its type in Denmark. Last year there were 320 first year students, 60 second year students and 15 third year students. There were students from Sweden, Norway, Germany and Danes from America returned home on holidays. Students have to pay for their board, residence and educational expenses in all 70 kr. a month. Poor students applying to their county get a scholarship from about 100 to 200 kr. a winter. In this school, the girls and boys have their education together during the winter term, but in all schools over the country as in this school, there is a special short course for girls only during summer for three months from the first of May. The boy students live in dormitories, but the girl students reside with the different teachers in the village. Last winter, there were nearly 150 girl students. We were greatly impressed with this beautiful High School, principally supported by the private initiative and imparting a sound education. There is no system of examinations at all. Students of the first year go to the second year next winter without any tests. Every

thing is done to interest and guide them in their search for knowledge. The school does not manufacture records of unintelligent knowledge to be spurted out, parrot-like, in a mechanical fashion at examinations. It creates a sort of dynamic force in the student by instruction and guidance whereby the student himself with apt eagerness tries to assimilate a fund of knowledge and useful information that would help him to be an efficient citizen and a noble man. We in India are greatly infatuated by an examination-test system of imparting knowledge. The result is that it turns out mechanical brains without any evolution of their inherent forces and natural capabilities on lines that would some day help them to be of use in life. They cram notes, epitomes and precis of their subject like machines, without any eager enthusiasm for real knowledge and learning which alone is a key to true progress and development, and turn out as pig-headed after their degree as they were before they had any instruction. Prof. Graham Wallas complained one day in his lecture of the mechanicalness of theses submitted by Indian students for their degrees in London. The cause is not far to seek. It lies in the rottenness of our educational system.

With the Dane, learning and learning alone is the aim and prize, preparation to face the struggle of life and to become worthy citizens, the object. Labels of degrees to obtain a few rupees in service are the sublime object of our education. We lost our old ideals and beautiful training in spiritual and worldly affairs and substituted for it a shallow culture which makes of us not men and women of the ideal type, but mere rotten machines without any aim or initiative. We may try to lead our youth to the well of knowledge, but with our dreadful system, in many a case, no power on earth can make them drink. At the end of their graduation, most of our students are much more shallow-minded, impractical and impossible than they would have been without our artificial examination-test satisfying the so-called educational craze. We want real men and women worthy of the dignity of human being, and not merely polished statues without life or energy.

RAMA'S JOURNEY TO CHITRAKUT.

Before describing the Journey, it is necessary to give the southern boundary of the city and the kingdom, allotted by Manu, the founder of Ayodhya to Ikshwaku its first king. This kingdom extended to the south as far as Syandika, the modern Sai, which now flows past Partabgarh and cuts the Allahabad-Fyzabad Railway at 61st mile from Fyzabad—putting the breadth of the kingdom at 8 *yojanas* south of the Ghogra. (A *yojana* is a little less than eight miles).

The city itself as founded by Manu was 12 *yojanas* long and 3 *yojanas* broad. It extended from Saryu (Ghogra) to Vedsaruti. This Vedsaruti should therefore be 24 miles from Ayodhya and is now represented by Bisui, which rises in Sultanpur district cutting the Allahabad-Fyzabad Railway at 2 miles from Khajurahat station, and joins the Marha at Akbarpur, to form Tons, the old Tamasa.

This extent evidently included the city proper and the suburbs. Rama with his wife and brother left Ayodhya on foot, but when they were fairly out of the city they were overtaken by Sumanta, who was ordered by Dasarath to take a chariot to them. The boundary of the city may be assumed to be the same as that indicated in the *paikarma*, which runs adjoining the present Fyzabad Junction Railway Station. The various leave takings and the impediments placed in their way by the wailing of the citizens must have delayed them and the first day they could only traverse a distance of 12 miles till they halted on the banks of the Tamasa. Marha is a small stream but Valmiki calls it a river of mighty waves and there are indications that in the remote past it was so.

There are numerous lakes on the banks of Marha which appear to have once formed part of its bed. A peculiar tree called *bisa* grows on the banks of rivers only; and it has been found when wells were excavated near the Marha, *bisa* wood was found buried at great depths. The large sheet of water called Baran, near Baran Bazar on the Fyzabad—Rai Bareli Road was

probably a part of the old bed of the river. The word 'baran' means an elephant in Sanskrit and Dasarath's elephants were kept here. The place where Dasarath killed the ascetic who had gone to fetch water for his blind parents is pointed out at a mile to the south-west. A tree grows close by and is known as *Anjan Biro* (unknown tree) as nobody knows its name.

East of the Bharatkunda, which will be described further on, is a village called Tardih on the Marha, and contains a *ghat* called Ramchaura marking the site of the first stage in the journey. It was here that he eluded the pursuit of the citizens and in a single day covered a distance of over eighty miles, crossing Gunti near Sultanpur, and Sai near the present Kila Partabgarh. After crossing the Sai the party travelled through the territory of other Rajas till they reached Sringverapura (Singraur) on the north bank of the Ganges. This was the last stage of the journey in the *chāriot*. It is now called Singraur and is situated about 22 miles north-west from Allahabad. It was then the capital of the Nishadas; and their chief Guha says 'There is none dearer to me than Rama'. According to Tulsidas he is one of the greatest votaries of the Lord and is often cited as an example of the triumph of Lord's love over distinctions of caste.

The derivation of the name of the town formed the subject of discussion in 1904 and Professor Julius Jolly's interpretation that the town of Sringaverapura has been called after the plant Sringavera or ginger was accepted. To quote from the Professor's note printed at p. 168, J. R. A. S. 1905 :—

'The name of the plant as explained in Uklenbeck's Etymological Sanskrit Dictionary (1898) seems to be a compound made of Sringam, horn and veras shape and therefore denoting horn-shaped. There exists however another form with an *i* in the second syllable, viz, the Pali *sringivera* which is important as lying at the bottom of Gr. *syggiberis* from which the other European designations of ginger are derived. The common Sanskrit name for the wet root is *ardraka* while the commonest name for the dried root both in north and south India is *sunthi* with cognate forms.'

The form Sringivera has led the fertile imagination of our

countrymen to connect the place with Sringi rikh (Rishyasringa)—husband of Rama's sister Shanta and "his *asthan* or shrine stands on an isolated mound at the extreme west of the position". It is a comparatively modern vaulted chamber of brick, with a few fragments of sculpture outside, while within is a group of Hara Gauri and a small figure of the sun on a four-wheeled chariot drawn by seven horses. The great mound which marks the site of the ancient town is covered with large bricks, an undoubted proof of its antiquity. Sringi's guru Vibhadak also appears a little farther on under the not very complimentary cognomen of Bharbhandi. The name Singraur is now given to the village on the west side of the cliff and Ram Ghaura where the Lord halted lies to the east. In Ram Ghaura are two platforms under two *shisham* trees piously believed to be the descendants of the Shinshipa tree mentioned by Tulsi Das.

About a mile to the north is Sita Kund where Sita bathed during her stay in Singraur. Another place of some importance now on the other side of the river is Kurai where the Lord is said to have heaped up sand.

At Singraur the river was crossed and the party journeyed on foot to Allahabad. Here they stayed in the *ashram* of Bharadwaj which appears to have been on the bank of the Ganges. In fact the bluff on which the shrine is located is several feet higher than the land to the east and this land is locally known as *tari* or low land and before the construction of Dara Shikoh's bund the river in its inundations must have covered the land now occupied by George Town. The *Ashram* consists of a temple with a Sivalaya and a cellar to the north containing several dust covered images of black mosaic including those of Bharadwaj and his Guru Yajnavalka. A little further on, on the same bluff is a pond called Bharat Kund in which Bharat is said to have bathed during his stay there. The pond was much used by the public in connection with certain marriage ceremonies but is now filled up with rubbish by the Municipal Board. A part of Bharadwaj land belongs to the Muir Central College and was once the site of a bungalow used as a boarding house. This was taken up by Government in exchange for a plot to the east of Muir Central College adjoining the Mohammadan Boarding House, now

used for Ramlila performances. An attempt was made to reclaim the Bharadwaj-Ashram four years ago but owing to difference between the members of the committee nothing could be done and the holiest spot in Allahabad is now the dirtiest and the most neglected part of the city. The income of the shrine is divided among *jogis*, a colony of whom lives to the north and west of the temple.

Bharadwaj on inquiry told Rama that the most suitable place for retirement was Chitrakut, which was then probably included in the ashram of Valmiki. Bharadwaj provided guides and the party thus guided travelled from Allahabad by the straightest route to the hill on which Valmiki lived. This route lay along side of the present Sarai Akil and after traversing a distance of 15 miles they halted for the night in Kanaili. Next morning Jumna was crossed near Barouncha by the Guiauli ferry and they reached Bagrehi which adjoins Lalpur hill, where the sage Valmiki was found. Valmiki seems to have been well known to Dasarath and Janak. After the return of Rama from his exile when he sent away Sita to the *ashram* of Valmiki, the sage told her that her father was his great friend. Valmiki received them kindly and pointed out to them the hill Chitrakut where he said they will be very comfortable. Rama then with his wife and brother went to the banks of the Mandakini and here with the permission of the then zemindar of the place whose name (Muchkunda) has not been forgotten, built the first hut of leaves on a bluff to the north of the stream. A temple has now been built on the site.

Here the sojourn, according to tradition, was short and after four days the Lord went over to Chitrakut, a mile further on.

SITA RAM.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A RELIGIOUS CAUSERIE.

Where Three Religions Meet

Religions are often so closely hugged by their followers, being preserved so separate and inviolate, with their differences so accentuated, that to speak of the points on which they unite would startle rather than convince the adherents of varying creeds. Yet there are broad lines on which religions meet, far deeper than some are prepared to accept without demur; for instance in the teaching of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, in the laying down of a moral code for the guidance of man with his neighbour, there may be found affinities that are more striking than bigots care to accept. A careful scrutiny of these points of agreement often leads to the exposure of the common fallacy that there is much of antithesis between one religion and another, except what prejudice builds around faiths that have so much in common.

HINDUISM.

Apart, however, from these considerations, there is the great mystic aspect of all religions that shows a common element which only those who have reached so high a plane can appreciate. It is this mystic phase in Hinduism, in Mahomedanism and in Christianity, to place them in the order of the number of adherents they possess, which is most evident to all seekers after truth in India. Representing as they do the great religions of India, one cannot but be struck at the marked similarity mysticism shows in these three great religions, revealing God as the Beloved and the Worshipper as the Lover. Instances are plentiful, but one or two that stand in *bas relief* might serve best to illustrate the statement. From the Tantrasara there is a hymn to the Goddess Bhuvaneshvari (the Goddess or Primordial Element of the World) which breathes this mystic devotion. Man is the Lover and God (in the feminine sense) is the Beloved. The poem is from "Hymns to the Goddess" by Arthur and Elen Avolan (permission to quote which I have). The translation adequately conveys the lines found in the Sanskrit text, the notes helping to clear up doubtful points or explaining more fully the allusions made in the body of the poem.

BHUBANESHVARI.(1)

FROM THE TANTRASARA.

1.

Now I pray for the attainment of all blessings to Bhubanesvari
 The Cause and Mother of the World
 She whose form is that of the Shabdabrahman (2) and whose substance
 is bliss,

2.

Thou art the primordial One
 Mother of countless creatures,
 Creatrix of the bodies of the lotus-born Vishnu and Shiva
 Who creates, preserves and destroys the three worlds,
 O Mother! by hymning thy praise I purify my speech.

3.

O Daughter of the Mountain-King
 Thou art the cause of the world-destroying energy of Shiva (3)
 Who manifests in earth, water, fire, ether, the sacrificer, the sun and
 moon
 And who destroyed the body of Manmatha (4),

4.

O Mother! men only worship the triple-streamed Ganga (5)
 Because she shines in the matted hair of Shiva (6)
 Which has been purified
 By the dust of thy lotus feet.

(1) The Devi in her aspect as Ruler of the world.

(2) The "sound" or manifested Aparabrahman, as opposed to the absolute, the Parabrahman. The Devi and the Shabdabrahman are, in fact, one, though men speak of Her as His Shakti (power).

(3) Shiva like Vishnu and Brahma derives his power from the Devi, the all-Mother, whose children they are, and who also manifests as their spouse.

(4) When the Devas desired a commander for their forces in their war with Taraka, they sought the help of Kama (or Manmatha, the Deva of Love) in drawing Shiva towards Parvati, whose issue alone could destroy the demon. Kama undertook the mission, and shot his arrows of love at Shiva, when the latter was doing *tapas*. Shiva, however, who was offended at this disturbance of his devotions, burnt Kama down with a flash from the fire of His third eye. Subsequently Kama was reborn in the form of Pradyumna at the request of Rati his spouse.

(5) There are three Gangeses: the heavenly (Mandakini) the earthly (Alakananda), and that of the nether world (Bhogavati).

(6) When Ganga fell from Heaven, Shiva first held Her in the locks of his hair until Her anger at being called down by Bhagiratha had abated.

5.

As the moon delights the white night lotus and none other
As the sun delights the day lotus and none other
As one particular thing only delights one other,
Thou O Mother! delightest the whole universe by thy glances,

6.

Although Thou art the primordial cause of the world,
Yet art thou ever youthful;
Although Thou art the Daughter of the Mountain-King (7),
Yet art Thou full of tenderness.
Although Thou art the Mother of the Vedas,
Yet they cannot describe Thee.
Although men must meditate upon Thee,
Yet cannot their mind comprehend Thee.

7.

O Mother of the worlds!
Those who have reached that birth amongst men
Which is so difficult to attain,
And in that birth their full faculties,
Yet nathless do not worship Thee,
Such, though having ascended to the top of the stairs,
Nevertheless fall down again,

8.

O Bhavani!
Such as worship Thee with fragrant flowers and sandal paste,
Ground with cool water (8) and powdered camphor,
Gain the sovereignty of the whole world.

(7) Himavat, whose daughter, as Parvati the Devi was—Mountain (*Shaila*) which is that which is made of masses of stone, (*Shila*)—a rhetorical comparison between the hardness of stone and Her tenderness.

(8) Kalidasa in the *Ritusanghara* says that in the hot weather women should wear fine cloth, powder their hair with fragrant scent, and smear their breasts with sandal, ground with cool water.

9.

O Mother ! like the sleeping King of serpents(9) ,
Residing in the centre of the lotus
Thou didst create the universe
Thou dost ascend like a streak of lightning
And attainest the ethereal region.

10.

Thy body having been moistened with nectar flowing from That(10)
Thou dost again reach Thy abode(11) by that way.
O Mother and Spouse of Maheshvara!
They in whose heart Thou glitterest are never reborn.

11.

O Gauri ! with all my heart
I contemplate Thy form,
Beauteous of face,
With its weight of hanging hair
With full breasts and rounded slender waist,
Holding in three hands a rosary(12) , a pitcher and book,
And with Thy fourth hand making the *jnanamudra*(13) .

12.

O Bhuvaneshvari !
Yogis who have restrained their senses
And have conquered the six enemies(14)
In *yoga* with calm minds behold Thee
Holding noose and a goad(15)
And making the *vara* and *abhaya mudras*(16) .

(9) She as Kundalini resembles a sleeping serpent with three and a half coils abiding in the *muladhara*.

(10) That is the *Sahasrarapadma*.

(11) *Muladhara*.

(12) *Japamala*, with which *japa* or recitation of *mantra* is done.

(13) Literally holding *chinta* which is a name for the *jnanamudra* or manual gesture so called.

(14) The six sins : lust (*kama*), anger (*krodha*), greed (*lobha*), delusion (*moaha*), pride (*mada*), envy (*matsaryya*).

(15) These are Her weapons. The *Tantraraja* (*Vasanachap*) says : "Mind is the bow of sugar-cane, desire the noose, anger the goad and the five subtle sources of the elements (*tanmantra*) the five arrows of flowers." But the *Yoginhridaya* says : "The noose is *Ichchtrashati*, the good *Jmanashati* and the bow and arrows *Kriyashati*."

(16) That is the gestures (*mudra*) which grant boons and dispel fear. In the first the hand is held horizontally, the palm open, the fingers close to each other, and the

13.

Thou art Lakshmi
 Rivalling the lustre of molten gold
 Holding two lotuses in two of Thy hands,
 And with the other two making the gestures which grant boons
 and dispel fear.
 Four elephants holding jars (in their trunks)
 Sprinkle thy head with nectar.

14.

O Bhavani! Thou art Durga (17) seated on a lion,
 Of the colour of *durva* (18) grass,
 Holding in Thy eight hands various kinds of dreadful weapons
 And destroying the enemies of the immortals (19).

15.

I remember again and again the dark primeval Devi swayed with
 passion,
 Her beauteous face heated and moist with the sweat of amorous
 play (20)
 Bearing a necklace of Ganja berries, and clad with leaves.

16.

O spouse of Shrikantha, (21)
 I place on my head Thy blue lotus feet,
 Which are followed by the Vedas,
 As swans are lured by the tinkling sound of an anklet.

thumb across the palm and touching the root of the third finger. The second is the same but the hand is held upwards vertically the palm being shown to the spectator.

(17) One of the names of Bhuvaneshvari (see p. 171 of Prosanna Kumar Shastri's "Dashamahavidya").

(18) Of a dark green. It is not clear why this colour is here mentioned, as the colour of Durga is a golden yellow. It is, however, the colour of other forms, which are those of the one and the same Devi. Thus the colour of Kali is that of *anjana* (black, collyrium) Tara is *nila* (dark blue) Matangine is *asita* (black) or *shyamangi* (dark green). The rue of Shorashi (Shri) is that of the rising sun (*balarkakanti*), as it is that of Bhuvaneshvari (*uddaddinakaradyuti*). The colour of Bhairavi is said to be that of a thousand rising suns; of Chinnamasta that of a million suns; Dhumavati is of an asher colour (*vivarna*); Bagatamukhi is all yellow (*pitavarna*), and Kamala is said to be lightning (*saudaminisannebha*)—see Prosanna Kumar Shastri's "Dashamahavidya."

(19) The Daityas, enemies of the Devas, whose Protectress the Devi is.

(20) The cause is shown in the preceding line—play and union with her Lord.

(21) Shiva, the "beautiful throated," also called Shirikantha ("peacock-throated"), from the colouring caused by His drinking the venom which arose at the churning of the ocean.

17.

O Bhavani! I worship thy body from ankle to knee,
 Upon which the full bannered one (22), gazes with great love,
 And who, as if not satiated by looking thereon with two eyes,
 Has yet made for himself a third. (23)

18.

I call to mind Thy two thighs
 Which humble the pride of the trunk of an elephant,
 And surpass the plantain tree in thickness and tenderness.
 O Mother! Youth has fashioned those thighs
 That they may support as two pillars the weight of Thy (great) hips.

19.

Looking at Thy waist it would seem as if it had been absorbed
 And become the great bulk of Thy breasts and hips (24).
 By the youth (25) which clothes the body with hair, (26)
 May it ever be resplendent in my heart!

20.

O Devi! May I never forget Thy navel (27)
 As it were a secure inviolate pool (28)
 Given to thee by Thy blooming youth,
 Filled with the liquid beauty of the beloved of Smara (29)
 He who was fearful of the fire from the eyes of Hara. (30)

(22) Shiva also called Brishaddhvaja.

(23) Shiva is always represented with three eyes, the third being the eye of wisdom, which in man opens on the realisation of divinity.

(24) That is the waist is so slender and the breasts and hips so heavy that it would seem that the greater part of the body, which goes to the making of the waist, had been taken away and put into the breasts and hips and formed their bulk.

(25) Literally the age which follows childhood which is the cause of these changes in woman's body.

(26) Romavalivilasitena, which appears with puberty.

(27) Nabhi which also means any navel cavity.

(28) The beauty of Devi's thighs are known only to Her Lord Kamesha (Shiva).

(29) That, is Rati, Spouse of Kama or Smara, the God of Love, son of Krishna and Rukmini. The son of Kama is Aniruddha and his companion is Vasanta, the spring. He is armed with a bow-and-arrows, the bow-string being a line of bees and the arrows flowers of different plants.

(30) See verse 3, note 4.

21.

Thy two lotus-like breasts, smeared with sandal,
Which bear ashes telling of Shiva's embrace, (31)
Call to mind the vermillion-painted temples moist with ichor (32)
Of some impassioned elephant
Rising from his bath in waters,
Flecked with foam. (33)

22.

O Mother! Thy two arms, beauteous with water
Dripping from Thy body bathed from neck to throat,
Seem to have been formed by the crocodile-bannered One, (34)
As long nooses wherewith to hold the throat of his enemy (Shiva). (35)
May I never forget them!

23.

O Daughter of the Mountain-King!
Again and again have I looked upon Thy shapely neck,
Which has stolen the beauty of a well-formed shell,
And is adorning with pleasing necklace and many another ornament;
Yet am I never satiated.

24.

O Mother! He has not been born in vain (36)
Who oft calls to his mind
Thy face, with its large round eyes and noble brow,
Its radiant cheeks and smile,
The high, straight nose,
And lips as red as the *bimba* fruit. (37)

(31) For Shiva's body is covered with ashes.

(32) The ichor which exudes from the temples of elephants in rut.

(33) The ashes are thus compared to foam and the sandal paste to the vermillion with which the temples and foreheads of good elephants are painted.

(34) That is Kama, the God of Love.

(35) Because Shiva burnt Kaka, see verse 3, note 4. The Devi's arms embrace Shiva.

(36) That is his birth is fruitful.

(37) The fruit of a tree called *tyalakusho* in Bengali, which, when ripe, is very red and to which the lips of young women are often compared (Cf. Meghaduta verse 2).

25.

Whoever, O Devi, contemplates upon Thy wealth of hair;
 Lit by the crescent moon, (38)
 Resembling a swarm of bees hovering over fragrant flowers,
 Is freed of the ancient fetters which bind him to the world. (39)

26.

The mortal who in this world
 Devoutly from his heart reads this hymn,
 Sweet to the ears of the wise,
 Attains for ever all wealth in the form of that Lakshmi
 Who attends the crowned kings, who are prostrate at Her feet.

MAHOMEDANISM.

In that phase of Mahomedanism designated Sufism, (40) there is a replica of these entrancing images giving the relationship of the Lover to the Beloved. Hafiz that prince of Sufi

(38) The Devi bears the crescent moon on her head as does Shiva.

(39) This is the *phala* (fruit or result) portion of the *stotra*. All devotional works contain a *phala* chapter or verse, which states the result or reward (*phala*) to be obtained by their perusal, recitation or hearing. If any worshipper invokes Devi by any particular name, such as Annada he obtains the corresponding fruit. So the Suta Sanghita (IV. 33, 29, 30) says: "All names are attributed by His own *maya* to Brahman, yet some apply specially by the wish of Shiva himself. O sages! by the repetition of such names one becomes the Supreme Lord Himself and before His lotus face Sadashiva dances with his Spouse," (See Bhaskararaya Commentary, Introduction to second chapter of the Lalitasahasranama).

(40) The word "*sufi*" is derived from "*suf*" wool, wooly; a hair-cloth used by penitents in the early days of Islam. The *sufis* believe that the souls of men differ infinitely in degree but not at all in kind from the divine spirit whereof they are particles, and wherein they will ultimately be absorbed; that the spirit of God pervades the universe ever present His work and ever in substance; that He alone is perfect benevolence, perfect truth, perfect beauty; that love for Him is true love ('ish-i-hakiki) while love of other objects is illusory love ('ish-i-majasi); that all the beauties of nature are faint resemblances like images in a mirror of the divine charms; that, from eternity without beginning to eternity without end, the supreme benevolence is occupied in bestowing happiness; that men can only attain it by performing their part of the primal covenant between them and the Creator; that nothing has a pure absolute existence but mind or spirit; that material substances are no more than gay pictures presented continually to our minds by the sempiternal artist; that we must beware of attachment to such phantoms and attach ourselves exclusively to God, who truly exists in us as we solely exist in Him; that we retain, even in this forlorn state of separation from our Beloved, the idea of heavenly beauty and the remembrance of our primeval vows; that sweet music, gentle breezes, fragrant flowers, perpetually renew the primary idea, refresh our fading memory and

poets(41) gives many a beautiful couplet, revelling in the mystic region with a rapture that infects the reader, till he with the poet, is transported to the realm of bliss. Two short poems are inserted from the *Diwan-i-Hafiz* to illustrate this aspect of mysticism found in Sufism, as is evidenced in Hinduism in the Tantras, and as is seen in the writings of King Solomon, the wisest sage of Biblical record.(42) The notes to the poems are merely added to clear up doubtful passages.(43) To get, however, a clear grasp of the expressions employed by Hafiz and his brother Sufi poets, certain phrases have to be understood with the Sufi interpretations of them; and it is proper that these should be realised before the poems are read of themselves. Briefly the phrases employed are interpreted as follows:—

The tavern is the place of instruction or worship.

The tavern-keeper is the teacher or priest.

The Murshid is one who in the ways of travelling to God has attained perfection and inclines every disciple according to his capacity and takes to the object of his desires, God.

The Saki signifies sometimes the Murshid, it also stands for the pure existence to God.

The idol is God and is evidence of love and unity.

Beauty is divine perfection, the cheek and the curl are types of mercy and beauty, vengeance and majesty.

melt us with tender affections; that we must cherish these affections, and by abstracting our souls from vanity (that is from all but God) approximate to this essence, in our final union with which will consist our supreme beatitude. One of the earliest *sufis* was the woman Rabi'a mentioned by Ibn Khalikan (born 1211, died 1282). At night she used to go to the housetop and say: "O God! hushed is the day's noise; with his beloved is the lover. But Thee, I have found for my Lover; and alone with Thee I joy."

(41) Hafiz was born in the beginning of the fourteenth century at Shiraz. The date of his death is differently fixed at the years 1388, 1389, 1391, 1394.

(42) In many religions, but especially in Islam and Christianity, in both East and West, do we find those who have turned to a burning inner flame of love and devotion, lit at the fire of divine love. They are mystics, although many of them spurn the name; class them as souls with a mystic spirit and they would probably agree, they live in the thought that "the things that are seen are temporal but the things that are unseen are eternal." Revd. J. Takle in the *Epiphany*.

(43) The couplets of Hafiz are capable of many interpretations, some of them the most abstruse. It is recorded of Hafiz that he was sitting one day with his uncle Sa'di who was composing an ode on Sufism. Hafiz read the first and only line that had been written and longed to complete the couplet. Sa'di being compelled to leave the room Hafiz completed the couplet. When he returned Sa'di

The down on the cheek is the vestibule of Almightiness, a verdant growth in the spirit world, the well spring of life, the hidden secret, the first plural emanation that veileth, the face of unity.

The mole is the point of unity, yet embracing all phenomena, unity or the mole and the heart must be one.

The cheek is the theatre of divine bounty.

The eye betokens frowns and coquetry, now holding aloof from its slave, now granting union.

The lip is the essence of being, the healing of the sick heart, the clothing of souls. By His lip souls are besides themselves and compassion reveals itself.

Wine is the rapture that makes the *sufi* besides himself at the manifestation and emanation of the Beloved. Better is he intoxicated than the self-righteous.

The veil of darkness betokens dwelling in iniquity. Who is veiled knows his own wickedness.

The veil of light betokens the practice of good deeds. Who is so veiled does not know his wickedness being clouded by his self-righteousness.

The tavern-haunter is one freed from self; one desolate in a desolate place.

The girdle is the emblem of obedience.

The first poem quoted from Hafiz runs thus :—

O True Beloved (God) ! The splendour of the moon-beauty is from
the illumined face of Thine.

The lustre of beauteousness is from the chin dimple of Thine.

O Lord God ! When these desires of union with Thee that are
companions appear,

Collected will be the heart of ours with the dishevelled tresses of Thine.

My soul hath come to the lip (ready to depart) in desire of the sight of
Thee.

Back it goeth; forth it cometh. What order is Thine? (44)

summoned Hafiz and desired him to finish the whole work as he had done the first verse. Then he crushed him by saying : "Your work shall bring the curse of on the reader." Ever since Muslims say that the Odes of Hafiz have had this cursed effect on human understanding.

(44) If the proper time for death shall have arrived the soul coming from its cage (the body) reaches its object, God; if not the soul again reveals a great degree of burning and consuming.

O King of lofty star! For God's sake give me a little help and
 resolution that I may attain to rank,
 That like the sky I may kiss the dust of the Court of Thine.
 Hafiz uttereth a prayer. Listen:—"Say an amen,
 Be my daily food the sugar-scattering lips of Thine".

The other poem, which it is privileged to quote, gives another example of the delightful expressions found in most of the nectar verses of the mystic Hafiz. It runs:—

If the True Beloved of Shiraz gain our heart
 For His dark mole, I would give Samarcand and Bokhara (48)
 O Cup-Bearer! Give the Wine of Divine Love remaining from the
 true-seekers of God, for in Paradise Thou wilt not have
 The bank of the water of Ruknabad (49) (the Lover's weeping eye)
 nor the rose of the garden of Musalla (50) (the Lover's heart).
 Alas! The saucy, dainty ones (lovely women), the torment of the city,
 Take patience from the heart, even as the men of Turkistan take the
 tray of plunder. (51)
 The beauty of the Beloved (God) is in no need of our imperfect love
 Of lustre, and colour, and mole and tricked line of eyebrow, what
 need has the lovely face? (52)
 By reason of that beauty, daily increasing, that the real Beloved (God)
 has, I know that love for Him,
 Like Zulaikha (53) for Joseph, would bring us forth from the screen
 of protection. (54)

(48) Two famous cities; compare Othello: Act V Scene 2:

"If Heaven would make me such another world
 Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
 I'd not have sold her for it."

(49) Ab-i-Ruknabad is a stream four feet wide, a mile to the north of Shiraz, whose water is very agreeable; it is the place for the gathering of youths and wine-drinks.

(50) Musalla a place of prayer during 'id, the meeting-place of friends.

(51) Once a year, on an appointed day, the people take to the desert abundance of victuals and all kinds of cooked food and give it as plunder to the chief of the tribe of Turks.

(52) The women of Persia make temporary moles of pitch and oxide of antimony and permanent moles of chelidonium (zard-chub) and charcoal.

(53) Zulaikha was the wife of Potiphar, see Genesis Chap. xxxix.

(54) The screen of protection, that is nothing between,
 "He seeth them; and Him they see."

O Murshid! Utter the tale of Minstrel and of the wine of Love; seek
a little the mystery of time.

This mystery, however none solved by skill (thought or knowledge);
and shall not solve.

O Soul! Hear the counsel of the Murshid;
For dearer than the soul happy youths hold the counsel of the wise
old man.

O Murshid! Thou to amend my work spakest ill of me; and I am
happy. God Most High! Thou spakest well;
The bitter reply suiteth Thy sugar-eating ruddy lip.

Thou utteredst a ghazl; (55) and threadest pearls of verse. Hafiz come
and sweetly sing,

That on Thy verse the sky may scatter in thanks the cluster of the
Pleiades.

CHRISTIANITY.

In the fourth and seventh chapters of the songs of Solomon, in the Bible, a similar element of intense love between God and man is displayed, with such open and frank expressions that at first, it strikes one as bordering on the obscene. It is for this reason, probably, that cautious preachers avoid the songs, as they do the dark sayings and hidden allegories of the Revelation of St. John. What, however, may appear at first sight as obscenity may on closer scrutiny be found as nothing less than an intense devotion placed on the higher platform of love and union, when the mingling of two souls is complete and sin and shame have no place there. The text is taken from the authorised version, with emendations of the Revised Version where found more illuminating. The first quotation from the fourth chapter of the songs is as follows:—

Behold Thou art fair my love; behold Thou art fair;
Thou hast dove's eyes within Thy locks,
Thy hair is as a flock of goats,
That lie along the side of mount Gilead.

Thy teeth are like a flock of ewes that are even shorn,
Which are come up from the washing,
Whereof every one bears twins,
And none is barren among them.
Thy lips are like a thread of scarlet and Thy mouth is comely,
Thy temples are like a piece of pomegranate within thy locks.
Thy neck is like the tower of David builded for an armoury
Whereon there hang a thousand bucklers,
All the shields of the mighty men.
Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins,
Which feed among the lilies,
Until the day break (56) and the shadows flee away
I will get me to the mountain of myrrh
And to the hill of frankinsense.
Thou art all fair, my love ;
And there is no spot in thee,
Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse,
With me from Lebanon :
Go from the top of Amana,
From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards
Thou hast ravished my heart, my sister, my spouse,
Thou hast ravished my heart with one of thine eyes,
With one chain of thy neck,
How fair is thy love, my sister, my spouse,
How much better is thy love than wine !
And the smell of thine ointments than all manner of spices !
Thy lips, O my spouse, drop as the honeycomb :
Honey and milk are under thy tongue ;
And the smell of thy garments is like the smell of Lebanon.
A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse,
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed,
Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates with pleasant fruits ;
Camphire (57) with spikenard plants,

(56) Break, Heb. breathe, that is becomes cool.

(57) Or cypress.

Spikenard with saffron;
 Calamus and cinnamon with all trees of frankincense;
 Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices.
 Thou art a fountain of gardens,
 A well of living waters,
 And flowing streams from Lebanon.
 Awake, O north wind; and come thou south;
 Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.
 Let my beloved come into his garden,
 And eat his pleasant fruits.

One has only to substitute the word Beloved or God, for Sister or Spouse in the passages quoted from the Bible and one gets the key to all the explanation of the expressions used. The seventh chapter of the songs yields us expressions redolent with the breath of the spices of love that only the lover breathes. It reads :

How beautiful are thy feet in sandals, O prince's daughter !
 The joints of thy thighs are like jewels,
 The work of the hands of a cunning workman,
 Thy navel is like a round goblet
 Wherein no mingled wine is wanting :
 Thy belly is like an heap of wheat
 Set about with lilies
 Thy two breasts are like two fawns
 That are twins of a roe.
 Thy neck as a tower of ivory
 Thine eyes as the fishpools in Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim ;
 Thy nose is as the tower of Lebanon
 Which looketh toward Damascus.
 Thine head upon thee is like Carmel,
 And the hair of thine head like purple,
 The king is held captive in the tresses thereof.
 How fair and how pleasant art thou
 O Love for delights !
 This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
 And thy breasts to clusters of grapes,
 I said I will climb up into the palm tree

I will take hold of the boughs thereof
 Now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine,
 And the smell of thy nose like apples;
 And the roof of thy mouth like the best wine
 That goeth down smoothly, beloved,
 Causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak.
 I am my beloved's
 And his desire is toward me,
 Come my beloved, let us go forth into the field,
 Let us lodge in the villages.
 Let us get up early to the vineyards;
 Let us see whether the vine hath budded and its blossoms be open,
 And the pomegranates be in flower:
 There will I give thee my love.
 The mandrakes give forth fragrance
 And at our doors are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old,
 Which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved!

It may well be said—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy";

when addressing those strict adherents and confirmed bigots of the different faiths that have now established themselves in the East; but the dawn is already breaking upon those earnest seekers who have plodded through the night of doubt and perplexity to establish those fundamental points of unity in the great religions of the East, in spite of the many differences that are made to appear among them.

One may well conclude with the words of that master of thought and speech, St. Paul, who in the Biblical record, (58) in an inspiring panegyric to the Greeks of old, says of God that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; and that they should seek the Lord (God), if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in

(58) In the 17th Chapter: Acts of the Apostles.

him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your poets have said(59), For we are also his offspring''.

Three great peoples have met in India for India's good, the British, the Hindu, the Mussulman, may it not be that their three great religions will yet meet in closer bonds to evolve the greater truths of Love and Light, to lead humanity from peak to peak of earthly knowledge to the highest peak of all, that of Divine Wisdom itself?

H. W. B. MORENO

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

*Snakes of South Africa: Their Venom and the Treatment of Snake Bite** by F. W. FITZSIMONS, pp. xvi & 550.

The author of this interesting work rightly complains of the lack of knowledge about the South African snakes outside the few scientific men specially interested in the subject. This, however, need occasion no very great surprise. If the public are practically ignorant of even the most general principles of science owing to the circumstance that they have been taught nothing concerning it, it is scarcely a matter for wonder that they should be ignorant of the more special and certainly less attractive subjects like the distinctions between the poisonous and non-poisonous snakes, or still further about more specialized branches like the venom and antivenenes of the poisonous snakes. The reason for this lack of knowledge is the little interest taken by the general public in the study of Natural History. In the prefatory note this is explained as being due to a great extent to the absence of suitable popular text-books on the forms of life, which one encounters in scientifically less well-known countries like South Africa. The work under review was written with a view to provide a handy volume on the South African snakes both for the serious students and the general readers who might take up the study of snakes as a hobby. That the work has

(59) Aratus, probably of Tarsus, circa B.C. 272 and Cleanthes, B.C. 300.

*Cape Town: T. Maskew Miller, 1919.

been popular and useful is proved by its having reached the third edition during the short space of about eight years.

Since the review is written mainly for the Indian Public we may probably be excused for making a digression here and calling attention to the deplorable ignorance of the Indian Public about scientific truths in general and particularly to the lack of interest in the study of various problems of Natural History of the Indian Empire. The causes are manifold, but may briefly be outlined as follows : paucity of information about the different branches of Natural History owing to the very small number of workers, the lack of suitable type of text-books, the little attention, if any, that is paid to the teaching of Nature Study in the Primary and Secondary Schools, dearth of qualified teachers and last, but not the least, the few societies that exist in India for popularising the study of Natural History.

The book is divided into 14 chapters, 5 of which are of a general character, 6 deal with the classification and description of the South African snakes and 3 with the poison apparatus of the snake, the venom and the scientific treatment of the snake bite. Besides these there is a large chapter of Addenda, which was to have been incorporated in the text of the revised edition in their proper places together with the new illustrations, but owing to the prohibitive cost of resetting and printing the author has been obliged to give these in the form of a long appendix at the end of the work. This course, with which we do not agree, retracts a good bit from the usefulness of the work but under the present abnormal conditions it was certainly the only way of making the additional information available to the readers of this work.

The five chapters on general subjects are not placed in the beginning but follow a more or less natural sequence in the arrangement of the work. The chapter on classification deals with the general principles of classification adopted in Zoology, the nomenclature, the evolution of the animal kingdom and the place of snakes in the animal world. The geological and geographical distribution and the general habit of the snakes are dealt with in the second chapter. In these two chapters unfortunately the author appears to have fallen between two

stools. Most of the general information is of no particular use to the serious student and is to a certain extent far too elaborate for the general reader. This, however, is only natural in a work of the kind and we must praise the skill with which the author has got out of this difficulty. His descriptions particularly of the enemies of snakes, the "duels of snakes" the food and the general habits of snakes are certainly very illuminating and highly interesting.

The next four chapters deal in a systematic manner with the various kinds of snakes found in South Africa. Here the author has succeeded wonderfully well in making a rather dry section of systematic zoology into really interesting and readable matter for both the amateurs and the serious students by introducing between the systematic and descriptive portions notes about the habits, colouration and characteristics of the various species as also some amusing details about the superstitions of the Kaffirs of South Africa regarding the effects of poisons, etc. We would specially commend to the reader the accounts of the pythons, the egg-eating snakes, the evolution of the egg-breaking mechanism, the boomslangs, the cannibal cobras, photographing of the ringhalls, poison-spitting by the cobras and the problem of colour-changes.

The account of snake-charmers and other various facts connected with snakes in Chapter VIII is full of interesting details though the references to Indian snake-charmers are not quite accurate. We may here add that we entirely agree with the author in his assertion "when one becomes familiar with the habits and ways of snakes and if due care is exercised in handling them, there is little risk of being bitten".

The description of the alleged snake-cures and the superstitions of the South Africans are all very interesting, and so are the details about the poison-apparatus, the poison of the various species and the methods of treatment. Full details are given about the methods of preparation of the antivenenes, a subject which has received a very great attention in India from very early times and we would recommend to the readers interested in the subject to refer to Col. Wall's book on Indian Poisonous Snakes and Acton and Knowles' original papers in the *Indian*

Journal of Medical Research for full information about the Indian poisonous snakes. We may note here that the use of Potassium Permanganate, originally recommended by Sir Lauder Brunton as a result of his work in India, as an antidote for snake poison seems to have proved far more efficacious in the case of African than the Indian snakes.

The illustrations, mostly photographs, prepared specially for the work are all good, and bring out the points they are meant to illustrate wonderfully well, those showing the operators with the poisonous snakes held in various positions are simply excellent. The book is strongly to be recommended, not only to those interested in South African snakes, but also to the inhabitants of all countries where the poisonous snakes are found, for the conditions discussed are so varied as to provide scope for the consideration of strongly contrasted aspects of the subject.

B. P

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Recent Books on European History.

1. *A Short History of the British Commonwealth*. Volume I. By Ramsay Muir (George Philip & Son., Ltd., 32, Fleet Street, London) 1920.
2. *A History of Scotland*. By Charles Sanford Terry (University Press, Cambridge) 1920.
3. *A Short History of Russia*. By A. R. Ephimenko. (Macmillan Company, London) 1920.
4. *A Short History of Belgium*. By Leon Van Der Essen. (University of Chicago Press, Chicago U. S. A. and University Press, Cambridge) 1920.
5. *A Primer of Greek Constitutional History*. By A. H. Walker. (B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford) 1920.
6. *A Short Constitutional History of England*. By H. St. Clair Feilden. Fourth Edition. Revised and Brought up-to-date by J. H. J. Hartley. (B. H. Blackwell, Broad Street, Oxford) 1921.
7. *Greek History: Its Problem and its Meaning*. By E. M. Walker. (Basil Blackwell, Oxford) 1921.

S. *Readings in English Social History*. First two volumes. Edited by R. B. Morgan. (University Press, Cambridge) 1921.

In his *Short History of the British Commonwealth* Professor Ramsay Muir has undertaken a work for which he is fully qualified by his learning and scholarship. The completed treatise will be in two volumes. The first volume under notice is a big book of 825 pages and deals with the history of what the author calls "The Islands and the First Empire" upto 1763. The second and concluding volume, which will be of similar dimensions, will bring the history down to the great war. The object of the author is *not* to write a history of England with appendices or that of her partners in the British Commonwealth but to plan a work which will offer the histories of group of peoples closely linked together. The first volume contains the following six books:—

(1) *The Making of the Four Nations* (down to 1215), (2) *The Conflicts of the Four Nations*, and the Growth of Self-Government in England (1215-1485), (3) *The Beginning of the Modern Age: The Reformation and the Opening of the Seas* (1485-1603), (4) *The Struggle for National Self-Government* and the Beginning of English Expansion Oversea (1603-1660), (5) *Constitutional Settlement and Imperial Development* (1660-1714), and (6) *The Whig Oligarchy* and the Establishment of Naval and Colonial Supremacy (1714-1763). In execution of the plan more than usual attention is devoted in the first part of the book to the histories of Wales, Scotland and Ireland. From the seventeenth century onwards, the growth of oversea trade, the development of the colonies, and the story of the British connection with India are treated with increasing fullness; and they are not dealt with as separate themes, but as influencing and influenced by the course of events in the home country. In order to bring out the fact that the British Commonwealth has always been part of the wider Commonwealth of Western civilisation, and to illustrate the influence of European movements upon British development, a consecutive narrative of the main features of European history is worked into the story, not merely for the purpose of explaining British foreign policy, but as providing the framework within which the British Commonwealth has grown. In particular, great emphasis is laid upon the work of other nations in the spheres of exploration, oversea trade and colonisation. We think that this concurrent treatment of foreign history constitutes one of the most distinctive and useful features of the book. An extensive chronological index, select bibliographies appended to each chapter, foot-note references, and other appurtenances

render the book equally adapted to the purposes of the student and the general reader. When completed Professor Ramsay Muir's *Short History of the British Commonwealth* will be a valuable acquisition to the literature of what we in this country still call the British Empire. It is a work of research and erudition and will deservedly take high rank in contemporary historical literature.

Mr. Charles Terry—Professor of History in the University of Aberdeen—has written an excellent book in his *History of Scotland* from the Roman evacuation to the disruption of 1843. His object is to provide a work which will successfully intervene between the several-volumed histories of Scotland by Burton, Lang and others and the text-books adequate to school-room use. To fill up the gap Professor Terry has written his book alike for the Student and the general reader, and he has been pre-eminently successful in his task. Though the history of Scotland is, in our opinion, not so instructive as that of England, it has none the less important lessons to teach Indian political reformers and the well-written sketch under consideration, which is accurate and authoritative, ought to interest a large circle of readers in this country. We hope that in a second edition the author will see his way to bring down the sketch up-to-date.

Till now about the only compact history of Russia available in English is that by Morfill, published so far back as 1890 in the "Story of Nations" Series. We, therefore, welcome the excellent English translation of a Russian Professor's *Short History of Russia*, written necessarily from the native point of view, and all the more instructive on that account. Intended primarily for Junior classes of middle educational institutions in Russia, the book will nevertheless appeal to English-knowing readers as offering in a short compass the salient points of Russian history from the earliest times to the great revolution of 1917. The value of the letter-press is enhanced by the book being embellished with maps and illustrations. Altogether a capital little book.

Dr. Leon Van Der Essen's *Short History of Belgium* was first published in 1916 and was justly acknowledged as about the best compendious sketch of the subject in English. To the second revised and enlarged edition under notice, the author has done well to add a special chapter on "Belgium During the Great War". In its present form the book will interest alike the student and the general reader, for while learned and scientific in method, it is popular in the best sense of the term.

The standard work on the subject is Mr. A. H. J. Greenidge's *Hand-book of Greek Constitutional History*, published in 1896. It still retains its value, though it requires overhauling. Mr. A. H. Walker's *Primer of Greek Constitutional History* is intended for Junior readers and the author candidly states that "the debt owed to Mr. Greenidge's worthier labours will be sufficiently evident to readers". Nevertheless Mr. Walker's book has a distinct value of its own and will remove the want of an elementary treatise on the subject. It is lucid and well-written.

The late Mr. Feilden's *Short Constitutional History of England*—originally published in 1882—has long since been regarded as the student's classic on the subject. It has passed through many editions in the hands of competent editors and revisers and the latest edition before us is a work which no student of English Constitutional History can afford to neglect. It is an ideal text-book.

Mr. E. M. Walker has been well-advised in bringing together in a booklet his two articles on "History of Greece and "Constitution of Athens," contributed by him to the last (eleventh) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, to which has been now added a chronological table. These articles are very valuable and deserved republication in a handy form. The result is that the treatise—called *Greek History: Its Problem and its Meaning* would form about the best and most suitable introduction to the student to the history of Greece. A useful bibliography enhances the value of Mr. Walker's work.

Mr. R. B. Morgan who has edited *Readings in English Social History* deserves warm congratulations on the result of his labours. Though primarily intended for Junior Students, these selections from original contemporary sources, offered in excellent modern English, ought to appeal to a wider circle of readers. The Selections are judiciously made and the editor has cast his net wide and gathered excellent and interesting reading.

Our Library Table: Miscellaneous Literature.

Mr. B. P. Wadia is one of the most prominent workers in the Indian labour world. The collection, therefore, of his speeches and writings called *Labour in Madras*, with a foreword by Col. Josiah Wedgewood M.P. (S. Ganesan and Co., Triplicane, Madras) is a useful contribution to labour and literature in India and deserves careful consideration of all interested in the solution of labour problems.

Dr. Richard Wilson's *Use of English* (Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London) is an excellent, little, elementary treatise on Grammar and Composition. It is written in simple language and the examples and selections are judiciously chosen. It will be found useful by those for whom it is intended.

Mr. P. G. Thomas, Reader in English language and literature in the University of London, has in his *Introduction to the History of the English Language* (Sidgewick & Jackson, Ltd., London) offered students a lucid and fairly comprehensive exposition of the subject. Within a narrow compass the writer has managed to deal with the whole subject and has also introduced with advantage specialised material. It will form a very suitable introductory text-book in our colleges.

Verily anthologies are the order of the day. We know that Dr. Johnson disliked Dodd's *Beauties of Shakespeare* and maintained with great solemnity that the only anthology of or from Shakespeare would be a complete edition of the poet. But then every one is not Dr. Johnson and we confess to a liking on our part of judiciously chosen and well-edited anthologies. Such a one is before us called *English Prose and Verse* (Blackie and Son, Ltd., Bombay and London). It contains excellent short passages from the greatest English authors from Bacon to Stevenson arranged in chronological order, to which are appended useful, elucidative notes. It will form a very good Introduction to the English classics.

Of a restricted interest is another little admirable anthology entitled *Books and Ideals* selected and arranged by Edmund K. Broadus (Oxford University Press, London and Calcutta, 1921.) The Editor frankly takes the reader in his confidence and tells him of "his own well-remembered difficulties when he was first released from leading-strings and given the run of the shelves". To select judiciously between the 'tasks' and the 'pleasures' is never the delight of impatient youth; and apologies of the anthology-editors deserve more than a mite of thanks from the aspiring scholar. *Books and Ideals* is arranged, after the Baconian style, on the tri-partite maxim of study, light and fruition: companionship with books yielding a harvest of broad, enlightened minds and consummating the progressive ideals that guide and move humanity. The selections are all well chosen by Mr. Broadus—Bacon, as is but meet, occupying the place of honour and concluding with Lord Haldane's fine peroration on 'The Dedicated Life'.

Charles Lamb: *Prose and Poetry* (Oxford University Press, London and Calcutta, 1921)—the latest addition to *The Clarendon Series of*

English Literature—has a less ambitious aim and therefore the more successful. Charles Lamb occupies a delightful corner in the survey of English Literature. It is not easy to attempt a representative selection from his writings so as to present a complete idea of Lamb as a man of letters ; it is more difficult to build up a sustained but judicious criticism of his literary merits without a sympathetic delineation of the life story of his lovable personality. Indeed Swinburne the greatest literary critic of the XIX Century—is believed to be of opinion (as quoted in Prof. Gordon's admirable Introduction) that no good criticism of Lamb 'can ever be written because nobody can do justice to his work who does not love it too well to be capable of giving judgment. No labour could be at once so delightful or so useless, so attractive or so vain, as the task of writing in praise of Lamb'. Yet numerous attempts have been made to correctly 'place' him in the domain of literature. Prof. Gordon projected a humbler scheme—that of studying the best of Lamb in his prose and verse and leave the reader an ample scope to exercise his own judgment. The two essays by Hazlitt and De Quincey, besides being works of high literary merit serve to sharpen the mind of the student in his mental process of appraisal. The admirable Introduction, the chronology of Lamb's Life and the short Notes at the end will prove of great help to the newcomer. Altogether a delightful text.

We welcome the revised edition of *To The Nations* by Mon. Paul Richard (Ganesh and Co., Madras, 1921.) for the ideals which he so boldly speaks out deserve a constant reminder and an ever freshening study. The repeated insistence upon the ideal of Service is neither untimed nor 'unjointed' in the present muddle of things all over the wide world. The post war realities with the brutal lust for sordid gains ruling the counsels of nations provide tears in plenty for the true lover of human progress, for 'so many sorrows and so many heroisms, so many crimes even, so many sacrifices, this bloody holocaust of ten peoples, all these tears and all this blood' had had no other effect than 'to leave them free to recommence tomorrow what they were doing yesterday'. Nations remain still in the posture of gladiators, in the words of Hobbes, and the League of Peoples still a dream. *To the Nations* is a cry from the heart of a stricken devotee of Service. In his hatred of the Moloch of destruction, in his doctrine of international comradery, in his lofty idealism—Mon. Richard has gripped the essentials of the problem of future and his views deserve a better and wider hearing amid the present day jarring conflict of narrow nationalisms.

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FROM THE DESK.

"White Australia," Empire and India.

Lord Northcliffe, the 'discovery' of the great war and the power behind the machine that made war possible and ultimately fought out to a victorious finish, has been of late touring round the far lying outposts of the Empire. With the correct instincts of a seer and a practical judge of present-day politics Lord Northcliffe foresees the venue of the next cockpit for a display of human brutalities; and to attain a first hand knowledge of the complex issues involved he has combined pleasure with a serious business motive in his recent Pacific tour. The demand that the tradition of the world's greatest newspaper makes upon its conductors exacts a strict display of intimate knowledge and with Pacific as the vortex-centre of *Macht-Politic* in the coming years it was incumbent upon the High Priest to organise his intelligent service in anticipation. Lord Northcliffe's progress has been a semi-royal one, carefully boosted and efficiently reported—at least so we read. That he half-instinctively desired to continue to remain in the lime-light during his perigrinations is only too evident from the constitutional indiscretion in the matter of the Irish issue when he was reported to have credited King George with active interference in the Irish imbroglio.

Despite his disclaimer the affair remains shrouded in mystery. And now reports come of His Lordship's efforts in rousing Australia into a realisation of her 'weakness'. We read that on the eve of his departure from Sydney he issued a long statement of his impressions, which is at once a warning and an appeal. We cull the following :—

"Australians do not seem properly awake to the fact that they live in an age which has lately proved itself to be not distinguished by respect for international rights. To-day a moral right to territory is in itself no right at all. Moral right must be based upon capacity in arms among people of relatively equal individual fighting strength. Capacity in arms is measured by numbers, and by this standard Australia's present position and immediate future are precarious."

Developing the relation of the supreme importance of armed strength to-day in international politics to the problem of Australia Lord Northcliffe sums up the position in these bluntly frank words :—

"Within a fortnight's steam of your Commonwealth you have hundreds of millions of people, all of whom are crowded and restless, and some ambitious and powerful. Their yearly increase of birth is more than five millions, yet you go about your work and play as though the lust for territory had not all down the centuries been a cause of war, and as though the history of the world had not been the story of the overthrow of the weak by the strong."

He has his own particular nostrum to offer and he does not hesitate to say what it is :—

"The Commonwealth may still be saved for the Anglo-Saxon race and your ideal of a White Australia realised. The key to your White Australia ideal, the sure parent of all your ideals, is population....Only numbers will save you. The world will not tolerate an empty and idle Australia. This continent must, like other continents, carry its full quota of people and do its full share of production.".....

"You have no option. Tens of millions will come to you whether you wish it or not. You cannot hold up the human flood by a restriction clause in an Act of Parliament. Acts of Parliaments have little or no international force. Ambitions and passions are awake on this question of migration."

* * * * *

The policy of "White Australia" is not an unfamiliar policy. It is perhaps less well-known that federalising motive behind the Union that ultimately emerged as the Commonwealth of Australia was the fear of Chinese labour stampeding the land and the need of action against the common danger led to the liquidation of jealousies and conflict of interests that marked the original self-governing States. It will not be idle to trace this tendency in the history of the Commonwealth.

James Cook's accidental discovery of this island-continent in the midst of the Pacific Ocean served to provide England with a penal convict settlement far removed to be of any danger from a recrudescence of the criminal tendencies of the convicts. Soon however the land attracted a swarm of adventurers in quest of rich and speedier awards of toil than were available in the old country. And Squatters, as this planter tribe was called, originated a system of exploitation that is rampant even to-day and provides the fighting plank for militant Labour in Australia. In search for cheap and docile workmen the Squatters in early 'Forties' introduced on their farms Chinese and a few Indian coolies under indentured contracts. They bought the use of the toil of these Asiatic men as chattels for a number of years and saw—only too well—that their investment was a paying one. After their indentured period these coolies found themselves a lost tribe and began to flow from one district to another in search of food and shelter.

The gold fever of 'Seventees' was responsible for a wholesale migration into the State of Queensland of thousands of Chinese. In their cheap and frugal labour the white miners saw a direct menace to their "standard of living"; and developing it into an economic danger they managed to rush through the legislature a Gold Fields Bill. It was ultimately vetoed for the British com-

mercial interests in the mother country needed placating the Chinese sentiment, and we read Lord Carnarvon saying in reply :—

“I may observe that although the fifth article of Peking especially refers to Chinese engaging to take service in the colonies and to giving them liberty to migrate for that purpose, it is obvious that the article contemplates that all Chinese subjects should have full freedom of entry into British Dominions without special restrictions or impediments.”

It is not necessary to go into details how this first thwarted effort resulted in drawing together the various states; how the Trade Unions by manipulation of strikes and use of political strategy exploited “the privilege of the ballot”; how liberal forces were recruited in support to defeat supposed political deterioration; how step by step restrictive barriers were put up in the shape of poll tax and limitation of numbers by tonnage of ships that brought the immigrants—on to the ultimate acceptance of a rigid ‘white’ policy in the year 1888. The needs of joint action and forces of urgent but kindred strain were, in the meantime, pressing for a solution of the inter-state issue. The conservatism of the Squatters coupled with their avaricious greed of exploitation kept in check for a short period the insistent demand of Labour for a strict exclusive policy in respect of Chinese. But rapid Socialistic tendencies and demands of extreme, militant Labour forced them to seek in the federal solution some little check to democratic advances. And out of this temporary truce of interests emerged the Commonwealth in the year 1901; and since its inception the policy of racial restrictions got transformed into one of exclusion effected by a language test.

This is, in outline, the history of the evolution of the White Australia policy. Now that the peripetetic Napoleon of the Press has directed his powerful megaphones to sound the ‘danger spot’ in the Pacific and urged the need of a gospel of race-idology, it is wise to take due notice and warning of the intentions of the rulers. A humourist will, perhaps, draw genuine amusement from a perusal of the camouflage of Mr. Chamberlain when he

addressed the Inter-Colonial Conference held in London in 1897 :—

"We quite sympathise with the determination of the white inhabitants of these colonies which are in comparatively close proximity to hundreds of millions of Asiatics that there should not be an influx of people alien in civilization, alien in religion, alien in customs, whose influx moreover would most seriously interfere with the legitimate rights of the existing labour population.....but we ask you also to bear in mind the traditions of the Empire which makes no distinction in favour of or against race or colour, and to exclude by reason of their colour or by reason of their race all Her Majesty's Indian subjects, or even all Asiatics, would be an act so offensive to those people that it would be most painful, I am quite certain, to Her Majesty to have to sanction it."

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How the rebound of such a camouflage of words and the effective enforcement of a policy of racial exclusion has affected the Imperial ties, is evident from the history of recent times. What rebounds the Northcliffian gospel will produce is in the womb of time and any prophecy will be not merely futile but useless. What the attitude and responsibilities of the Empire as a unit will be, we will let *The Times* speak. In an editorial comment on Lord Northcliffe's statement in Sydney *The Times* reiterates the essential Pacific truth about Australia and in no uncertain words pledges his unconditional support to the doctrine of race-hateur :—

"The Empire will assuredly fight with all its strength for a white Australia, should fighting for that end be required ; but every million of white babies or white settlers added to the Commonwealth will lessen the difficulties of such a fight....."

"Lord Northcliffe's general argument seems to be unanswerable. They (i.e. objections to a particular scheme of immigration of white men) must be overcome, and overcome soon, if Australia is to develop as the White Australia all her sons and all the sons of the Empire desire her to be."

The Australian question does not directly affect India, as there are few, very few Indians in that island, and although the treatment of her citizens both in Australia and in the sister island of New Zealand has not been by any means fair or even courteous. But India is, at any rate to-day, an integral member of the British Empire. Is it in all seriousness argued that as a member of the Empire, India will 'fight with all its strength for a White Australia' where her sons are treated as if they belonged to an infra-human grade? Is it again the accepted desire of Indian polity that Australia should bang in the face of the world her policy of racial arrogance, a policy that implies a direct affront and an obvious insult to India—a member of the same British Empire of which Australia is a part? And is it seriously contended that as a *quid pro quo* Australia will give support to the similar right of another nation to determine the colour of her constituents and will be prepared to fight with all her strength, if need be, to maintain a similar race policy in other parts of the Empire, even though it be India? Searching questions these, but it is high time statesmen of India directed their attention and their understanding toward an appreciation of the anomaly of India as the proposed "equal" partner in the Commonwealth of British Nations.

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Repressive Laws Committee.

The recommendations of the Committee appointed in pursuance of a resolution moved by the Right Hon'ble Srinivasa Sastri in the Council of State in February last have now been accepted by the Government and legislation is promised for the next session. We have spent a good deal of patient industry in attempting to appreciate the Report but invariably at each reading we are reminded of the parable of the muleteer who was told off to scale the heights of a certain dizzy mound and report on the condition of the protective hedges and fencings and section and ropeways constructed on the roadside uphill. During his fatiguing progress toil and exertion took full measure of the man and a friendly nap in the saddle relieved the drudgery of the hard ascent. He dreamed of the parting words of the boss who, wish-

ing him godspeed, expected of him a 'praiseworthy report'. The words seemed clear enough but their full import was not yet borne to him. On his reawakening the muleteer found himself at the same spot where he remembered to have dozed off with this difference that now a hazy cloud obscured his vision of the heights. His comfortable ill-temper at the loss of time and invisibility exploded itself on the patient brute. His fear of unknown dangers of the growing dusk persuaded him to abandon the duteous attempt. The way down hill was pleasant and a cool breeze fanned into his ears the deliciousness of slumber as the mule trotted cheerily along. He dreamed again and the dream gave him the full significance of his master's remarks and his sub-conscious energy provided a cut and dried survey outline of the condition of the roadway. On scrutiny he felt satisfied that it was 'praiseworthy report' indeed.....The muleteer soon led the van of a cavalry of muleteers. Moral: "Curse the mule, thank the boss and d—d the job."

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The Repressive Laws Committee was instructed to examine 13 statutes bearing on the freedom of the average citizen and they start off by sanctioning a handsome certificate of merit to the executive hierarchy of the Government:

"It is also proved that the Government of India have scrutinised with the greatest care all requests for either the introduction of the Seditious Meetings Act or action under the Defence of India Act or the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1908."

Almost following this moral satisfaction the Committee tumbles into a bit of plain speaking and Mr. Gandhi, Non-cooperation, Congress Committee, Khilafat propaganda—are all belaboured with an unsparing rod for their sin of challenging the satisfying moral unction provided by the care and solicitude of the benign government.

The signatories of the Report emphasise that "recent appeals to racial feeling, religious prejudice or economic discontent have in fact shaken respect for law, government and authority, and *created an atmosphere of preparedness for vio-*

lence." In support of their emphasis bits of Mr. Gandhi's reported orations and excerpts of his writings from *Young India* are quoted in the report. The 'dangerous developments adumbrated by the leaders of the non-co-operation party' press upon the Committee the conclusion that the 'leaders of this movement have succeeded in arousing a deep and widespread feeling of hostility towards Government'. 'The growing contempt for law and order', 'intimidations of courts or officers carrying out the orders of the court', 'social boycott', 'gross misrepresentations', 'direct incitements to disloyalty and internal disorder',—surely such a piling up of risks is not safe for the preservation of the State. The Law Member of the Government, in his role of the President of the Committee, has provided the stamp of legal opinion in the valuation of the concrete instances that have formulated such a formidable conclusion. And would not the supreme necessity of the State demand a speedy rustication of the formalities of the ordinary laws in order to ensure the beneficent continuation of a system that in its normal working preserves the semblance of security? But

"the muleteer seems to have dozed off and dreamt of his 'praiseworthy report'".

For the grave dangers to the State fall into a secondary position and we are told in an *ex parte* style that

"there are signs of a gradual adjustment to *post bellum* conditions ; a favourable monsoon would do much to remove economic discontent: the relations between Government officials and the public, between the ministers and officers serving under them are admittedly (sic) undergoing successful readjustment: finally, the response made to the opportunities offered by the Reformed Councils, no less than the attitude of the Executive and the Legislators of mutual co-operations is encouraging"!!!

While no argument is adduced nor any facts cited in support of these sanguine hopes, no reason is advanced for relegating to the background the dangers to the body politic that are presumed to arise from the spread of the non-co-operation propaganda and stressed with emphasis before the members dozed off into a praise

of the beneficent Reforms. But soon enough *the mule comes in again for an explosive burst*. The members are convinced that the 'Turkish Peace Treaty has been used to cause a dangerously bitter feeling amongst the masses, and that religious enthusiasm exploited by unscrupulous agitators has in many places developed into fanatical hostility of the British Government'. The Committee is scandalised by the horrors of this 'campaign of calumny' the most sinister feature of which is 'the direct attempt to seduce the military and the police force from their allegiance'. They feel genuinely alarmed at the response made by the misguided students to 'mischievous appeals by agitators'. The Committee sums up their reading of the situation in this elegant phrase :

"Taking into consideration all the evidence we have received and the points to which we have adverted, and bearing in mind the still prevailing economic discontent, we cannot dismiss as improbable the danger of sudden sectarian, agrarian or labour disorder on a large scale culminating in riots."

The Report then proceeds to discuss in groups of twos and threes each of the 13 repressive laws. It is not necessary for us to attempt an analyses of the workings of their minds as they begin to formulate concrete proposals, for no more than a bare outline of the discussion is included in the body of the report. Their unanimous recommendation is

"the repeal of all the statutes included in the terms of reference... with a reservation as to Bengal Regulation III of 1818 and the corresponding Regulations of the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, but we advise that the repeal of the Prevention of Seditious Meetings Act, 1911, and Part II of the Indian Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1908, should be deferred for the present."

It is not a bantering fit of humours that sees in the labours of the Committee matter for amused ridicule. They view with "the gravest apprehension" the recent occurrences and their possible developments; they regard the campaign of non-co-operation as most sinister in its effect to the safety of the State; they

consider the attitude and overt acts of the majority of the leaders criminally treasonable—and yet in face of these persuasions they set about smashing the very instruments that were devised for a rapid handling of such situations as the Committee allege now infest the country! We would have thought from the personnel of the Committee adorned by more than one legal luminary of eminence that if they arrived at a considered judgment about non-co-operation being a treasonable movement (as is their unsolicited advice) with true boldness and courage of convictions they would harness all efforts directed towards rooting out the treason and so minimising the dangers to the safety of the State. Repressive Laws draw their full privilege and yield justifications during such periods and mocking irony alone would couple the admission of the existence of an 'atmosphere of preparedness for violence' with recommendations to repeal the instruments of law devised to meet and cope with exactly such 'atmospheres'.

However let that pass and let us not adorn the tale with a moral. Be grateful for small mercies and render thanks for the crumbs that dropped if only because the pressing and urgent necessities of boosting up the Reforms prompted a louder and louder blast of praise.

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The Calcutta Review.

It is with genuine pleasure that we welcome the re-appearance, after a dormant period, of this oldest periodical in India. Magazines as a rule, share a very varied and chequered fate in this country and the experience of the *Calcutta Review* has not been, by any means, a very happy one. Now that the scholarly and literary hierarchy of a great institution like the Calcutta University is at the back of the rehabilitated Journal, with its own splendid tradition, it is to be hoped that a longer and more useful career will be granted to our contemporary. The first issue under the new aegis promises well. It is replete with good things and as is but natural literary discussions and University affairs occupy a prominent place. There is however a live touch given to the contents by instructive analyses of current events

and men. "Gandhi and Tagore" is a contribution of searching enquiry and provocative of thought. "August Strindberg" is a sanely critical and soberly thought out sketch. We must however withhold support from the section that aspires to ape the caricatures of *Punch*. Too much cannot be expected of any Journal; and in a literary magazine of such antecedents as the *Calcutta Review* laughing tips from the gutter or ridicule of the grosser aspects of humanity seem quite out of place. We sincerely hope that the literary editors of the Review will expunge this "Spice of Life" from the succeeding issues and reserve the contents for more dignified and scholarly instruction.

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Shama'a.

Our appreciation of this lively Quarterly from Madras is not the less genuine despite a belated notice. Possibly the delay was semi-deliberate and partly inevitable—the curious consequence of a sub-conscious misgiving of its high aspirations resulting in a lethargy of the mind. Successive impacts of the pulsating vibrations set into motion by the picturesque words that adorned its pages failed to quicken into live activity our passive disinclination in the fulfilment of its high mission. But we live to learn.

Shama'a denotes the flame of love. It forms the eternal focus of devotion. In the perpetual tragedy of the Moth it illustrates the elusive nature of love's Ideal. Poetry, Art and Philosophy : three corner stones crowning the high arch of Humanity—a richly ambitious scheme of thought; and it is praise indeed that *Shama'a* has survived its first ordeal of strength and preserves its ambitions intact. The talented Editor, Miss Mrinalini Chattopadhyay has set before herself an ideal worthy of the genius of the race she represents. We have before us as we write the October 1921 issue and there is not a page that is dull, not a line that fails in its appeal to the artist in man. The present issue opens with a graceful rendering into English, from the Dutch of Noto Soeroto, a young Javanese Poet of his Melati knoppen (buds). The translations are of high literary merit and possess a distinction of elegant rhythm. Mr. James H.

Cousins discourses on The Function of Culture in an instructive style. *Shama'a* embodies in its pages the true interpretation of progressive culture and directs its appeal to the inner worth in man, which is at once the hope of the world and its recurring disappointment. We extend a cordial welcome to our contemporary and wish it a speedy success.

WHIP.

TAGORE AND GANDHI—A CRITICISM.

The novelty of the great experiment which Mahatma Gandhi is carrying on in India is slowly attracting the attention of the world, and it is in the nature of things that such an International man as Tagore should define his attitude towards it. After some half-hearted preliminary notices the great poet has in his detailed survey expressed, in my opinion, complete dissent from it from a philosophical point of view. He finds Non-cooperation unsustainable on the basis of his philosophy. It must not however be supposed that Gandhi has embodied his complete gospel in his present Movement nor has the Poet expressed his whole philosophy in the article concerned. Neither is it true that Tagore intended a complete survey of the Gandhian philosophy so much as an examination from his philosophic point of view of the concrete Movement filling the country. He saw before him a violent agitation against the British Government, a narrow political programme, and a fetish made of the charka and the burning of foreign cloth. He revolts against these because they run counter to his philosophy and his temperament. The Mahatma rightly divining the real targets of the Poet's attack has in his reply defended only these items without however answering the Poet's philosophical criticism.

The Poet offers a rude shock to the pride of the Non-cooperators when he bluntly says that Non-cooperation is according to his point of view an 'Unspiritual' Movement. As the Mahatma misses or ignores this point in his reply it is necessary to draw attention to it. After explaining his point of view the Poet enumerates his specific charges against Non-cooperation, viz. :—

1. It is *parasitic* in character
2. It enshrouds the spirit in '*Maya*' still
3. It pursues a *purely political method*
4. It *neglects the Intellect and Reason*
5. It makes a *narrow call*
6. It is *negative* in character, and
7. It is *Particularistic*, i.e., exclusively nationalistic.

These readily follow from his point of view of spiritual life.

The Tagorean philosophy that can be constructed out of the article is the traditional Advaita philosophy of India. But the Poet builds out of the ancient principle a new gospel of his own. The history of man is a process from parasitism to self-determination. The growth of civilisation illustrates it. Freedom is the means for realising all the ends of life. But freedom must be of the inner self, not of the external body. Wealth obtained by gift from others may relieve us from the bondage of poverty but you have to pay for this external gain in soul value. But wealth created by yourself removes the parasitism of your body as well as that of the mind. External liberation is at best a process of exploiting others by either violence, cheating or supplication. But liberation of the spirit is a process of self-creation which removes parasitism of either sort without harming others. Self-creation is the method of spiritual liberation wherein you find the joy as well as the success of man. If you want your country create it by your efforts. At present both our Moderates and Nationalists are begging it from foreigners the one by supplication, and the other by threats. But self-creation is the only way to destroy the 'maya' of the soul. Blind obedience, routine habit, onesided growth, stratagem, passions like greed, anger and fear, magic and illusion, belief in Providence and Divine Revelation—these may be of service in a process of external liberation but all these constitute the 'maya' of the inner soul and enslave it more thoroughly. Reason is the only guide for the liberation of the soul. By refusing to work for external freedom and confining exclusively to internal liberation of the spirit, Tagore avoids not merely the modern Western method of exploitation but also the ancient Indian method of Negation. Liberation is not a process of negation of your desires but is one of creative activity. By such activity you eschew all parasitism and at the same time satisfy all your desires. You find your joy also in such activity. Moksha is thus not a state of non-action but one of active service to humanity. For, your creative activity results in the growth of civilisation. It follows that activity that is not self-created is either Negative or Exploitative both of which are unspiritual. The latter injures the liberation of the spirit and the former the freedom of the body while both

injure the interests of the world. But the method of self-creation by working from the side of the inner self establishes harmony between body and spirit as well as between individual perfection and world-progress. The philosophy is rationalistic and Adwaitic. It is Adwaitic because if you admit of a God separate from you you will have to accept dependence upon Him.

If we grant this philosophical position we will have to admit all the specific charges against Non-cooperation. The Movement is parasitic because it neglects self-creation and aims violently to exploit the foreigner. It is negative in the sense it is not creative. It neglects all activity other than political and seems to believe that the State is the only refuge for salvation. It has let loose anger, greed and racial hatred and neglected the intellect. It thrives by producing belief in magical short-cuts to the goal and by appeals to passion and imagination. All this is unspiritual according to Tagore.

Even apart from his philosophical condemnation these charges have much practical value. I for one believe they are true. They show the unsatisfactoriness of the Movement even other than spiritually. Gandhi admits the paucity of creative activity in his programme as being due to a wartime dislocation. This is no doubt true. The Tagorean scheme does not admit of any warfare but when once you undertake it such disproportionate emphasis and dislocation as the Non-cooperation programme shows are inevitable. The genesis of the Movement also is responsible for this. Gandhi started it and even now intends it in order to obtain the redress of the two wrongs more than for the attainment of Swaraj. He admits with the Poet that Swaraj can only be a self-creation and never a gift from others. But the Nationalists forced Swaraj upon him and Gandhi has been gradually organising solid creative activity to build up Swaraj from within. But a complete "Yoga" of all our faculties and of all sections of the people is not still in sight. The Poet's charge of Particularism has been most effectively answered by Gandhi. But his other damaging charge of the connivance of Non-co-operation with the perpetuation and even the rejuvenation of our age-long 'illusion-haunted magic-ridden slave mentality' is summarily dismissed by the Mahatma with the avowal of a

doubt. It is true that none has fought more valiently than he against some of the 'mayas' like blind obedience, bigotry, inertia and anger. But Gandhi is altogether silent about the other 'mayas' referred to by the Poet, viz. :—vague hopes like the promise of Swaraj in a year, tempting offers of fanciful short-cuts to success, magical catchwords and formulas such as for instance that it is sinful to wear foreign cloth or to enter the Councils, the habit of making everything a matter of religion and conscience, the constant appeal to the providential help of God, and so on. These 'gold-making' tricks destroy the hold of reason on the mind. The Poet has done the greatest service to us by pleading for the absolute supremacy of rationalism against the age-long curse of magical illusion and Providential obscurantism. But we do not know whether Tagore is prepared to uphold it to its logical conclusion. Like Religion the gospel of Gandhi is non-rationalistic, but that does not warrant him to indulge in absurdly irrational fantasies and superstitions. The Poet's criticism is invaluable in pointing out this and in so far as it pleads for a widening of the programme of Non-co-operation on the positive side.

But the more important point is to see whether Tagore is right in calling Non-co-operation unspiritual. This requires the examination of his philosophy. This philosophy is not free from logical difficulties. Thus for instance the Poet does not determine the province of ideas like 'Spirit', 'Creative Activity', 'Truth', 'Joy', 'Freedom'. It is doubtful whether he admits like the Mahatma a soul beyond the Mind. The latter makes a point by stating that all mental growth and the Yoga of civilisation must be moral, i.e., conducive to the growth of the soul. A savage may possess a more moral soul than a civilised man. Again taking the second idea, it is not clear why creative activity should mean only non-combative quietistic work.

Tagore's doctrine of Freedom leads to endless anomalies. His idea of perfect self-dependence implies a chimerical isolation which is only another species of magical belief characterised by him as 'maya'. It is too fanciful an extension of a half-truth. It is neither possible nor desirable to annihilate parasitism of our mind completely. You cannot cut off the individual from

Nature; society and passion. Reason cannot completely suppress the 'cheshta' of passion. If it is possible it would lead to a mechanical self-atrophy. Tagore is ultra-rationalistic. But it would be interesting to know what he has to say in answer to the non-rationalistic philosophies of William James, Ward, Eucken, Bergson and McDougall. If dependence of every sort is annihilated the result would be either Para-Moksha or black chaos. If the former is intended then all talk about creative sport must cease and the process of freedom becomes one of self-annihilation. It is only the Nirguna Brahman who is perfectly devoid of parasitism and he cannot be characterised even by creative activity. In his book on Nationalism Tagore seems to attack the bondage of Organisation as such rather than that of Nationalism proper. But repudiation of Society and State would not really promote Spirituality. The Idealistic School of Plato, Green and Bosanquet argue that self-realisation is possible for the individual only through the agency of the State. Perfection according to Tagore would be exclusive subjectivism and, although he is against ascetic isolation his perfected individual is no more than a recluse. His Internationalism is quite untenable on this basis. For, it would be unspiritual for any nation to borrow anything from another. None can appropriate, except at the risk of their souls, the knowledge discovered by others.

The Poet's doctrine ignores the consideration of the objective worth of the self-creations. It preaches a method of action without defining the ends of life. If you desire anything, say Swaraj, Tagore says, create it for yourself. For, you realise spiritual liberation in creative activity. Then all this activity is only a self-indulgence, a 'lela' of the soul. The creation has only a subjective and not an objective value. In other words, you may create good as well as bad, dharma as well as adharma, both of which have an equal subjective value for you. This would be a dangerous proposition. This sort of sport with good and bad is permitted by religions to God only and not to individuals or nations. And the *Stthitapragna* of the *Gita* is not a creator but a slavish dependent. As a matter of fact Tagore does not desire this exclusive subjectivism but preaches that both the individual and the nation must work for

the good of humanity. Their creations must objectively be serviceable to the world. But our contention is that this latter idea does not logically proceed from the doctrine of self-creation. It is a separate addition. In doing so the Poet tacitly admits a limitation to his philosophy as well as his failure to establish logical concordance between what his head thinks and his heart desires.

But even if you make your creations objectively serviceable they may often prove injurious to your inner self. This would happen if you do not select the proper ends of life. You cannot pierce yourself with a golden pin just because it is your creation. Although your creations may be of service to others they may themselves impose a fresh chain of bondage for your soul. Gandhi thinks that civilisation is such an enslaving creation of man. Most of the religions hold the same view. It is thus clear that spiritual life is not completely expressed by creative activity alone. It stretches further and rests upon other pillars as well. Determination of the right ends of life is as much necessary for promotion of spiritual life as self-creation of such ends. This imposes a further limitation on Tagore's doctrine, *viz.*, you cannot yourself create every object of life you choose. You may create Swaraj without having any reference to the foreigner but how can you yourself create justice for the Punjab and the Khilaphat wrongs? Here you must have reference to foreigners and may have to put up a fight in order to obtain your desire. This activity cannot be unspiritual even though it is not 'creative'.

This is a fatal defect in the Poet's doctrine. It ignores all idea of an external *objective* fight. But this can never be possible even on its own implications. For example you cannot eschew all dependence without such a fight. Tagore says that if you desire Swaraj for India do not pay any sort of attention to the British ruler, but quietly engage yourself to organise it in the country. He censures both the Moderates and the Nationalists for not doing so. The Moderates reply that in their view you cannot build up Swaraj except through the agency of this British Government. The Nationalist also asserts that you cannot create a democracy in the land unless the foreign rule disappears, for the simple reason that the foreign master will never allow us

to proceed quietly with our creative activity. The Poet wants that we should win the country not from the foreigner but from our own inertia and indifference. But are we exclusively responsible for these vices? See the process of our national emasculation and denationalisation. We can remove these only by first removing the foreigner. The Nationalist knows that political Swaraj is not complete Swaraj but he believes it to be the shortest means to the latter. Tagore refuses to fight the foreigner like the Nationalist but seeks to circumvent his authority by a roundabout process of nation-building. Delay is not the only defect of this method. It can bring success only when you are sure that, while your creation of the Nation is going on, eventually to lead to the destruction of the foreigner, the latter should not molest you. If he molests you, then unless you are prepared for a fight, which is not a subjective one within the arena of the soul, you are undone. Again, in your creation of the country conflict of opinion is inevitable and you must have party fights. But the method of self-creation does not offer us any guidance to steer through such a situation.

You may have to fight in order to create and you may have also to fight in order to protect your creations from desecration and destruction. Brahma alone will not do. We want also the preserver and the destroyer. You cannot stop merely with creation if you care for its objective utility. The Poet does not seem to perceive that the spirit may express itself not only in creative activity *par excellence* but also in other kinds of activity such as fighting with evil. It may be that creation is superior to such fighting but the latter can neither be avoided nor branded as unspiritual. The Sankhya Moksha is not even the exclusive predominance of Satwa but the equilibrium of the three gunas. We may illustrate our point by the symbolical cases of some of our Rishis. Sanaka is a sage who has attained perfection but he keeps it all to himself. Tagore does not like this. Unlike him sage Kasyapa spends his life in creative activity. But his creations are not exclusively good and beneficial to the world. His sons cut each other's throats but quite unconcernedly he goes on creating. Is he to be our ideal man? But I would rather have the ideal man fight to protect his creations. The

fighting may be a violent self-creation like Durvasa's or a non-violent parasitic act like Visvamitra's who took Rama to protect his creative activity. Fighting does not logically end even here. So long as there is wickedness in the world all good activity is liable to be disturbed or desecrated. You cannot confine all your fight against evil merely to safeguard your individual self. Speaking from the universal point of view you have to take an offensive against evil and destroy it. This is what sage Narada is engaged in doing. He is not a *grihastha* and never creates anything in the Tagorean sense. He fights and creates fight between good and evil in the world. The forces of good are always quietistic and passive. They will not fight with evil unless compelled by overwhelming necessity. The function of Narada is to coax the forces of evil, to aggressively fall upon the forces of good so that the latter may forsake their passive individualism and destroy the former for the good of the world. You cannot call this an uncreative and unspiritual function. It is here that the difference between Tagore and Gandhi lies. The Mahatma favours the policy of Narada more than that of Kasyapa. He is more active, aggressive, straightforward and wise than even Narada. He refuses all roundabout stratagem and does all the fighting himself. He does not wait to begin his fight till all the forces of good in the world are mobilised into action. He does not place the centre of good outside himself but makes himself a force of good and falls upon the forces of evil regardless of objective consequences to him. He is wiser than our Avatars who killed the man outright in order to destroy wickedness. He is able to perceive that virtue and vice exist only in activity and not in men as such. They are not facultative but objective inhering in acts only. Gandhi wants to save from wickedness not only himself and others but the doer as well.

The root of the trouble lies in Tagore positing two incompatibles: (1) Exclusive Subjectivism and Passive Individualism evolved by his head and (2) Service of Humanity desired by his heart. He has failed to establish concordance between his head and heart. Every so-called attempt to bridge the gulf between secularism and spiritualism has proved unsatisfactory because it fails to eschew the above fallacy. Some religions have with

logical frankness sought to escape the difficulty by rejecting the second idea altogether. And modern Western Secularism in its turn denies recognition to the first idea by upholding the ruthless suppression by society of the individual and his conscience. Tagore offers no logical harmony between the two. One way to bridge the gulf is to widen Spirituality to include Objectivism as well. You must not merely liberate yourself from all bondage, but also fight externally in order to liberate others including your enemies. You must have active continuous dealings with others. All dependence is not hostile to spirituality. Liberation means liberation from the bondage of evil only and not from bondage of any other sort. For a believer in God dependence on Him is certainly not unspiritual. External help can be of spiritual help. All this is possible if you make Truth and Love your exclusive and supreme ideals and the constituents of your soul. Your salvation means your liberation from Un-Truth and Un-Love. It is the same as the positive realisation of Truth and Love. To Love yourself you have to Love the world. It follows that you cannot avoid objective resistance, nay, you have to invite it because it is an expression of your soul, *viz.*, Truth and Love. Gandhi has said that "Enlightened Non-Cooperation is the expression of anguished Love. If you want Truth only you will be exclusively subjective and individualistic. And if Love is the only constituent of your soul you will be passive to wickedness. But this would in the end destroy Truth from the world. There are people like Bertrand Russel who are prepared to put up with some amount of injustice and 'untruth' for the sake of eradicating war from the world. Gandhi accepts neither this idea of compromise nor the Tolstoyean idea of Non-Resistance. He recommends you to offer resistance of the most energetic kind in order to Love and to realise Truth. But your Love will make this resistance non-violent. This will eliminate warfare without sacrifice of Truth and Justice. Instead of inflicting suffering on the evil-doer you invite it upon yourself in the act of resistance. Voluntary self-suffering is the price you pay for resisting untruth and maintaining Love. This is the process of your self-realisation, *viz.*, the attainment of Truth and Love so far as you are concerned. The world simultaneously

gains as a result of your activity. It is somewhat true that such activity produces 'moral and spiritual' utilities more than material utilities, but this is not inherent to the Mahatma's gospel as it is wide enough to include non-combative creative activity as well. For, it is superficial to say that Gandhism emphasises bellicose activity more than quiet-going solid creative activity. As I said before his gospel has not found complete expression in Non-co-operation. He launched the Movement to wring justice from the unwilling hands of the British more than to create Swaraj. He agrees with the Poet that Swaraj cannot be won from others, *i.e.*, through combative activity. He is however gradually changing his programme, and it shows that even the Movement is not inherently limited in its nature, and can incorporate all the creative activity that Tagore desires along with the fighting programme. But the plea of Tagore is not merely to widen the programme but to destroy its fundamental character.

Thus the attempt of Gandhi to reconcile spiritual and secular life seems to have more logic about it than Tagore's. Unlike the latter Gandhi tries to define the ends of life as well as the method of their realisation. This preserves the ascendancy of subjectivism while taking off its exclusiveness. The end of man is complete moral liberation, the supreme realisation of Truth and Love. Every activity creative or combative must subserve these ends of life. He has said that he enters politics only so far as it develops the religious faculty in him. He says recently that "loyalty to the country is always subordinate to loyalty to God." You cannot hug civilisation to your bosom if it does not conduce to your moral growth. Love prompts you to share Truth with all and you create Truth by destroying Untruth. Both are identical processes. Destruction of Untruth is thus creative in the highest sense. Moksha is a positive state but Moksha means the annihilation of the bondage of Karma. Even the Tagorean ideal has the appearance of negativity since it is identical with the annihilation of all parasitism. Tagore's charge that Non-co-operation and Gandhism are negative is a verbal criticism. It is thus evident that combative activity is also creative and spiritual. And by making it completely non-

violent you enhance the subjective as well as the objective values of your creations. Thus Gandhi bridges the gulf between Subjectivism and Objectivism and between Individualism and Universalism more successfully than Tagore. The fallacy of the latter's philosophy is inherent in the Adwaita and all Transcendental systems. If you annihilate every sort of parasitism then the man becomes Nirguna Brahman. Tagore expects social service from the liberated man. But Attributelessness is never compatible with this objective world, and the attempts to reconcile Neumenon with Phenomenon, the Avyavaharika with the Vyavaharika Reality have all been artificial and illogical. A Nirguna Brahman cannot have the attribute of Love. Love is applauded only in Dualistic religions like Christianity or Vaishnavism. Gandhi's God is a Vaishnava Saguna Brahman while Tagore offers worship to a Nirguna Brahman. The difference lies in the very source of their philosophical speculations. Gandhi-ism is not free from difficulties but it is not fallible on the grounds taken up by the Poet.

M. A. DORESWAMY IYENGAR.

ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY—II.

Social Revolution.

We have now to consider, briefly, the history of man as a social being, the groups he has formed, and the changes in his group systems. Everything in life grows, and human societies are no exception to the rule. They have undergone a long process of evolution, which we can trace in detail, and which we find conforms exactly to the law laid down by Herbert Spencer : a process whereby a number of simple and similar things become different parts of one complex thing. In the case of human societies the units are men and women, and social evolution is a process whereby a small and simple group, in which the individuals are practically alike, grows into a large and complex group, in which the individuals are widely different, and their relations one to another are complicated and subtle.

There are two powerful forces pressing upon human beings, and compelling them to struggle and grow. The first of these forces is fear, the need of protection against enemies ; the second is hunger, the need of food and the means of producing and storing food. The first causes the individual to combine with his fellows and establish some form of government, and this is the origin of political evolution. The second causes him to accumulate wealth, and to combine industrially, and this is the origin of economic evolution. Because the first force is a little more urgent, we observe in the history of human society that evolution in government precedes evolution in industry.

I first made this statement some eighteen years ago, in an article in *Collier's Weekly*. I wrote to the effect that man's first care was to secure himself against his enemies, and that when he had done this he set out to secure his food supply. Collier's called upon the late Professor Sumner of Yale University, a prize reactionary and Tory of the old school, to answer me ; and Professor Sumner made merry over my statement, declaring that man sought for food long before he was safe from his enemies. Some years later, when Sumner died, one of his admirers wrote in the

New York Evening Post that he had completely overwhelmed me, and that I had acknowledged my defeat by failing to reply. This struck me as funny; it was, of course, possible that Sumner had overwhelmed me, but to say that I had considered myself overwhelmed was to attribute to me a degree of modesty of which I was wholly incapable. As a matter of fact, I had my usual experience with capitalist magazines; *Collier's Weekly* had promised to publish my rejoinder to Sumner, but failed to keep the promise, and finally, when I worried them, they tucked the answer away in the back part of the paper, among the advertisements of cigars and toilet soaps.

Professor Sumner is gone, but he has left behind him an army of pupils, and I will protect myself against them by phrasing my statement with care. I do not mean to say that man first secures himself completely against his enemies, and then goes out to hunt for a meal. Of course he has to eat while he is countering the moves of his enemies; he has to eat while he is on the march to battle, or in flight from it. But ask yourself this question: which would you choose, if you had to choose—to go a couple of days with nothing to eat, or to have your throat cut by bandits and your wife and children carried away into slavery? Certainly you would do your fighting first, and meantime you would scratch together any food you could, and while you were devoting your energies to putting down civil war, or to making a treaty with other tribes, or to preparing for a military campaign, you would continue to get food in the way your ancestors had got it; in other words, your economic evolution would come to a halt, while your political evolution would proceed. But when you had succeeded in putting down your enemies, and felt you had a long period of peace before you, then you would plant some fields, and domesticate some animals, or perhaps discover some new way of weaving cloth—and so your industrial life would make progress.

The Process of Political Evolution.

Whether or not I am correct as to the reason, no one can dispute that, as a matter of fact, political evolution has preceded industrial evolution. Also it is easy to see why Professor Sumner wished to confuse the issue. He could not deny political evolution,

because it had happened. He despised and feared political democracy, but it was here, and he had to speak politely to it, as to a tiger that had got into his house. But industrial democracy was a thing that had not yet happened in the world; it was only a hope and a prophesy, and therefore a prize old Tory was free to ridicule it. I remember reading somewhere his statement—the notion that democracy had anything to do with industry, or could in any way be applied to industry, was a piece of silliness. So, of course, he sought to demolish my idea that there is a process of evolution in economic affairs, paralleling the process of political evolution which has culminated in democracy.

Let us now consider the process of political evolution, briefly and in its broad outlines. Take any savage tribe composed of individuals who are very much alike. Some are a little stronger than others, a little more clever, more powerful in battle; but the difference is slight, and when the tribe chooses some one to lead them, they might almost as well choose one man as another. They all have a say in the tribe councils, both men and women; their "rights" in the tribe are the same. They are, of course, slaves to ignorance, to degrading superstitions and absurd taboos; but these things apply to everyone alike, there is no privileged caste, no hereditary inequality.

But little by little, as the tribe grows in numbers, and in power and intelligence, as it comes to capture slaves in battle, and to unite with other tribes, there comes to be an hereditary chieftain and a group of his leading supporters, his courtiers and henchmen. By the time the society has evolved into the stage which we call barbarism, there is a permanent superior caste; there are hereditary priests, who have in their keeping the favor of the gods; and there is a subject population of slaves.

Feudalism and Monarchy.

And then the society moves on into the feudal stage, in which the various grades and classes are precisely marked off, each with its different functions, its different privileges and rights and duties. The feudal principalities and duchies war and struggle among themselves; they are united by marriage and by conquest, and presently there arrives some stronger ruler who brings a

great territory under his power, and we have what is called a kingdom; a society still larger, still more complex in its organization, and still more rigid in its class distinctions. Take France, under the ancient regime, and compare a courtier or noble gentleman with a serf; they are not only entirely different before the law, they are different in the language they use, in the clothes they wear, in the ideas they hold; they are different even in their bodies, so that the gentleman regards the serf as an inferior species of creature.

The kings warred among themselves and emperors arose. The ultimate ideal in Europe was a political society which should include the whole continent, and this ideal was several times almost attained. But it is the rule of history that wherever a large society is built upon the basis of privilege and enslavement, the ruling classes prove morally and intellectually unequal to the burden put upon them; they become corrupted, and their rule becomes intolerable. This happened in Europe, and there came political revolutions—first in England, which accomplished it by gradual stages, and then in the French monarchy, and quite recently in a dozen monarchies, and empires, large and small.

How the Revolution Came.

What precisely is this revolution? Let us consider the case of France where the change was sudden, and the issues precisely drawn. King Louis XIV had said, "I am the state." To an uninstructed person of our time that might seem like boasting or defiance, but it was not—it was a statement of an existing political fact. King Louis was the state by the universal consent of all men, and by divine authority, as all men believed. The army was his army, the navy was his navy, and wars, when he made them, were his wars. Everyone in the state was his subject, and all the property of the state was his personal, private property, to dispose of as he pleased. And that authority he delegated to his subordinates; the government officials carried out his will, and members of the nobility held the land and ruled in his name.

But now suddenly the people of France rose up, and overthrew the king, and put him to death, and drove the nobles into exile; they seized the power of the French state, and proclaimed them-

selves equal citizens in the state, with equal voices in its government and equal rights before the law. So we call France a republic, and we describe this form of society as political democracy. This is the completion of the process of political evolution, and you will see that it moves in a sort of spiral; it has completed a circle and got back where it was before, but upon a higher plane. The citizens of a modern republic are equal before the law, just as were the members of the savage tribe; but the political organization is vastly larger, and infinitely more complicated, and every individual lives his life upon a higher level, because he is a member of this more highly organized and more powerful state.

The Process of Industrial Evolution.

And now let us consider the process of industrial evolution. We shall find it to be the same thing, reproducing the changes in another field of activity. You may picture the thing as two gigantic waves sweeping over an ocean. In some places the waves are far apart, and in other places they are close together; for a time they may mingle, and perhaps their bases always mingle. It would be easy for a critic to point out how political affairs play a leading part in industrial evolution, and *vice versa*; it would be easy to argue that property rules the political state, or again, that the main function of the political state is to protect property. As I have said, man has to fight his enemies, and he has to seek food, and often he has to do the two things at the same time; but nevertheless, here are the two great waves, sweeping over human society and most of the time they are clearly separated and easily to be distinguished.

Industry in a savage tribe is, like government, simple and uniform; all the members of the tribe get their living in the same way. One may be a little more expert as a fisherman, and another as a gatherer of cocoanuts, but the fisherman gathers cocoanuts and the cocoanut-gatherer fishes. In the days of primitive communism there is no economic strife and very little change; but as slavery comes in, and the private property system, there begins industrial war—that is, the members of the tribe trade with one another, and argue over prices, and gradually

some get the better of others, they accumulate slaves and goods, and later on they appropriate the land to their private use. Of course, the men who do this are often the rulers of the tribe, and so politics and industry are mixed; but even assuming that the state never interfered, assuming that the government allowed business affairs to work themselves out in their own way, the tendency of competition is always to end in monopoly. The big fish eat the little fish, the strong gain advantage over the weak, the rich grow richer, and the poor relatively poorer. As the amount of trading increases, and men specialize in the arts of bargaining, we see again and again how money concentrates in the hands of a few. It does this, even when the political state tries to prevent it; as for example, when the princes and dukes of the middle ages would torture the Jewish money-lenders and take away their treasure, but the Jews never failed to grow rich again.

Big Business in America.

It is only when political evolution has completed itself, and a republic has been set up, that a free field is given to economic forces to work themselves out to their logical end. We have seen this in the United States, where we all started pretty much on the same economic level, and where political tyranny has had little hold. Our civilization is a civilization of the trader, the business man, as we call him; and we see how the big business absorbs the little business, and grows constantly larger and more powerful. We are familiar with what we call "graft", the use by business men of the powers of government to get trade advantage, and we have a school of old-time thinkers, calling themselves "Jeffersonian Democrats", who insist that if only there had never been any government favours, economic equality and democracy would have endured for ever in our country. But I am inclined to think that the efforts of government to prevent monopoly and special privilege in business have been fully as powerful as their efforts to favour it; and nevertheless monopoly has grown.

In other words, I believe that the tendency toward concentration in business, the absorption of the small business by the big business, is an irresistible natural process, which neither can be nor should be hindered. I believe that the condition of com-

petition, whether in politics or in industry, is never a permanent one, and can never be made permanent; it is a struggle which automatically brings itself to an end, by the victory of the strongest. Large-scale production and distribution is more economical than small-scale, and big business has irresistible advantages of credit and permanence over little business. As we shall presently show, the blind and indiscriminate production of goods under the competitive system leads to the glutting of the market and to industrial crises; and at such times the weaker concerns are weeded out and the strong ones take their trade. As a result, we have the modern great corporation, which is the most powerful machine of production yet devised by man, and which corresponds in every aspect to the monarchy in political society.

Industrial Autocracy.

We are accustomed to speak of our "captains of industry," our "coal kings," and "beef barons" and "lords" of steel and iron, and we think that we are using metaphors; but the universality of these metaphors points to a fundamental truth in them. As a matter of fact, our modern captain of industry fills in the economic world exactly the same functions as were filled in ancient days by the head of a feudal state. He has won his power in the same kind of struggle, and he holds it by the same methods. He rules over an organization of human beings, arranged, economically speaking, in grades and classes, with their authorities and privileges and duties precisely determined, as under the "ancient regime." And just as King Louis said "I am the state," so Mr. Armour considers that he is Armour & Co., and Mr. Morgan considers that he is the house of Morgan, and that the business exists for him and is controlled by him under divine authority.

And if I am correct in my analysis of the situation, this process of industrial evolution is destined to complete itself, as in the case of the political state. The subject populations of industry are becoming more and more discontented with their servitude, more and more resentful of that supposed-to-be-divine authority which compels them to labor that others may reap the

benefit. They are organizing themselves and preparing for a social transformation which will parallel in every detail the revolution by which our ancestors overthrew the authority of King George the Third over the American colonies, and made the inhabitants of those colonies no longer subjects of a king, but free and equal citizens of a republic. I expect to see a colossal change throughout the world, which will take the great instruments of production, which we call corporations and trusts, out of the hands of their present private owners, and make them the property, either of the entire community, or of those who do the work. This change I call the social revolution, and when it has completed itself, we shall have in that society an Industrial Republic, a form of business management which will be an economic democracy.

The History of Revolution.

We have pictured two great waves of social change, sweeping across human history. We shall now go back, and mark the course of these waves at various stages.

The political revolution began in England back in the thirteenth century, when the barons forced the king to grant them some rights of government, and to set up a political parliament. It took another great step in 1640, when England became a republic through the energy of Oliver Cromwell. In 1688, and again in 1832, when the franchise was extended and at various times since then, the British people have step by step reduced their monarchy to an empty form, and have made control by the people more complete. Superficially England is still a monarchy; the postage stamps bear the head of the king, and the battleships are described as "His Majesty's." Nevertheless, political democracy is far advanced in England, and an Englishman under his king is far more free to express his opinions than is a citizen of the American republic.

In France the revolution came all at once, and with destructive violence. There was a reaction, and it took three generations of struggle before France became definitely a republic. During and since the late war, we have seen the other great empires of Europe go down one by one. Even China has had its first republic, and the people of Japan are struggling for

universal suffrage. There are still many subject nations, but the spread of political agitation in them is so great that we may expect the process of political evolution to complete itself throughout the world before long: complete itself in form, if not in reality. We shall have occasion at some other time to consider the well known fact that political democracy frequently fails to work, and we shall show the reason—that it exists alongside of and in competition with industrial autocracy, and the latter is always and everywhere the more aggressive institution, like the carp in the fish-pond, which destroys all the other fish.

Economic Forces in History.

The history of the world's political revolutions has been written almost exclusively by aristocratic or bourgeois historians; that is to say, by men who, whatever their attitude to political democracy, have no conception of industrial democracy, and believe that industrial strife and enslavement are the normal conditions of life. If, however, you will read Kropotkin's "*Great French Revolution*," you will be interested to discover how important a part was played in this revolution by economic forces. Underneath the political discontent of the merchants and middle classes lay a vast mass of social discontent of the peasants and workers. It was the masses of the people who made the revolution, but it was the middle classes who seized it and turned it to their own ends, putting down attempts toward economic equality, and confining the changes, so far as possible, to the political field. And everywhere throughout history, if you study revolutions, you find that same thing happening. You find, for example, Martin Luther fighting for the right to preach the word of God without consulting the Pope; but when the peasants of Germany rose and sought to set themselves free from feudal landlords, Luther turned against them, and called upon the princes to shoot them down. "The ass needs to be beaten, and the populace needs to be controlled with a strong hand." The landlords and propertied classes were willing to restrict the power of the king and to give the vote to the educated and well-to-do, but from the time of Jack Cade to our own they shoot down the poor.

But meantime the industrial process continues; the modern

factory system brings the workers together in larger and larger groups, and teaches them the lesson of class consciousness. So the time of the workers draws near. The first great attempt in modern times to accomplish the social revolution and set up industrial democracy was in the Paris Commune. When the French empire collapsed, after the war with Germany in 1871, the workers of Paris seized control. They were massacred, some 50,000 of them, and the propertied classes of France established the present bourgeois republic, which has now become the bulwark of reaction throughout the continent.

Let us next consider the Russian revolution of 1905, an interesting illustration of the relation between the two waves of social progress. Russia was a backward country industrially, and according to theory, not at all prepared for the social revolution. But now-a-days the thoughts of men circulate all over the world, and the exiles from Russia had absorbed Marxian ideas, and were not prepared to accept a purely political freedom. So when the people rose and forced the Czar to grant a parliament, the extremists made an effort to accomplish the social revolution at the same time. The peasants began to demand the land, and the workers the factories; whereupon the capitalists and middle classes, who wanted a parliament, but did not want Socialism, went over to the side of reaction, and both the political and social revolutions were crushed.

The Russian Revolution.

But then came the great war, for which Russia, with her incompetent government and her undeveloped industry, was wholly unprepared. The strain of it broke her down long before the other Allies, and in the universal suffering and ruin the Russian people were once more forced to rise. The political revolution was accomplished, the Czar was imprisoned, and the Douma reigned supreme. Middle class liberalism throughout the world gave its blessings to this revolution, and hastened to welcome a new political democracy to the society of nations. But then occurred what to orthodox democratic opinion has been the most terrifying spectacle in human history. The Russian people had been driven too far towards starvation and despair;

the masses had been too embittered, and they rose again, overthrowing, not only their Czar and their grand dukes, but their capitalists and land owners. For the first time in human history the social revolution established itself, workers were in control of a great state. And ever since then we have seen exactly what we saw in Europe from 1789 onward, when the first political republic was established, and all the monarchies and empires of the world banded themselves together to stamp it out. We have witnessed a campaign of war, blockade, intrigue and propaganda against the Soviet government of Russia, all pretending to be carried on in the name of the Russian people, and for the purpose of saving them from suffering—but all obviously based upon one consideration and one alone, the fear that an effort at industrial self-government might possibly prove to be a success.

As I write, this campaign has continued for nearly four years, and it would seem that history is going to repeat itself. The Russian people have been forced to meet internal civil war and outside invasion, and to do that they have needed a military system. Militarism is, of course, destructive of social progress; so the Soviet government becomes more and more a bureaucracy, and less and less the free democracy which it aspired to be. That happened to France after the revolution; and for precisely the same reason. So it may be that we shall have a Napoleon in Russia, and a long period of reaction, a generation or two of struggle to educate mankind to the idea of self-government by the workers.

That is how mankind blunders and gropes its way towards new social forms. Whatever the price may be, we have to pay it. But this much is certain; just as the French revolution sent a thrill around the world, and planted in the hearts of the common people the wonderful dream of freedom from kings and ruling classes, just so the Russian revolution has brought to the wage slaves the dream of freedom from masters and landlords. Everywhere in capitalist society this ferment is working, and in one country after another we see the first pangs of the new birth. Never again will it be possible for the political revolution to occur in any country without efforts at industrial revolution being made. And so we see the terrified capitalists and landlords,

who once found "democracy," "free speech" and "equality before the law" useful formulas to break down the power of kings and aristocrats, now repudiating their old-time beliefs, and striving frantically by every method of propaganda, fraud and force to deprive the people of their political rights. We see, in our own "land of the free" the government refusing to reprint the Declaration of Independence during the war, and refusing to allow others to reprint the Sermon on the Mount!

UPTON SINCLAIR.

WORK DONE IN SLEEP.

While to the great mass of mankind "Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care" is the period of rest, in which the over-wrought mind recuperates and recovers its vitality, it would really seem as if the minds of some exceptional people are then most awake, for in sleep they have accomplished things which completely baffled them during their waking hours.

How this happens has still to be satisfactorily explained. So far as the practical result goes there would seem to be good grounds for believing what a famous writer has said, that when freed from restraint, as in sleep, the imagination is capable of doing more than when the body is awake. The body awake seems to act on the imagination like a brake on a railway train, and the theory expressed by Hippocrates and Plato, among others, to the effect that the body sleeps and the soul dreams, for while the former needs rest the latter does not, would be to a great extent correct. It is those who work in the realm of imagination who furnish the most striking examples of this extraordinary phenomenon, so happily described by Robert Louis Stevenson when he said with regard to himself, "The Brownies do half my work during sleep."

It is generally believed that Stevenson dreamed the window scene in "Jekyll and Hyde." Mr. James Payn has said "His Brownies in a vision of the night showed him a central scene and he wrote 'Jekyll and Hyde.'" My friend of those days and of all days, Mr. Charles Longman, sent me the manuscript. In a very common-place London drawing room at 10-30 p.m. I began to read it. Arriving at the place where the lawyer and the butler waited outside the doctor's room, I threw down the manuscript and fled in a hurry. I had no taste for solitude any more. The story won its great success partly by dint of the moral, whatever that may be, but more by its terrible and lucid visionary power. I remember Mr. Stevenson telling me at this time that he was doing some 'regular crawlers'—for this purist had a boyish habit of slang, and I think it was he who called Julius Cæsar 'the howlingest cheese that ever lived'."

From his early childhood Stevenson was a dreamer, and his dreams were horrible. One dream was that he had to swallow the world, and, while hell gaped beneath his feet, he stood before the White Throne unable to say a single word. It is a picture which one of the great mediaeval artists might have painted.

Later in life he began to dream of journeys and see strange towns. In the next phase he could read in his sleep, and such wonderful books they were that never after was he content with ordinary literature. Lastly, he began to dream in sequence, and he would continue a dream from the place where he had left off the previous night.

Another similar case in which much that is supernatural and terrible occurs is that of the celebrated romance of "Frankenstein," the inception of which Mrs. Shelley always attributed to an impression received in sleep. "I saw," she wrote, "with shut eyes but acute mental vision the pale student of unhallowed arts kneeling beside the thing he had just put together. I saw the hideous phantasm of man stretched out and then, on the working of some powerful engine, show signs of life and stir with an uneasy half-vital motion."

That fine story originated in the visit paid by the Shelleys in 1816 to Switzerland, where they were Byron's neighbours when he was writing the third canto of "Childe Harold". The weather was very wet and they were confined to the house, so they began to read old volumes of ghost stories. One day Byron said, "Let us each write a ghost story." At once they agreed. Every morning when Mrs. Shelley went downstairs she was asked whether she had thought of a story, and she was in despair that she had to answer always "No!" In the evenings Shelley and Byron used to talk while she sat by and listened. One night they began discussing the nature of the principle of life and mentioned a Dr. Darwin who preserved a piece of vermicelli in a glass case until by some extraordinary means it began to move. If vermicelli could do that, why should not a man, thought Mrs. Shelley. She went to bed that night and dreamed the central theme which she meant to write just as a dream in a few pages. Shelley, however, saw the

great possibilities of the idea, and it was at his suggestion and request that she made it into a book.

Sometimes people not only do their work in their sleep but actually write it down without being aware of the fact. Such a case is told by Abercrombie of a lawyer who was much perplexed over a legal opinion he had to deliver. While still worrying about it he went to bed one night. In the small hours he awoke, went to the table, got writing materials and wrote steadily and uninterruptedly for three hours, after which he returned to bed. In the morning, when he awoke, he told his wife he had had a strange dream in which he had solved the problem of the case in the most satisfactory manner, but he could not remember a word of the solution.

"But you were up writing hard for three hours," said his wife.

The lawyer shook his head. "You have been dreaming, my love," he said.

It was now the wife's turn to be amazed. "No, it is you who are dreaming," she said. Going to the table she took up the papers and handed them to him. He looked at them in astonishment. There was the case written out with his opinion clearly specified!

A somewhat similar case was related by the Rev. J. de Liefde, who knew a clergyman, a student at the Minnonite Seminary at Amsterdam. He frequented the mathematical lectures of Professor von Swinden, a famous teacher in the early part of the last century. The director of a bank in the city had asked the professor to solve a difficult problem. He tried but did not succeed, and he gave it in turn to ten of his students to see what they could make of it. The clergyman, who was among the number, tried for three nights to find the answer but failed to do so. At last one night, utterly worn out with his endeavours, he went to bed and, as he believed, slept soundly. He woke late the next morning very disappointed at his want of success, dressed himself, and was on the point of starting off to his Professor's lecture when on looking for his papers on the table he saw the whole problem solved without a single blunder. He has done all the work in his sleep, and had done it so

succinctly that, though, when he first tried to solve it, he had covered three slates with figures, he had now obtained the result in a single sheet of paper.

A similar instance is furnished by the case of the famous French mathematician and philosopher the Marquis de Condorcet, who distinguished himself when he was only twenty-two by publishing his work on the integral calculus. He went to bed one night greatly perturbed by a problem which, try as he might, he was unable to solve. After a while he fell asleep, and in his sleep he had no difficulty in coming to a satisfactory conclusion on the matter and he was able to recall it when he awoke.

An interesting specimen of verse composed during a sleep following an anodyne draught and written down within half an hour of awakening, was that produced by Dr. Thomas Cromwell on the night of January 9, 1857, the scene being Windsor Forest. He wrote :

At a vista's end stood the Queen one day
Relieved by a sky of the softest hue.
It happ'd that a wood mist risen new
Had made that white which should have been blue.
A sunbeam sought on her form to play,
It found a nook in the bowry nave
Thro' which with its golden stem to lave
And kiss the leaves of the stately trees
That fluttered and rustled beneath the breeze;
But it touched not her, to whom 'twas given
To walk in white light pure as Heaven.

Probably the most remarkable instance of a man working in his sleep is that of Coleridge and "*Kubla Khan*." In 1797 the poet was ill, and had retired to a lonely farmhouse between Porlock and Lynton, on the Exmoor confines of Somersetshire and Devonshire. Opium had been prescribed for him, and, after taking it, he fell asleep in his chair. Just then he was reading the following sentence, or words to this effect, in Purchas's *Pilgrimage* : "Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built and a stately garden thereunto, and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall." Coleridge

slept profoundly for three hours, and during part of that time he dreamed more than two hundred lines of the poem. "The images," he said, "rose up before me as things with a parallel production of the corresponding expression, without any sensation or consciousness of effort." As soon as he awoke he began to write the words, which were still vivid in his memory. Unfortunately a visitor called, and Coleridge saw him. When, after an hour, he went back to his desk he found that what he thought he remembered he had completely forgotten, and though he always meant to finish the poem he never did so. To thus forget vivid dream impressions on awakening is not by any means singular, for I have myself often dreamed lines which seemed of surpassing beauty; but when, in a semi-waking state, I have attempted to write them down the result has been a jumble of unmeaning phrases, though at the time they were written they seemed to be an exact transcript of what appeared so beautiful.

One of the most extraordinary pieces of work ever done in sleep is recorded by Mr. Andrew Lang, in his famous book of dreams and ghosts, of Pennsylvania. The University had sent an expedition to Babylon to explore certain ruins, and sketches of the objects discovered had been sent back to America. Among them there were drawings of two small fragments of agate on which certain characters were inscribed. One Saturday, in the March of 1893, the Professor was studying these two fragments, which he thought were broken finger-rings, which he ascribed to a date varying between 1700 and 1140 B.C. The first characters on the third line of the inscription seemed to him to be KU, and he guessed they might be the initial letters of Kurigalzu, a King of that name. At length he went to bed tired out, and, as he slept, a tall priest of the pre-Christian Nippur appeared to him, and took him into a room without windows. It contained a large wooden chest and on the floor there were scraps of agate and lapis-lazuli. The priest said: "The two fragments which you have published on pages 22 and 26 belong together. They are not finger-rings. King Kurigalzu, who lived about 1300 B.C., once sent to the Temple of Bel an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. The priests were suddenly

commanded to make a pair of agate ear-rings for the statue of the god Nibib. No agate was to be found. They accordingly cut up the cylinder into three rings, each of which retained a portion of the inscription. The two rings you have were Nibib's earrings. The third you will never find. Join the two you have together and you will see—"

Professor Hilprecht awoke, jumped out of bed, and rushed off to his study. He got out the two drawings, put them together, found they joined, and in an ecstasy of delight shouted "'tis so, 'tis so!" Mrs. Hilprecht also got up, and went to the study to find what was the matter. He told her his dream, and showed her the drawings, the inscription of which, when the missing fragment was restored by analogy ran thus :

To the god Nibib, child
Of the god Bel,
His lord
Kurigalzu
Pontifex of the god Bel
Has presented it.

In the drawings the fragments were of different colours, so that no one would ever guess they belonged to each other.

Later on Professor Hilprecht examined the two fragments of agate at the Imperial Museum, Constantinople. They were not together, but in different cases, and when brought together and joined the two pieces fitted perfectly. When the cylinder had been cut in old Babylon the white vein of the stone showed in one fragment and the grey surface on the other. Professor Romaine Newbold, who gave the particulars of the dream, explained that Professor Hilprecht had heard from Dr. Petters, a member of the expedition, that a room had been discovered which contained fragments of a wooden box and chips of agate and lapis-lazuli in accordance with the vision which he saw.

Mr. Howieson, in his book of foreign scenes, describes a friend of his, a German student named Engel, who was at the University with him. In the same house as Engel a medical student, Meidenvold, lodged, who was in the habit of expressing himself in mystical language. He made a practice of retiring on a certain night every week to a building the key of which

he kept carefully, and would never allow anyone to cross the threshold. In that building he remained until the following day. It was noticed that whenever he came out he looked ghastly pale and was in a state of deep dejection and at once began to write before resuming his usual studies.

One night Engel determined to clear up the mystery. Climbing up to a window he looked in and saw his comrade by the light of a lamp lying on a board in a sloping position, as if dead. Believing Meidenvold to be playing a joke of some sort, Engel watched a second night, and even succeeded in getting into the room. He found his friend there, the surface of his body cold to the touch and his heart scarcely beating. At the end of three hours Meidenvold sat up, opened his eyes, and looked round. He saw that he was not alone, and told Engel that he brought about his condition by the use of nightshade, hemlock, and other drugs, and that while in that state he partook of a superhuman existence of which, after a little interval, he retained a vivid recollection. He further said he had written down the ideas which had occurred to him in this abnormal sleep in a book which he promised to show to Engel. A little while after, however, he was found dead in his study, and though it was searched for everywhere the book could never be found.

One of the most prolific workers in sleep was undoubtedly the late Dr. Anna Kingsford, who published a book called "*Dreams and Dream Stories*." In introducing them to the public she wrote: "The chronicles which I am about to present to the reader were not the result of any conscious effort of imagination. They are, as the title-page indicates, records of dreams occurring at intervals during the last few years." They were written down the moment she woke, just as they presented themselves to her. Her peculiar gift reminded her of the German student in Bulwer Lytton's "*Pilgrims of the Rhine*," whose faculty for dreaming was so great that for him the normal conditions of sleeping and waking became reversed.

These dreams were most vivid at a time when Dr. Kingsford was a student at the Paris Faculty of Medicine, and she was occupied in preparing for examinations, visiting a hospital as a dresser, and attending lectures, while at the same time she was

busy with literary pursuits which required accurate judgment and complete self-possession. Enticing as it must have been to have taken something to stimulate her dreaming faculty, she never by any chance used drugs or narcotics. "The priceless insight and illuminations I have acquired by means of my dreams have gone far to elucidate for me many difficulties and enigmas of life and even of religion which might have otherwise remained dark to me", she wrote.

It was a remarkable circumstance that, at home, at her residence on the banks of the Severn, in a damp, low-lying country, she never dreamed, but so soon as she went to Paris or to Switzerland her faculty for dreaming was restored. These dreams generally came towards the dawn, and sometimes after sunrise, during a second sleep. Dry air, high altitudes, and a crisp, calm, and exhilarating atmosphere were most favourable for her dream faculty.

The making of shot is said to have resulted from an idea that came in sleep to a Bristol mechanic. The man was employed cutting up strips of lead to make shot of it. He had been drinking after his work, and, when he went to bed, dreamed that it was raining, and as he watched the rain it turned into lead and the earth was covered with shot. He awoke, went up to the tower of St. Mary Redcliff, in the city, and making some molten lead, poured it down from the top of the tower. When he went to look for the lead he found it had taken the form of shot. He made £10,000 by the practical realisation of his dream.

Dr. Franklin assured Cabanis, the eminent French physician who became a Senator under the Government of Napoleon, that over and over again he had gone to bed puzzled by the bearing of political events, but that they became quite clear to him in his sleep. Similarly, Emanuel Maignan worked out the truth of many of his theories in his sleep. It was, indeed, no uncommon occurrence with him, for it is recorded that he was always so pleased when he had demonstrated a theory in a dream that it awoke him. Not less interesting is the other fact that it was his habit to pursue his studies in the circle of shadows, though whether this was to superinduce a sort of hypnotic condition it would be difficult to say.

One of the three great epics of the world, "*The Divine Comedy*" of Dante, which Cary, the translator, declares "has not only stood the test of ages, but given a tone and colour to the poetry of modern Europe, and even animated the genius of Milton and Michael Angelo," is said to have been inspired by a dream while Dante slept. The intimate details of the poet's life have, however, been so little revealed to us that this statement may have been based on another which was referred to by Cary in the following words :

"Dante, it has been supposed, was more immediately influenced in his choice of a subject by the Vision of Alberico, written in barbarous Latin prose about the beginning of the twelfth century. . . . Alberico, the son of noble parents, born . . . in the year 1101 or soon after, when he had completed his ninth year, was seized with a violent fit of illness, which deprived him of his senses for the space of nine days. During the continuance of this trance he had a vision, in which he seemed to himself to be carried away by a dove, and conducted by St. Peter, in company with two angels, through Purgatory and Hell to survey the torments of sinners, the saint giving him information as they proceeded respecting what he saw ; after which they were transported together through the seven heavens and taken up into Paradise to behold the glory of the blessed. As the account he gave of his vision was strangely altered in the reports that went abroad of it, Girardo, the abbot, employed one of the monks to take down a relation of it dictated by the mouth of Alberico himself. Seniorettom who was chosen abbot in 1127, not contented with the narrative, although it seemed to have every chance of being authentic, ordered Alberico to revise and correct it, which he accordingly did. . . . His vision, with a preface by the first editor, Guido, and preceded by a letter from Alberico himself, is preserved . . . in the archives of the monastery."

In music, too, the same thing has happened, for Tartini's famous "Devil's Sonata" came to him while he slept. Indeed, it owns its very name to the circumstance. One night, without anything having happened to superinduce an unusual emotional

condition in his mind, he went to bed and fell asleep. In his sleep he dreamed that he had made a compact with the Devil and bound himself to his service. A famous violinist himself—a profession he had taken up when he renounced the law and married without the consent of his parents—he gave his violin to his Satanic Majesty and asked him to play him a solo on it. The devil took the instrument and played so wonderfully that Tartini lay entranced at the extraordinary beauty of the composition. When the music stopped, Tartini awoke in an ecstasy of delight, jumped out of bed and, seizing his violin, began to play the delicious sounds he had just heard. Try as he would, however, he found it was impossible for him to reproduce the exact sequence of notes as he had heard them, but managed to recover a sufficiently vivid impression of what he had heard to compose the sonata to which, on account of its original player, he gave the curious title which has always belonged to it.

In the drama the same thing has happened. Voltaire composed the first canto of the *Henriade* while he was asleep. "Ideas occurred to me," he says, "in spite of myself and in which I had no part what whatever."

What schoolboy is there who does not know the famous scene of Lochiel's *Warning*. Thomas Campbell, when working on the *Warning*, had stuck after the line "'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore," and could find nothing to complete the couplet in a satisfactory manner. One night, still revolving the question, he went to bed, and in his sleep the line he wanted came to him. Simultaneously he awoke, and, jumping out of bed, wrote it down then and there!

RUDOLPH DE CORDOVA.

LOVE AND A LEGACY.

Bridget Leroy had the eyes of a saint; large, grey and extraordinarily beautiful, and a provocative, pleasure-loving mouth that flatly contradicted the assertion made by her eyes.

The fact of possessing such eyes had added to her already lavish allowance, the sum of £2,000 a year, left to her by an aunt—"because Bridget has her mother's eyes." That was the sole and rather inadequate reason why she alone of all the family benefited under the will.

To most people the advent of a fortune comes as a blessing; to Bridget it spelt disaster, for it cut her off to a great extent from her friends, although she did all in her power to prevent it doing so. It also brought her a good many friends and admirers whose attentions had begun merely with the appearance of her legacy. She was bored and disgusted by the obvious flattery of men and girls who had taken little or no notice of her before. It also caused dissension amongst the rest of her family.

"Why—they argued—should Bridget who spent most of her money in helping girls who were hard up, and giving ridiculous sums of money at the door to men who affirmed that they were disabled soldiers—be the only one of them to benefit?"

With characteristic generosity she had offered to share it with them, but in this respect her father had put his foot firmly down.

She had none of Patricia's expensive tastes, nor that craving for excitement and change that brought Marigold down to her last penny long before her quarter's allowance was due.

Bridget thoroughly enjoyed herself, because she made her own good times without great outlay, but now life seemed almost intolerable, and the climax had been reached when Terry, her constant companion, of whom she was daily growing more fond, and whose name was invariably coupled with hers, had sailed for India, after a very ordinary and undemonstrative farewell, leaving

her surprised, hurt, and feeling anything but charitable towards the deceased aunt who had been the unconscious cause of all her trouble.

It was at this juncture that she packed her trunk and betook herself to a remote spot in Devonshire, to brood over her troubles, real and imaginary with the wholeheartedness of twenty-one.

Having partially unpacked, and there being still half an hour before dinner time, she sat down upon the broad window ledge of her room at the old-fashioned inn, and looked out into the gathering dusk of a May evening.

A faint breeze stirred the chintz curtain and ruffled the feathery dark hair upon her low forehead. The distant cry of a night bird, and the gentle creak of the sign that hung below her window were the only sounds that broke the stillness. She glanced at her watch, and a mischievous smile curled the corners of her rather wide mouth. They would be just sitting down to dinner at home. They would probably be discussing her. Terry's name would be brought in. She could almost hear Patricia with her air of worldly wisdom saying that of course it was the only thing for Terry to do. A boy with £300 a year couldn't very well ask a girl with over £2,000 a year to marry him, also that perhaps Bridget would now condescend to give up some of her "disreputable" artist friends.

Patricia always held forth during meals. It was the only time she could get anyone to listen to her.

Bridget often found herself catching the eye of Martin, the butler. There was a constant twinkle in it, that spoke of a sense of humour held well in check, and which was probably only discovered by Bridget.

Her thoughts were broken into by the sound of horses' hoofs, and a moment later the trap belonging to the Inn drew up, and from it stepped a man and a child, and after them hurtled a puppy of the collie breed.

A slight commotion was caused by the breaking loose of the puppy. The child and the man gave chase. The puppy doubled, and came back running into the man's legs and upsetting him.

A peal of laughter from the window above caused the

newcomer to look up, and meet the laughing eyes of Bridget, who quickly drew in her head and closed the window.

A sense of adventure stirred in her. After all life wasn't so bad. She hoped that he was going to stay, for so far she was the only visitor at the Inn, and she rather dreaded too much of her own society; and thank goodness, he couldn't know that she had £2,000 a year on top of her ordinary allowance. She wondered what he had done with his wife. Perhaps he was a widower. The clanging of what sounded very like a prison bell announced that dinner was ready, and Bridget descended feeling a trifle embarrassed after her recent outburst of merriment at the stranger's expense.

It was a quaint little party of three that sat down to the meal. The child, probably recognizing a kindred spirit in Bridget, plunged into conversation and broke any ice that there might have been.

Bridget apologized for having been so rude as to laugh at the man's accident with the puppy.

"Banjo's always legging someone up. It was a porter at Charing Cross, it will probably be you to-morrow," the man said with a whimsical glance at Bridget.

"Quite a festive dinner for a tiny place like this, isn't it?"

Bridget nodded her approval, and helped herself to a second supply of chocolate pudding, looking rather dubiously at the plate pushed up by the child with a polite request for more.

"Won't he be ill?" she asked, halting with the spoon in mid-air. The man shook his head.

"I don't think so. Anyway if he is he will know what to steer clear of in future, won't you, Sandy?"

The yellow mop nodded vigorously.

"He's not a bit like you," Bridget spoke almost unconsciously.

"It would be odd if he was," said the man and dropped the conversation. Bridget bit her lip and felt annoyed with herself. A maid entered with a lamp, brought their coffee and departed again.

The child, sitting upon the man's knee was having a splinter

extracted from his finger, and in the strong glow from the lamp Bridget had ample opportunity for taking stock of her companion.

She felt vaguely puzzled. There was something oddly familiar about the man. The face was rugged and the colouring not altogether English. The hair, almost blue-black was swept away from one side of the head, but fell almost down to the eye-brow upon the other, giving him a slightly rakish appearance, and there was something odd about the eyes. He looked up suddenly, rather to her confusion.

"A penny for your thoughts," he said quietly. The colour in her cheeks deepened.

"I—I was thinking that I had seen you before somewhere," she stammered.. He searched her face with his eyes; eyes that looked as if they had missed all the good things of life.

"I don't think that is likely", he replied, rather curtly.

Bridget rose feeling a little snubbed for the second time that evening.

"I think I'll say good-night now. I've not finished my unpacking yet." She hesitated a moment.

The man held out his hand, and his smile was very friendly.

"Will you picnic with us to-morrow, or have you something already planned? We've only a week here. Perhaps it would be as well if we knew each other's names—mine's Legrande."

Bridget's eyes fell beneath the keen scrutiny of the man opposite.

"Mine is Royle," she said quietly—"and I shall be very pleased to picnic with you to-morrow," and with an inward blush at her little fib the Honourable Bridget Leroy ascended the creaking stairs to bed, where she lay and pondered, into the small hours of the morning, as to where she had seen those peculiarly hypnotic eyes before.

Then her thoughts drifted to Terry. His boat would be nearing Bombay. She wondered if he was thinking of her, then her thoughts reverted again, until finally she fell asleep.

The next four days passed rapidly, spent almost entirely in the company of Legrande and Sandy. They treated her as one of themselves, laughed with her, jeered at her when she slipped into the stream, which she had asserted that she could

easily jump, and waited upon her with old world courtliness at the lunches and teas which they had out of doors.

Bridget went hatless everywhere, as did the boy, his yellow mop gleaming in the sun, but the man never discarded a peaked cap which he wore pulled well over his eyes. They asked no questions about each other; taking one another for granted in a manner which appealed strongly to Bridget.

It was upon the fifth morning of her arrival that she found a letter from Patricia upon the breakfast table; she glanced casually through it. Pat's letters were not interesting as a general rule. They were usually full of items which held no attraction for Bridget, being mostly descriptions of her new clothes. But the last paragraph of this letter caught and held her attention.

'Do you remember my telling you about a rather mysterious being I met two years ago at the Reynolds'? He confessed to me then (whether in earnest or not, I don't know) that he was on the look out for a girl with money. I saw Chris yesterday and she said that he was touring Devonshire, sampling old Inns, comparing them with some of the continental inns. So beware!

Legrande sitting opposite saw Bridget's brows contract and her mouth harden.

"Not bad news I hope?" he inquired, putting down his paper, which had hitherto enveloped him. There were no formalities where Legrande was. Both he and Bridget had ceased to apologize for opening the papers whenever they chose.

Bridget shook her head, and her manner was a little colder than usual.

"Not bad news. Only something rather peculiar—and—and annoying", she replied, slipping Pat's letter back into its envelope.

So here was another man out for money. She had met a great many since the advent of her legacy, but somehow he didn't seem at all that kind of man—still, one could never really judge people on a few days' acquaintance. The tales she had heard of him did not make him out to be very nice.

She felt strangely disappointed at having her little adventure roughly broken into. She wished Pat's letter had not come until

the week were out. She couldn't feel quite the same to him now. At that moment the puppy laid a cold nose against the hand that lay upon her knee, and the small boy stumbling hurriedly into the room threw an arm round her neck and gave her a moist salute.

Bridget's annoyance quickly evaporated. After all, these three had admitted her—a complete stranger, into all their doings; and had made her days, which otherwise would have been very dull—remarkably happy ones. She shook off the ill humour that Pat's letter had caused.

"Well! What's the programme for to-day?" she asked. "It's going to be gloriously fine. There was a thick haze over everything this morning."

The man glanced up, and a look of relief crossed his face.

"Sandy wants to fish, so suppose we go down stream with him, and find a spot where we can read. Should you mind, and can you be ready to start at ten?"

"I should like it very much. I've a most thrilling book on hand, and I'll be quite ready at ten."

Punctually to the minute the little cavalcade set out. Bridget felt oddly exhilarated, and put it down to the excellence of the air. The child capered round them, upsetting his tin of worms frequently, and the puppy went completely mad, taking flying leaps at them in turn; and the man's step was brisker and seemed more human.

The hours slipped rapidly by. Bridget, rather to her annoyance, found herself regretting the short time left before they would have to return to the Inn.

She had fallen asleep after lunch, on the soft springy turf, and awakened to find herself covered with Legrande's coat while he sat a few yards away in his shirt sleeves, looking rather chilly in the stiff breeze that had got up. Bridget sat up and rubbed her eyes. The man had removed his cap. He reached for it suddenly, but before he could replace it the wind had blown the heavy lock of hair back from his forehead, disclosing a deep and ugly scar that ran from the roots of the hair almost into the eyebrow.

She gave a quick cry of dismay, and with it came a sudden wave of memory. The man turned to her with a short laugh.

"You remember me now? I knew you the moment I saw you. I didn't think it likely that you would recognize me—thanks to modern surgery—yet once or twice I fancied I saw a flash of recognition in your eyes. I have never forgotten the pity and tears in them, when you looked down at me, lying there such a gruesome sight in the next bed to your brother. Most people shuddered and turned away when they looked at me—you were the only one who did not recoil from me, and when you bent down and kissed me from that moment I made a vow that I would get better. I felt that there was something to live for; that perhaps life might still hold something good for me."

The hot colour had flooded Bridget's face as she remembered her impulsive action of four years ago, to the dying soldier, who lay there without a friend or relative to help him through what were thought to be his last hours.

She had never dreamed of meeting him again. Her brother had been moved from the hospital the following day, and she had thought that the man had died.

True, the eyes had haunted her; the only part of the face not wholly enveloped in bandages; and here he was by her side, this soldier of the Foreign Legion to whom she had given a fresh lease of life by her sudden unpremeditated action. A sharp sigh of relief escaped her lips. She had been so sure that he must be the man her sister spoke of from the description that Pat had given her once before.

From a spirit of mischief she had made herself out to be poor; had that morning hinted at several weeks' leave of absence from business on account of ill-health, though her clear, bright eyes and colour rather belied the implication; she felt slightly vexed. He was not at all the type of man anyone would willingly deceive.

Anyway, once begun she would have to keep it up. There were only two days left before they would be gone. A swift feeling of disappointment swept over her. How lonely she would be when they had left! But it always seemed to be the case. You begin to like a person, and immediately fate sweeps them away from you. A mist of tears suddenly blurred her eyes, a quick rush of emotion that surprised and swept her off her feet.

She felt a hand upon her arm, and met the steady, steely eyes of Legrande.

"Something is troubling you," he said quietly. "Can't I help you this time?"

"It's nothing," she said rather confusedly. "I ought to have more control over my feelings."

"I'm glad you haven't. Most people one meets are mere unemotional lumps of clay, or else they go to the other extreme and get hysterical." He turned over upon his back and looked unblinkingly up at the sun.

"What a splendid thing life is after all—isn't it? I'm just realizing the value of it."

"Perhaps one has to face death before one values it," replied Bridget softly. "What makes it so valuable?" she continued almost as though speaking to herself.

"Friendship, sympathy, love," he said—"the things you will always have because you are made for them, but which I shall miss because I'm repulsive and have lived so long away from civilization that I haven't even decent manners." His voice was unconsciously wistful.

Bridget's quick sympathies flashed to the surface again.

"You're not repulsive," she exclaimed hotly. "I wish you wouldn't talk like that—it—it hurts me awfully". She stopped suddenly. Something in his eyes caused her heart to beat suffocatingly. She glanced at her watch.

"Hadn't we better find Sandy?"

"Not yet! Times like these are all too rare for me. I want something good to remember when I leave England next week for the timber forests. I want to burn this picture into my brain. The Devon Moors; the sun and sky, and the face of an English girl—for Heaven alone knows when I shall see another!

"On Wednesday I take Sandy back to his parents—more's the pity, for they don't understand him and aren't kind to him—and then good-bye to civilization!" Suddenly as though scarcely conscious of what he was doing he laid his head upon her knee.

"Do you only kiss people when they are dying?" he asked.

Bridget laughed, a queer uncertain little laugh, not trusting

her voice, but pushing back the heavy hair, she kissed the scar passionately. In another moment she was in his arms.

"Must you go?" she whispered in a stifled voice.

"The contract's signed—but perhaps—No! I couldn't ask you to come out there—"

"I'm not afraid"—she broke in—"but I've a confession to make."

The man looked up, fear in his eyes.

"You've not just been playing with me—or—or sympathizing. There is someone else?" White and strained he searched her face until his eyes met those fearless grey ones, that quickly reassured him.

"Let confessions wait. No very dreadful secrets could lie behind those eyes." A clear childish treble sounded, and through the golden sunlight came Sandy towing two small, limp fish. The only one to whom the day had obviously not been momentous, and for whom the thought of the days to come held more gloom than happiness.

NORAH BUXTON.

KNUT HAMSDUN.

Beyond the fact that Knut Hamsun, the Norwegian novelist has been the recipient of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920, our knowledge regarding the personality of this writer is sublimely vague. So complete is our detachment from the current movements of European thought, that had it not been for the award of the Nobel Prize, Knut Hamsun would have been unknown to us even by name, except perhaps to the literary student of eclectic and eccentric tastes whose one delight is to strike out through new avenues of thought and unexplored corners of the Garden of the Muses.

I shall try to convey to curious readers such impression regarding this remarkable man as I have been able to gather from a perusal of his three most remarkable books—*Hunger*, *Shallow Soul*, and the *Growth of the Soil*. In one respect all these works are remarkable as being strikingly original in conception and daringly ingenious in execution. European Literature may be broadly divided into two distinct divisions at the present moment—the utilitarians, who wish to solve the momentous problems that are perplexing modern Europe through the medium of Literary creations; and the *Æsthetes*, whose one aim is the revelation of beauty in all its aspects—not the narrow, literal beauty which consists merely in the physical harmony of form and design; but the higher beauty, “the one spirit’s plastic stress” that “gives grace and truth to life’s unquiet dream.” Knut Hamsun belongs to neither. He has no message to give us. He has felt the joys of life; its rhythm and glory, its elevations and depressions. Therefore, unlike most writers of to-day, he is absolutely natural. His attitude to life is normal and healthy. It is neither hysterical nor mystical. He can trace with marvellous accuracy the psychological effects of a physical state. This vivid and convincing realism of detail surprises us in his very first work of individuality and originality—*Hunger*. He is an artist; for he can rescue from oblivion and arrest for us those vague and indefin-

able feelings that tremble on the borderland of consciousness, and eternise them in the immortal outlines of art. The incoherent fantasies that work strange tricks within our brains when the stomach is empty form the theme of *Hunger*. It is in many respect a personal autobiography. No one but an artist could bring himself to view this utter vacuity of thought that results from hunger with such complete self-possession—almost under the search light of humorous detachment which bespeaks a temper that is optimistic and an attitude to life that is instinctively normal.

Hamsun's method of story-telling lacks the continuity and artistic finish which we meet in the work of French writers. He has neither the massive power of a Russian novelist nor the capricious and ill-regulated strength of the Teutons, nor the mastering logic which the French alone have inherited from the Greeks. He gives us a series of snapshots selected from the life of a group of men with a view to reveal their inner personality. Both the *Hunger* and the *Shallow Soul* show this method brought to a rare state of perfection. The latter invites a comparison with Turgenev's *Smoke*. Both divide the excessive self-consciousness and literary mannerism of the new generation of artists and politicians who derive their cultural notions from other advanced countries. But Turgenev writes with the object of creating a revolution from the intense Slavophile movement of Doistoiffsky and others. Hamsun, on the other hand, adopts the impersonal method natural to him (as we saw in *Hunger*) and gives us snapshots of interesting moments in the life of the chief characters. Hence while Turgenev's caricature leaves a sting and a sense of imitation, Hamsun is a pleasant observer, who has no special attitude, but records with given fidelity what he sees. Hamsun's *forte* lies in graphic representation of human feelings which constantly recede into the dim backgrounds of human experience. Momentary impulses, illogical passions, the unconscious whims and caprice of the human mind are revealed with a vivid appreciation of their intrinsic humour. Hence he does not, like your literary utilitarians illuminate his whole story with the uncritical brilliance of artificial illumination, but he turns the searchlight

of his imagination only on those points of importance, which ought to be revealed for a proper appreciation of the entire situation.

And yet this method lands him, at least once, on the quicksands of failure. The downfall of Annett from her Miranda—like innocence to the utmost depths of degradation does not convince one of its inevitability. It is not managed with the splendid art of Sudarmann's Song of Songs in successive styles but we are swept to the catastrophe, by one stroke of the pen as it were and hence that ultimate scene is almost revolting.

The daring originality of Hamsun's genius is revealed in the *Growth of the Soul*. The selection of the story is sufficiently striking. It shows the development of human society from one man and one woman to a gradual complexity, which is natural and inevitable. The atmosphere of primitive culture is enhanced by the deliberate adoption of an archaism in style which reminds one of the Hebrew stories. Unlike *Shallow Soul*, it is conspicuous by an absence of that vivid art of characterisation which created for us the self-satisfied egotism of Irgen, the faminine pseudo-æstheticism of Purgen, the hysterical enthusiasm of Milde and the self-acquired importance of Griegson. Here, on the contrary this art of dramatic recreation, is not very convincing—perhaps they do not belong to our world of a sophisticated, and in many ways, superannuated culture. Isack, the father, Inger, the mother, Elenis and Sivert, their children, the crazy tell-tale Olive, the passionate Barboo, and the disinterested Giessler, although well-drawn are too remote to hold the attention spell-bound. And yet the modern world, with its headlong impetuous speed along the road of unthinking and uncritical activity is not ignored. The more modern world of cities, "with their internal canter of *publica egestas, privatim opulentia* has been depicted. We are given interesting glimpses into the society of Bergen and its dissipation and frippery;—the New Norway of Ibsen and Strindberg passionately pleading for woman's freedom and a rational justice, not dependant on the caprice of stereotyped laws, but based on consideration of individual peculiarities.

What distinguishes Knut Hamsun from the rest of his literary *confreres* in Europe is that detachment and objectivity which were whirled into oblivion by the wave of romanticism that swept across Europe in the 19th Century. To say that Knut Hamsun deals with the normal civilised passions of humanity would only be a travesty of truth. The real truth is that he can make the most abnormal passions appear quite normal and inevitable. It is often that he is called upon to tackle with delicate selections; to wander into a world where the passions are untrained, the world of primary interests of humanity—where man's kinship with the animal is so strong. But his treatment is quite different from the gross brutality of the Russians or the finicking handling of the French. He has humour—that peculiar sort of humour which is the result of an appreciation of things in their true perspective. He is a man lashed into optimism by experience—a curious phenomenon no doubt; but on that very ground one who ought to be read and re-read in order to learn the secret to a cheery optimism, that is also not facile and unthinking.

D. N. GHOSH.

INDIAN PRINCES: THE TASK BEFORE THEM.

Of all human instincts conservatism has been generally in bad odour with those Indian people whose minds are aglow with the dry light of Western liberalism and all the more so particularly in reference to the practices, actions and doings of the Indian Princes. But no student of history can fail to wholly ridicule, even at this critical juncture of the World Reconstruction, the merits of this potent human instinct as a source of inspiration and as a stimulant to human emotion and imagination and fail to recognise in it an asset to progress and a necessary phase in the evolution of a better and happier Indian society. Hence any display of that laudable instinct, even amid the glare of liberalism, is not to be looked down upon but highly welcomed pointing as it does to that real progress which is likely to result from the happy mingling of the Old and the New.

In the light of these observations if the Indian Princes are anxious to respect traditions and sensitively intolerant of any breakdown, they do not form a subject of ridicule and a target of criticism at the hands of the people of British India to whom the disregard has resulted in the loss of their identity, but rather these Indian Princes form a tangible proof of their preserving their Indianity., strengthening in their people the sense of continuity with the great past and contributing a great deal to the revival of ancient ideals thereby safeguarding the ancient culture. Why didn't the Moghul Emperors give up holding the Indian types of fairs and festive processions? Why did the great French Emperor revive the memories of the time of Caesar or Charlemagne by means of Old titles, friendships and triumphal arches? Why did the Spartans erect the statue of Leonidas? All these were symbolic revivals of the past and meant to make the people conscious of their greatness and never to forget their great past. If the Indian Princes are given to holding old-fashioned Durbars with gorgeous national dresses, they are certainly not to be blamed and if they are employing musicians, dancing-girls,

jesters and bards they are not doing wrong; they are thereby helping to preserve the ancient culture of India and revive the practically extinct system of Indian music. There was a time when Indian Princes kept wrestlers, cocks, elephants, etc., for the purposes of fighting and I believe there are still some Indian Princes who have up till now kept up these traditional pastimes and I do not find fault with them even on that score, because these pastimes tend to create love of sport and open air exercise in their people, which is a necessary factor in the healthy regeneration of the people under them. Traditions may be kept up and not destroyed altogether, but only if the Indian Princes take to engrafting the good of the Old order on to the good of the New order mingling the beauty of the past and the present, a new order may be created full of hope and great possibilities for the future in the life of their people, and this is the great task before them.

There are other things, besides, of greater moment to which they have to turn their hand. Have they ever thought of keeping chairs of Indian philosophy in their educational institutions? Do they think that Indian Philosophy is nothing by the side of Western philosophy which the students of their states learn and cram to no advantage in their colleges affiliated to British Indian universities? Do they patronise Indian painting or encourage Indian sculptors and Indian Architects? Palaces built in the Italian and French style do not one jot move their peoples' imagination nor inspire them with their ancient greatness but ever threaten them with the predominance of foreign bureaucracy and shock the very soul of India. Have they thought of planting Mughal types of gardens symbolised by the statues of their ancestors or are they intent upon laying Edward parks and planting Queen gardens? Where is in the world a building compared to Taj in beauty of architecture and inlaid work? Buildings of this kind have a beauty and message of their own to their people—a message of the ancient glory of India. If the Indian Princes want to be successful rulers and endear themselves to their people, they must work in the spirit of caring to make more good Indian cheeses than bad foreign music.

When I say this I do not mean to have it supposed that I am opposed to everything foreign ; I believe that a great future lies in the mingling of all that is good in the East and the West. Rather, what I have said so far has been mainly to emphasize the fact that conservatism with the Indian Princes is not without its good purpose and that merely on that score they should not be given a bad name. Bye-the-bye I cannot but say that with all their love for old customs they should not lose sight of the fact that equal treatment is meted out to their officers irrespective of any idea of nationality or caste, which, not being done, causes much discontent and heart-burning. For instance, if the Indian Princes allow some officers to come in Durbars with shoes on, they should not order others to put them off. Similarly, they should not give their European officers the privilege of occupying chairs while their Indian officers are asked to sit on the floor. Then the bond-system has become, as it were, a matter of birth-right with the Europeans. I mean if any European is taken in service in any State, the State enters into a bond of guaranteeing service for a certain number of years binding to pay the last salary for the unexpired period should the State find it desirable to dispense with his services. It is surprising to find that the State fulfils the conditions of the bond even if the dismissal be either due to the unsatisfactory services rendered by him or to any charge of misappropriation of State money or causing it to be misappropriated by his neglect. The Indian officers are meted a different treatment and more often they are sent to jail for any such offence while their European brethren are allowed to escape scot free. "Be he thy preceptor, or be he thy friend, be that acts enmically towards thy kingdom, should be destroyed." (Shanti-Parva). Then another cause of grievance or annoyance lies in the fact that equal regard is not paid to the efficiency of the Indians who are never given equal pay with the Europeans even though they may happen to be equally efficient. The Indian Princes can improve the tone of the service and the life of the people under them only if they display equal regard for the people and officers in their States.

The task of ruling the people of varied races and nationali-

ties is not an easy one and great are the responsibilities of one who has to play the ruler. He must, like Alfred the Great, take a paternal interest in his state and watch over the people's interests with the divine attributes of justice, mercy, love and toleration. It was for these qualities that the ancient Indians saw in their king the particle of God and gave him their all due adoration. Those who think that India was ruled by despots alone and the ideals of rulership were unknown are grossly mistaken and have surely misread the history of the times. The ancients laid down that the king should govern his state with the consent of an executive assembly consisting of the most wise and experienced men of his state. Subordinate to these were the heads of different departments, who were given the fullest hand in the administration of their departments, which afforded them the opportunity of showing their administrative talents. "The wise ruler should ever abide by the well-thought-out decision of councillors, office-bearers, subjects and members attending a meeting, never by his own opinions. The monarch who follows his own will is the cause of miseries; he soon gets astrayed from his kingdom and alienated from his subjects. Those officers who do not explain what is good and what is harmful to the King are really his secret enemies in the form of servants. The king, who does not listen to the counsels of ministers is a thief in the form of a ruler, an exploiter of the people's wealth." (Sukra-Niti). It was by observing these ancient ideals of rulership that kings like Akbar, Rama and Asoka and men like Todar Mal and Abul Fazal made themselves famous in history.

Do the Indian Princes act up to these ideals? No! They are either lethargic, whimsical or egotistic, given to the pursuit of frivolous pleasure prompted by the passing fancy of the moment like Aurangzeb and utterly indifferent to their duties. Their administration is a regular chaos. The officers from the high to the low are mere playthings of the ruler. Instability of service rides rampant in their states and gives rise to carelessness and irresponsibility in their officers with a desire for bribery and corruption and a spirit for riding rough-shod over their subordinates to serve their ends. But there is often a

black sheep among these Indian Princes. Such a one prides himself on being an able ruler because he interferes too much in the details of the administration, regarding the heads of various departments as mere figure-heads; but blinded by his petty egotism he loses sight of the fact that he thereby mars the efficiency and continuity of policy which those officers may have thought of following. Then the administration of justice is a mere show and grossly corrupt in many of the states. Punishment often descends on innocent shoulders and the guilty walk off with impunity; a note of recommendation or a tip weighs much with the judge or the magistrate in his decision and stands above all dictates of conscience and justice. "If sin findeth not a punisher, the number of sinners becometh large. The man, who having the power to prevent or punish sin, doth not do so, knowing that a sin hath been committed, is himself defiled by that sin." (Adi-Parva). Education and sanitation are in an unspeakably backward condition in many of the states. The teachers and the professors are perhaps the lowest paid servants, considering the importance of their positions, in the states and quite inefficient and not sufficiently respected class of people. A great deal has to be done in this direction before any improvement can be possible.

Before I conclude I should like to note briefly a few points for the consideration of those Indian Princes who pride on being rulers of brilliant progressive states to show that unless and otherwise they set themselves to the task of reconstruction on the lines laid down herein with the help of really able men their's is a vain pride. (1) Undue favouritism should have no place in their hearts; no whims but reasons must be their guidance. (2) They should not interfere too much directly with the works of the heads of departments. (3) They should arrange and provide in such a way that the officers and the people meet together on terms of equality on certain occasions in the year. This would create mutual respect and love. (4) They should establish efficient presses in their states through which people may ventilate their grievances or express their true opinions. "A king seeking his own welfare shall always tolerate the calumnious remarks made by

suitors, defendants, infants, old men, and sick folk, regarding himself. He, who bears ill reports (adverse criticism) made by the aggrieved is glorified in heaven; he, who out of pride of wealth cannot tolerate such criticisms goes to hell." (Manu). (5) The educational department should be renovated from top to bottom; high salaried men more efficient than raw school-boys and graduates may be employed as teachers and professors. (6) There should be general rise in the salaries of the state servants throughout the states. (7) Indigenous industries should be encouraged and facilities afforded for the increase of commerce and trade. In short there are many other things which will have to be done by an Indian Prince desirous of reforming his state and improving the lot of the people under him. What is the use of a Prince making a show of administration and not fulfilling the ideals of rulership laid down by the ancients, the degree of attainment of which measures his claim for an ideal rulership? A phantom monarchy is a meaningless fiction.

C. N. ZUTSHI.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

John Barlas.

The Romantic Story of the Socialist Poet.

Many have been the poets in the history of Literature whose work has been unduly neglected. Amongst the tragic stories of men of letters there is no sadder story than that of John Barlas, the Socialist poet.

Barlas should be of especial interest to Indian readers, because he was born at Rangoon, British Burma, on 13th July, 1860.

Barlas—the author of some of the most inspired poetry of his time (as I hope to show in the course of this article) is practically unknown to the majority of present day readers, and even to intense poetry lovers. Why so?—it may be explained by several reasons. In the first place the books of Barlas were published under the pen-name of Evelyn Douglas, and were not published through the ordinary channels, but printed by various small firms of rountry printers; they were not distributed to the public to any extent, and were not reviewed in the press. Mr. Henry S. Salt has done something to make the name of Barlas better known to the world of Literature through articles which have appeared in *The Yellow Book* and *The Humane Review*. In 1913 a series of three articles from the pen of David Lewe on the life and work of Barlas appeared in the pages of *The Forward* the well-known Scottish Socialist paper, and these articles were afterwards reprinted in pamphlet form. They tell something of the tragic career of Barlas, but in the main it remains true that to the majority of Socialists and book-lovers the work of Barlas is totally unknown.

Barlas was born at Rangoon in 1860, and became a scholar at New College, Oxford from where he graduated. He was a descendant of the famous Scottish heroine Kate Douglas (Barlass) who barred the door with her arm in 1437 against Sir James

Graham and the would-be murderers of James I of Scotland. He was also related to the Rev. George Gilfillan of Dundee, a famous literary clergyman of the last century.

Whilst still an undergraduate Barlas married a grand niece of Lord Nelson. After leaving Oxford he went to Ireland and became for two years a master at a Jesuit College. Later he became a master for several years at Chelmsford Grammar School in Essex, but was forced to leave this school owing to the extreme Socialistic views he had adopted. Then for a time he became an army coach at Egham in Surrey. Later still he was engaged in organising work all over England for the recently formed Social Democratic Federation. At this time he contributed many brilliant articles to *The Commonweal* edited by William Morris. Unfortunately during the riots in Trafalgar Square at this time in the free-speech fight, Barlas was felled by a severe blow from a policeman's truncheon, and this blow acting upon an already super-sensitive temperament, led to brain-trouble. For a time he went into seclusion in Scotland, but returning to London, after a scene on Westminster Bridge Barlas was arrested by the police on a charge of firing a revolver at the Houses of Parliament to mark (as he stated at the police-court when charged) his contempt for parliamentary institutions, a belief which many of us would take to be a proof of his entire sanity. But the authorities thought otherwise, and it would have gone hard with Barlas had not some influential friends come forward and offered themselves as sureties on his behalf. He was therefore bound over to be of good behaviour and released.

His brain malady however grew upon him, and finally he was compelled to retire to an asylum in Scotland where the remainder of his days were spent, and here he died in 1914, and was laid to rest in Glasgow.

Such in brief is the tragic life-story of John Evelyn Barlas, a true and fine classical scholar, a close student of Hebrew as well as French and German, a pianist of distinction, and well versed in the knowledge of stagecraft. He was described by one of his friends as a poet of handsome presence, a Greek statue vivified.

The volumes published by Barlas were eight in number and were printed between the years 1883 and 1893. They received no

attention from the critics. George Meredith alone praised them, and said of the Love-sonnets that many of them were among the finest in the language for nobility of diction and sentiment. The poems of Barlas remained unknown and unnoticed even by literary students who might be expected to recognise work of such fine quality. This neglect we may feel sure was not entirely disinterested. The uncompromising Socialism and humanitarianism of Barlas would not commend itself to the orthodox professors of Literature. Again! these professors have many friends whom it is necessary to log-roll into public favour, therefore the claims of Barlas were overlooked amid the general clamour of the poetasters.

Barlas in spite of his views was not a didactic poet; only two or three of his poems deal directly with the question of Socialism. But many of them are touched with a burning spirit of love for the "poor dumb creatures of the field" and affection for the depressed and the oppressed.

It is as an apostle of Beauty, a worshipper in her temple that Barlas takes his place as a great poet. His finest work is contained in the volume of Love-Sonnets published in 1889. I consider, and this was the opinion of Meredith too, that in these love-sonnets Barlas makes a claim to the highest poetical rank. The sonnets of Barlas are without exception in the Italian form. It is a melancholy fact, well known to all students of the sonnet in English, that ninety-nine per cent. of the sonnets written in the Italian form are tedious beyond words, owing to the fact that the rhymes in the English language do not permit sonnet treatment in the Italian form with the same facility as in its native language. We may be sure that is why Shakespeare wrote those passionate revealing sonnets of his in another form than that of the Italian. It cannot be denied however that several notable English poets have conquered the difficulties of the Italian form in English to a remarkable degree: we think of Wordsworth, Rossetti, Mrs. Browning, and Milton. Nevertheless it remains true that the majority of English poets have failed to invest their sonnets in the Italian form with that lightness of touch, that melody of utterance, that intimate compelling beauty which is

the supreme gift of the great Italian masters of the sonnet to world Literature.

How much the greater then becomes the muse of Barlas when we find in sonnet after sonnet a high and noble beauty of utterance, a melodious compass of sound, a passionate intensity of thought, expressed in poetry that makes its way straight to our hearts and minds.

In the course of this essay I have made very high claims indeed for the poetry of John Barlas. This praise has not been in the nature of hyperbole, but is my considered critical opinion. I will now proceed to justify this view by direct quotation from the poet's work.

Phantasmagoria—Dream Fugues is a little volume of poems that at once makes clear the essential genius of Barlas as a poet. It is full of bright colours and vivid images—fleshy in one sense, but not unduly so. One of the most passionate poems in the book is *A Dream of China*—where the poet paints a wonderful picture of Oriental splendour and colour, in the description of the palace of the King :—

“But most at midnight is that palace fair
When all is hushed through every chamber dim,
Hushed all the voices on the silent stair,
And in the terraced garden ; when the air
Seems with the sense of passion sweet to swim,
And the sole sound, if any sound there be,
Is of a silvery kiss, or of a turning key.”

And his description of the ladies of the king's harem is also very vivid :—

“Their almond eyes glint amorously : their white teeth
Flash wicked smiles between rose-coloured lips
Stained with the juice of wondrous herbs : beneath
Their languorous lids are blue like a flower sheath,
And henna yellows their curled finger-tips”

In *Bird-Notes*, also a volume of lyrics, the poet strikes quite a different note. Here the poems are Elizabethan in tone and temper, fresh and vivid, clear-cut in phrase to a remarkable

degree. They are the kind of thing that we love in the work of Campion or Herrick :—

"Gentle be thy word
In so sweet a sky
Only sweet things, heard
Or unheard, should fly—
Voice, and lute, and bird,
Bee and butterfly.

Tender be thy mien !
At so sweet an hour
Only sweet things, seen
Or unseen, have power—
Scent, and sigh, and sheen,
Love, and light, and flower."

or that delightful love-song :—

"You speak to me, my gentle one,
In the tongue of woods and birds,
Winds, waves, and clouts, and moon and sun—
Melodious mystic words.
And far into the past I see
By vague or vivid gleams,
And my old thoughts come back to me
And my forgotten dreams.

Feelings of sweetness and desire
That visit earliest youth,
Uplooking visions that aspire,
Resolves that reach at truth."

When we turn from *Bird-Notes* to his volume of sonnets called *The Holy of Holies* quite a different note is struck. Here is the passionate note of revolt, the crying of a soul amidst the torments of civilization, the cruelties and the deceits of modern

life. Barlas sees the treachery of men one to the other, the slave morality of so many men and women :—

“Who cringe and trample, bred for slavery,
Who batten on the poor with usury,
And dock his wage to keep your lusts alive :
A cry of ragged babes goes through your land
And anguished women slaughtered for your lust,
And slaves that bear your water and your logs.”

The poet feels the loneliness that is the lot of him who would stand against the idols of the many, preaching a new gospel that is strange to men's ears :—

“The union of the dove against the deer
That follows not their path, of bird with bird
Against the lonely one of alien song,
The league against the brave of those that fear,
The hate for isolation of the herd,
The banding of the weak to crush the strong.

“Am I not lonely ? I must stand alone
Until I die, unloved, misunderstood,
And this is right. I am not of the brood,
That round me smile with brows and hearts of stone,
I cannot make another's pain my food.”

There is a vigor and sting in these lines of Barlas that stir our hearts as with the sound of a trumpet, and this quality is especially marked in the concluding sonnet of the series where the poet makes at once an appeal and a challenge :—

“On, on, ye brave, the battle thickens fast,
The dense battalions wait. By wall and moat
They hold their rows of steel against our throat,
And shower their hate upon us. The fire-blast
Full in our face in sheets of flame is cast,
And on our running blood the hell-hounds gloat,
'Tis well. Look up, and o'er our head see float
The banner of the future. They are the past.

Look up, calm eyes and brows, a moment gaze
On that, and laugh the whistling bullets by,
Comrades, and with a jest be it unfurled.
Then with shut lips we plunge into the blaze,
And with a roar as of a crashing sky
We sweep the liar and coward from the world."

This note is also struck in several of the poems contained in his volume "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic" which includes a notable lyric to the memory of the young French Revolutionary leader Barbaroux, a passionate poem of freedom called *The Golden City*, and a wonderful Ode to the muse of History *Euterpe*. Perhaps the most delightful poem in the book is a moving lyric on the boyhood of Mazzini, the great Italian leader, where walking out with his mother in early childhood for the first time he sees human misery in the shape of a poor old beggar sitting on the steps of a church, and immediately filled with compassion "Can my glad world contain such misery?" Mazzini ran to the side of the beggar and flung his arms about his neck, striving to comfort him in his misery. In *Songs of A Bayadere and Troubadour* published in 1893 Barlas returned to the simpler forms of the lyric and achieved a magical expression in many of the poems contained therein. Some of these powerful lyrics have a quality that is worthy to rank with such a master as Poe, in their utterance of that mystical note of beauty:—

"For she was the loveliest woman born,
With music in her breath ;
And he loved her with love that was half forlorn,
Because he had heard of death."

or in that delightful picture outlined in the poem called *The Ruins of Nineveh*, where the poet muses over the grave of two lovers of old time, and laments over their tragic story:—

"I guess the world then, as to-day,
Scorned love and loveliness,
And that the world stood in their way,
And that is all I guess.

I trust their troth was truly kept,
As we have kept our trust,
And that there was some friend who wept
Upon their bitter dust.

I pray they had some hours of joy,
As you and I to-day,
Some hope the world could not destroy—
And that is all I pray.

Two heaps of dust there side by side,
What can they feel or know?
These lovers suffered, failed and died—
Thousands of years ago."

This is very beautiful and an intensely moving verse and it is matched in power if not in pathos, by another lyric in the same volume called *The Mummy's Dove Story* :—

Where in a stone Sarcophagus
Lay in embalmed repose
A shape with robes luxurious,
They found a faded rose.

Perhaps it was an amorous boy
That to a princess gave
Some token of their secret joy,
That she wore to the grave.

Who knows? But there it speaks for her
Of sorrows long past now,
When neither joy nor pain can stir
The arch of her calm brow.

And so, when you have let me die,
And you too are at rest,
Some trinket of my gift may lie
On your repentant breast.

And when our language is forgot,
Some lover of old scenes
May find it in a haunted spot,
And wonder what it means."

This is poetry of a rare quality. The writer of these lines is no manufacturer of laboured trifles, but a natural singer who is able to sound the notes of the instrument of poesy with no uncertain hand. Since the time of the great lyrists of English poetry there has been no poet who is able to write verses with more of the genuine lyrical cry. In poem after poem in this volume of Barlas we find this felicity of utterance, especially is this marked in the following poem called *The Gift* :—

"What shall I send my Lady fair
To mind her of my love?
A ribbon-string, a lock of hair,
A garter, fan, or glove.

A lute of deep and tender tone
Her fingers fair can play,
That she may not be quite alone
When I am far away.

A mirror fair of silver sheen
Encased in mother-o'-pearl,
To let her beauty well be seen
When she would set a curl?

A missal with a clasp of gold
And plates like coloured glass,
For her dainty little hand to hold,
When she would go to mass?

A string of amber beads to count
Her pretty sins, ywis,
And reckon up the long amount
Of her infidelities?

Barlas was deeply influenced by three poets—they were Swinburne, Poe, and greatest of all Shelley, and his work

possesses much of the charm which we find in the lyrics of Shelley, sweetness coupled with strength. Here and there we may catch echoes of yet another poet—Sir Walter Scott. This is most marked in the following exquisite song :—

“The moonlight sleeps upon the lake,
And music on my heart.
O lady mine, awake, awake,
For love is where thou art.
The ripple sobs below the boat,
The swan sleeps on the castle moat,
The water-lilies round me float,
And yet we are apart.

The stars are out, the love-bird calls,
Men sleep, the hour is late :
The shadow of the castle falls
Across my heart like fate.
The wind awakes among the woods,
And murmurs from the solitudes,
The heart-sick owl i'the ivy broods,
And I am here and wait.”

Although I have pointed out the influence of some of the great poets upon the muse of Barlas, I do not mean to suggest for one moment that he was not a most original poet in the thought behind his work. That he gained inspiration from the poetry of “the mighty dead” was to his credit. Would to God some of our present day writers would do so in place of the nasty crudities they too often put before us as poetry.

One other book published by Barlas remains to be dealt with, the volume of *Love-Sonnets*. This contains the fruits of the full genius of his mind, ripe wisdom, and the most intense beauty of utterance combine together to render this little collection of sonnets one of the most satisfying books of the nineteenth century, and worthy to rank alongside the great sonnet-sequences of all time. The dispute between verse and poetry is of age long duration. It is difficult if not impossible to define what is poetry, and what is verse, or to point out at what point verse ends and poetry begins.

But we all know poetry when we see it beyond a peradventure, and no one in reading the love-sonnets of Barlass can have the slightest doubt that here is poetry of the very highest order. Into these *Love-Sonnets* Barlas put the riches of his mind. They are at once perfect in thought and form. It is one of rare volumes of poetry to which the reader can turn again and again with an ever increasing wonder and delight at the riches to be found therein.

“Loosed from strange hands into the wet wild night
Straight to his home the carrier—dove returns :
The faithful love that in his bosom burns
Is as a lamp to guide his lonely flight ;
He lingers not where sheltering boughs invite,
Nor backward from the gathering tempest turns,
Till far off in the distance he discerns
At the known casement the familiar light.
How many miles hath my poor spirit flown
This night to thee through wind and storm and rain,
Bearing thee words of many mystic things,
Till thou on thy soft pillow making moan
Didst hear it pecking at thy window pane,
And took it in, a dove with draggled wings.”

This moving and beautiful sonnet may be taken as typical of the volume.

The mind of Barlas was steeped in the glories of the poetry of ancient Greece and Rome ; he had drank deep of that immortal spring of the poets of old time. In no poem is this shown to a greater extent than in the following taken from the love-sonnets :—

“Oh to live like a pictured pastoral !
To lie on grass-crowned crags stretched out at ease
O'er the ripple-shrunk wave-meshes of the seas,
In the fresh dawn, trolling a madrigal,
And hear the kids bleat to their dam's far call !
To drowse at noon under spread arbut trees
And watch the village girls with their brown knees
Bring pitchers to the well, limber and tall !

By shade of wrecked Corinthian art soft-kissed,
When the fierce light makes the far hills unseen,
And the river fades into a silver mist,
By one more gentle than her lambs to loll,
By the water-side, upon a wooded knoll !
To dance to pipe and tabor on the green."

Is it not a tragedy that poetry of this high order should be unknown to the world of Literature? Barlas has every right to take his place beside the lyric poets of England. It is my hope that even this humble tribute will do something to make his name better known to lovers of poetry. For Barlas was one of those rare poets who felt not only the urge of beauty but also the urge of truth. He was a poet of sensitive soul, feeling with all the power of his passionate nature man's inhumanity, not only to man, but to the brute creation also. The expression of his love for a fair woman became the medium wherethrough he poured out the feelings of his heart, and groaned in anguish of soul, not with a weak maudlin sensibility, but with a strong man's anguish. He saw man enslaved to his fellow man, the fair face of nature marred by cruelty and lust, the beasts of the field held in bondage. Thus it is that in so many of his poems we find a wonderful sense of pity for the brute creation, "the poor dumb creatures of the field" and find a burning indignation at the sight even of a wild bird's rifled nest, or wild-flowers plucked wantonly and thrown carelessly away by the road-side. He knew the truth of that fine old Chinese proverb "all human affairs are my affairs" and we reverence his name, as not only that of a great poet, but that of a fine and noble man also.

SAMUEL J. LOOKER

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE SONGS OF AN IRISH BARD.*

An Appreciation.

"To him who ponders well
My rhymes more than rhymings tell
Of the dim wisdoms old and deep
That God gives unto man in sleep."

The above lines of W. B. Yeats define at once the creed of modern literary renaissance in Ireland. Modern mysticism has its beginnings in the days of Wordsworth leaving aside the painter poet Blake. In nature Wordsworth feels 'a presence that disturbs the joy of elevated thoughts. It becomes the anchor of his purest hopes, the guardian of his heart and the soul and his moral being'. Days of Shelley do not carry further the mystical understanding of nature while the Tennyson-epoch puts a stop to it. While Wordsworth passionately feels the throbs of an unknown world, Shelley experiences the misery of human life and yawns for a place where the 'bonds and ligaments of earth' would not imprison him. His pessimism betrays the whole man. The monotony of life or for that matter even its pleasures convince him only of the disability of the existence here and his heart prays for an unknown shelter. In fact Shelley is a pained soul.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud,
I fell upon the thorns of life, I bleed.

In *Episychidion*, he says again—

I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire.

The respective odes of Wordsworth and Shelley to the Skylark show unmistakably that the understanding of the mystical aspect of life and the attempt to see the 'true world within the world' has not progressed greatly. Wordsworth calls

*Collected Poems of A. E. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

the skylark 'the *pilgrim* of the sky and attributes to it a privacy of glorious light whence it pours a flood of harmony with instinct more *divine*.' But the conception of Shelley is rather retrograde. His object of envy is only its free run near the clouds devoid of cares and anxieties. His ideal was a pleasure, certainly not materialistic, but a pleasure which insisted on the complete effacement of all earthly mental sufferings. 'The embodied joy was his goal and he sought after the harmonious madness' of the skylark. It is obvious that a mere mystical understanding of nature as Wordsworth's does not fulfil or give a finish to the aspirations of the soul, nor is it possible to think of fleeing away from the world—just as Shelley imagined—as the best solution of the problem. Grant that a human Shelley turns a human skylark with wings to soar up. A winged-Shelley may not like to be a soul-less Shelley. So as the human soul exists in all places, the cravings of the heart do continue. Shelley was a literary runaway, a tenant in the field of letters who failed to face the difficulties manly and offer a plan of happy release from them. In Browning we have the solution of a pleasant deliverance from the turmoils of the world. He is the most manly of the poets, the most optimistic and succinct. He links the ideas of Shelley and Wordsworth. Feeling the soul of his moral being in nature, he tries to feel the unbodied joy of Shelley in his own heart. Browning's solution is not exterior, but interior. It is the evolution of the soul to grasp intimately the higher aspects of things in life. It is a *moral* revolution for the better. The change is in the eyes, in the comprehension of the poet. Great events in the world do not attract him nor even touch his feelings while on minor things he bestows all attention.

'Speak of some trifling fact—he will gaze rapt
 With stupor at its very littleness
 Far as I see—as if in that indeed
 He caught prodigious import, whole results.'

So in Browning we have for the first time a definite statement of mystical poetry though Blake anticipated it much earlier. The attempt to see through the life of things, to hold a

correspondence with them, tendering messages and receiving responses has in fact become established in the days of Browning. The beauty and the unity of life, the harmony that connects the apparently inharmonious things have been once for all impressively touched by the poet.

AE hence is naturally the spiritual successor of Browning (I do not want to make a narrow division of English and Irish-English literature). *AE* taking complete advantage of the literary revival in Ireland and breathing the atmosphere, central head of which is Yeats, is able to make a remarkable epoch in literature. He is not indeed a Swinburne who, as Edmund Gosse observes, delivered himself from the shackles of technical formalisms, nor is he the Wordsworth of Revolutionary days stirring up people for a supposed cause. He is indeed a peasant-poet who feels the communion with nature too clearly and stands before the Lord of the Universe at a speaking distance. *AE*'s songs are not personal in the sense Shelley's are. The sufferings of Shelley may not be individualistic and could have been shared by all but the mentality of the poet is rather obtrusive. *AE* stands on a different plane altogether. We cannot indeed compliment his thoughts as thoroughly personal. In fact mystical notions are not the monopoly of heaven-born seers. We are not indeed minimising the worth of the mystics when we say that the average Indian is a mystic. Our vernacular literature is brimful of all sorts of mystical delusions and illuminations—leaving aside the (Tamil) classical songs of *Thevaram* and *Thiruvachakam*. Wordsworth gives us a near approach to what may be called a literary definition of mysticism. "It is a blessed mood in which the heavy and the weight of all the unintelligible world is lightened. The breath of the corporeal frame and the motion of the blood is suspended, we are *laid asleap in body and become a living soul*. With an eye made quiet by the power of harmony and the deep power of joy we see into the life of things."

Browning achieved this object and expressed himself in the form of dramatic monologues. But the Irish bard is not probably capable of a sustained mystic effort. We have a rapid succession of small and pretty mystic visions in his book. To

quarrel with the poet that his poems are not long is to find fault with the follower of Mahamad that his chief is not Christ. *AE* never intended to be a poet in the conventional sense. His songs do not indeed run over three pages at the most and he is essentially "a-page-poet". His collected poems are rapid but convincing mystic films. A poet *AE* is in the real sense. He conceives poetically and when poetic conception fails there he stops. The want of length is compensated amply by the polish and finish of the sweet little songs and by the absence of altogether ill-timed matter that easily creep in long writings. In fact Mr. James H. Cousins does not overestimate when he writes* that "lesser poets will scatter largesse of copper with an occasional bit of silver as a special gift, but *AE* quietly outspends the lot with a little piece of pure gold." To put it more clearly, *AE* was a mystic first and a poet next. Visions burst forth in poetry and poetry never fathers visions. Out of a profound admiration for the object in view, the soul rises to possess what I would like to call a "super-earthly" correspondence—I can't say superhuman—wherein he feels the essential unity, the primeval harmony of all things in the world. A world-photograph of the emotions felt is impossible in any case even though the photographer happens to be the poet who experiences the feelings. But what *AE* has done is enough to assure him a place in the front rank of the living poets and if his 'page-poetry' is not able to match with the ponderous volumes of his contemporaries he is not the poorer for it.

Some for beauty follow long
Flying traces; some there be
Seek thee only for a song
I to lose myself in thee.

The one advantage *AE* has given to the readers is the prefixing of the titles to his poems. Though the method of Tagore of 'no title' gives scope for the reader's unbounded meditation over the psychology of the poet, the benefit we accrue by a title cannot be easily disposed of. It sets the readers to pursue a course of thought, follow the writer and understand

**New Ways in English Literature*. Messrs. Ganesh & Co., Madras.

him in almost certain terms, and the vagaries and trespass of the critics can be only limited. The philosophy of *AE* can be best explained by the use of what one may call a political expression—the spiritual ‘federation’ of all things,—human as well as nonhuman—in the world. Below the surface-conflict of ideas of mine and thine there runs a philosophic thread which unites all and makes them symbolise one immortal being. To go back to our political expression, we see a harmonious diversity and a unity in the apparently disunited and conflicting aspects of life. The supreme control lies in the hands of one, though the agencies in various tracts differ. The ‘commander’ is the same wherever we go, though the executioner and methods of execution differ. His philosophy defies the boundaries of the world and his race is cosmopolitan in the true sense. In the poem ‘*Oversoul*’ which is a glorious tribute to the wisdom of the East treasured in the Bhagawat Gita, he refers to the mystic brotherhood which links air, earth, wave and fire.

The flame of beauty far in space
Where rose the fire, in Thee and Me
Which bowed the *elemental race*
To adoration silently.

AE’s race is not a race of colour or origin. It is a ‘race of souls’ and the poet is never weary to impress the unity of the universe. To *AE* God is a big kindly brother whose home is everywhere and who goes breathing a dream of himself in all. Communion with all things is possible and every object is ready with the message. The divine fire is burning in all things.

A friend I greet
In each flower, tree and wind—
Oh but life is sweet, is sweet, is sweet

* * * * *

Out of the vast, the voice of one replies
Whose words are clouds and stars and night and day.

To some searching readers, an inconsistency in *AE*’s conception of the essence of his philosophy is visible. We may be wrong if we call it an ‘inconsistency’ but ‘partiality’ would suit better. *AE* is essentially a twilight philosopher and

receives all his inspiration very often from the 'starry teachers'. That *AE* likes more a twilight night than a night of darkness (which is only natural) is evident from the contrast of "*The Dawn of Darkness*" with "*Brotherhood*". Twilight is grey blossom dwelling in shadowy valleys. The pleasant colour which always attends a twilight night is an impetus to the workings of the soul. The introspection is facilitated and we have all the circumstances that will promote a mystic trance. It is living and is an organism by itself.

Never was an eye so living yet: the wood
 Stirs not but breathes enraptured quietitude
Here in these shades the ancient knows itself, the soul
And of the slumber waking start unto the goal.

But the picture of the dawn of darkness is rather unpleasant. The shadowy shining of the milky way is absent and the heart suffers from a silent anguish.

The earth's age of pain has come and all her sister planets weep

* * * * *

The arid heart of man be arid as the *desert sky*.

The '*Collections*' as a whole betray a certain fond attachment to the twilight. *AE* probably feels that the divine wisdom is let flow from above and imagines that the better world is always above. In fact he has given us occasional outbursts that the solutions of earthly problems should be the earth alone.

To-day a nearer love I choose
 And seek no distant sphere.

* * * *

All I thought of heaven before
 I find in earth below

* * * *

With the earth my heart is glad
 I move as one of old.

But his aspiration is always to be with moonlight or in heaven. His beseeching request in the '*city*' is to pen him up within the starry fold ere the night falls. He knows that the gate of Paradise is open somewhere and he foresmitten cannot linger. But he derives consolation that his flame-winged feet shall take

him there. To me it appears that there is some conflict before the recognition of the Almighty in the universe and a craving in such definite terms to take to the starry fold. I leave it for saner people to decide.

Before we leave the philosophic aspect of *AE* one should not fail to make a note of the new vein of English literature which is remarkable in the '*Collections*.' Oriental objects are taken for reflection and they are orientally conceived. The youthful pranks of Lord Krishna which are the common knowledge of an ordinary Indian youth are graphically presented in '*Krishna*'. As the poet confesses, it is an imitation of a fragment of Vaishnava scriptures. The heavenly runaway passing from love to love, brawling at the tavern door, the prince of peace, at the same time a thing to shudder and fear, a miser with the heart grown cold, a spendthrift, a prodigal of the heavenly gold—all these are thoroughly eastern in conception. In the '*Veils of Maya*' he recognises their inevitability but the account he gives is very pleasant and is not tinged with any carping spirit. It is with an attitude of tender love he writes :

Mother with whom our lives should be
Not hatred keeps our lives apart:
Charmed by some lesser glow in thee
Our hearts beat not within thy heart

* * * *

The '*Indian Song*' refers to the birth of Brahma in yellow Lotus and 'his shepherding the whirling splendours to their resting place.'

"In spiritual vision which he translates into exquisite pictures, he is the true brother especially of the seer poet painter William Blake" (J. H. Cousins). *AE* by nature is not a casual observer of things and even in his imagination and visions he grasps the most subtle points. His poem '*Hermit*' is remarkable both for its concrete picture and mystical interpretation. By such delicate touches as the 'silver light of dawn',—'my one window'—'light throwing its arms around my neck'—'darkness hieing to his doorway',—'my cabin built of clay',—'by the chimney nook I see the old enchanter'—the poet makes

the whole picture of the hermit and his dwelling he has conceived move before us actually. Nor can we forget his narration of Lord Krishna's actions. The poem '*Dusk*' is a triumph in the art of descriptive writing.

Dusk wraps the village in dim caress
Each chimney's vapour like a thin grey rod
Mounting aloft through miles of quietness
Pillars the skies of God.

* * * *

Far up they break or seem to break their line
Mingling their nebulous crests that bow and nod
Under the twilight of those fierce stars that shine
Out of the calm of God.

AE is a robust and bold optimist. To him soul is immortal and death is but a temporary suspension of activities. The star-soul of earth ever glows and his advice was

Drink with equal heart: be brave and life with laughing voice
And death will be one for thee.

He argues the kinship of all in the world, and pleads for a happy peace throughout. 'The long road of hate is adoration when the goal is won.' 'So why should we not anticipate this end and have the paradise to-day.'

As a peasant poet *AE* cannot but unwittingly show his hatred for the profiteering of the capitalists. The sufferings of the poor evoke his pity. His picture of the town in four lines exceeds all the lengthy descriptions of other poets in directness and vigour:

The monstrous fabric of the town
Lay black below, the cries of pain
Came to our ears from up and down
The dimly-lighted lane.

Before we close we can suggest that the song '*Frolic*' is the most pleasing to the ear. *AE* has adopted the device of dramatic monologue (which is the monopoly of Browning) in some places. The '*Vesture of the soul*' is all the better for the device.

Attempts have been made in some quarters to call *AE* as the Irish Rabindranath. I am not sanguine of *AE*'s acceptance

of the title offered. There are indeed traits in the two poets which differ greatly. To me *AE* is definitely inferior to Rabindra in the mystic conceptions. While Rabindra's are life-size portraits, *AE*'s are only miniature films of a cinema. But when *AE*'s vision is strongest, he clings to them with a childish pertinacity which is probably not evident in Tagore. In technique too *AE* is Tagore's superior. To compare one with the other is always welcome but to foist one on the other—especially among living poets—is below literary decorum. Let me close with the message of *AE* :

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes
That is the flame of love I send to you from afar.

* * * *

Do not ask for the hands of love or love's soft eyes
They give less than love who give all, giving what wanes
I give you the star-fire, the heart-way to Paradise
With no death after, no arrow with stinging pains.

E. S. SUNDA

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Miscellaneous.

1. *Later Essays: 1917—1920.* By Austin Dobson (Oxford University Press, London & Calcutta, 1921).

2. *Increased Production.* By E. Lipson. (Oxford University Press, London & Calcutta, 1921).

3. *What Ails India?* (The National Literature Publishing Co., Bombay, 1921).

4. *The Secret of Asia.* By Prof. T. L. Vaswani. (Ganesh & Co., Madras, 1921).

5. *Bharata Shakti: Addresses on Indian Culture.* By Sir John Woodroffe. (Ganesh & Co., Madras, 1921).

6. *Jagadish Chunder Bose: His Discoveries and Writings.* (G. A. Nateson & Co., Madras, 1921).

7. *Typist's Vade Mecum.* By Margaret B. Owen. (Stanley Paul & Co., London).

8. *Glimpses of Bengal.* By Rabindranath Tagore. (MacMillan & Co., London).

The death of Austin Dobson in September last has robbed modern English Literature of one of its exotic, and, therefore perhaps, the most picturesque adornments. Dobson lived full in the Victorian age but he was not of it. If the Time-Spirit of the Victorian cadences touched him at all it found reflection of maturity and scientific precision in his literary excursions into his beloved Eighteenth Century. His place on the Clerk's stool in the Board of Trade office was in itself an anachronism or possibly a sarcasm of the Iron Age that delights in taking no stock of the rich harvest of poetical imaginings and stubbornly insists upon the fee of mechanical toil even if genius is to be fed. For over half a century Austin Dobson gave of his best time to the routine of bureaucratic drudgery and it is a marvel that his spirit triumphed over the mechanistic ordering of his daily life and yielded a rich sheaf that would adorn any literature. His industry seemed as untiring as his zeal for perfect work was unsatisfying. And the result is a bumper crop full of the finest and the heaviest grain. A volume entitled "Bibliography of Austin Dobson" published in 1900 contained more than

300 pages and very few of the items mentioned therein could be scored off as mere taskwork!

Austin Dobson claimed a French link in his ancestral line; he received his adult education at Strasbourg. We can intelligently discern in his art the Gallic love of delicate craftsmanship combined with a Teutonic grip of precision and detail. A master of exquisite prose, his method reveals the touch of genuine poetic diction in all his writings. And his attempt to harmonise the twin strands in his spirit defines at once his triumph and his failures. There is not a superfluous word in the unstinted praise bestowed by a "*Times*" reviewer:

"His poetry is distinguished by a workmanship that is practically flawless, a tender wistfulness, a lambent wit, and a perfect sense of form. If it is never sublime, it is also never trivial. No English poet has ever been at once so fragrantly French and so. Horatian. Probably no man of letters of equal learning and intellectual power was so modest or kept so steadfastly within the borders of his limitations."

The art of the master visualises as we peruse his last book—*Later Essays*—which reached our hands as we mourn his death. This volume is a collection of his casual contributions during the years 1917-1920 to the *National Review*, with a casual causerie added on by way of supplement. Mainly studies in the Eighteenth Century the Essays possess a rare value in interpreting the soul of that intensely interesting age. "Hermes Harris" and "The Learned Mrs. Carter"—to mention only two of the group—besides being exquisite pictures of skilful draftsmanship and discerning judgment, form a valuable record of research into the pre-Revolution social life and manners. "The Abbe Edgeworth" is a historical study of great importance and provides fresh links in the story of Louis XVI and his fall. With the ideal of a perfect workmanship in style always before him the author's fancy delightfully roams over those medieval days of romantic life and thought. Does he not confess in his quaintly simple commentary on Royer Collard's epigram "*A Mon age je ne lis plus, je relis*"? - - -

"That man I hold in high respect—

A true philosopher and bold one—

Who said 'Your new book I neglect,

And take, with confidence, an old one'!"

Austin Dobson lived a full life of great service to literature and his

question in the Rondeau entitled "*In After Days*" deserves but one answer now that he is dead :—

"But yet, now living, fain would I
That some one then should testify,
Saying—'He held his pen in trust
To Art, not serving shame or lust.'
Will none?—Then let my memory die
In after days!"

Increased Production by E. Lipson is one of the latest additions to the admirable "*The World of to-day*" series—popular talks for laymen desirous of keeping in touch with the modern socio-economic movements. Mr. Lipson has set out in this monograph a clear and forcible plea in favour of increasing production in the industrial sense. He believes that although the ills of the present day disjointed society have proceeded both from inevitable and remediable causes, a policy of strict conservation and of resolute work is necessary for rehabilitation. The author has disclaimed at the outset any desire to discuss the vexed question of Socialism: he assumes the beneficence of the "existing social order, *with modifications*." Even without this assumption the necessity of increased production is fairly obvious. But when he proceeds to categorise the objects of Production he cuts against the twin blade of Consumption and affirms that "a wise direction of consumption" is essential. And the problem of consumption is an "ethical problem—educating the community to regard all forms of extravagance and waste as immoral". Grant that and the conception of the beneficence of the existing social order must needs stand the test of scrutiny and be not merely assumed. "The workers have every right to demand the most absolute guarantees that increased production will not have the effect of making the rich richer and the poor poorer, but will bring prosperity to every section of the community" and so the challenge to the existing industrial structure takes full shape. Mr. Lipson, however, rigidly avoids the challenge and goes on to consider the obstacles to increased production. His arguments are clear and impartially put. The policy of *ca' canny* obtains as much condemnation as does the manipulation by trusts and Kartelles. How best the management and labour should co-operate to yield a rich harvest for each and all are next discussed. The efficiency of labour—judged from the worker's standard of living, the problem of industrial fatigue, the environments of work—combines with the efficiency of Capital (in the style of Taylor's famous recipe of Scientific Management)

to garner the fruits of joint work. Cure for unemployment and over-production is found in a statutory minimum wage and State Insurance. Mr. Lipson deliberately leaves out of consideration "the possibility of a radical transformation of our present industrial system" and counsels that the remedy is to be found in two directions: "firstly, an increase in output on the basis of piece-rate remuneration fixed in agreement with trade unions, and—if desired by the unions—fortified by legal sanctions; and secondly, a State guarantee against destitution, resulting from involuntary unemployment".

"*What Ails India*" is the appropriate title given to a select collection of speeches and writings by eminent men on the pentateuch of Indian grievances. The Punjab atrocities and the Khilafat wrong form the nexus of the great discontent and unrest that is agitating the mind of India to-day, and it is but meet and proper that prominence be given in a selection of opinion to the emphatic views of the leaders on these twin problems. Allied to the demand for *Swarajya*, rather concurrent with its inception, are other questions of deep import that need a solution but have failed to receive a deserving notice under an alien government, that is, *e.g.*, the status of Indian Colonials abroad and the policy of National defence and we could find no better exponents of the Indian attitude than Mr. Andrews and Sir K. G. Gupta (whose outspoken Note on the Esher Report has not yet received deserving notice at the hands of the press). Mahatama Gandhi occupies the place of honour in this small collection and deservedly so. The section on Repressive laws will be found interesting reading in view of the recent Government Resolution accepting the report of the Committee that recommended a drastic, though not quite clean, cut.

The Secret of Asia by Prof. T. L. Vaswani is introduced by the Publishers under the sub-title of "Essays on the Spirit of Asian Culture". Both the titles, we are afraid, are in a sense misnomers. 'The spirit of idealism (we are told) which is reverant of humanity is the secret of Asia's vitality and the eternal message of her culture and history'. Asia may have had a culture and a history. She may even profound a message of Idealism for the stricken nations of the West. But is she really vital? Does she possess the driving power to sustain her ideal? 'The spirit of idealism which is reverant of humanity? Is it the primeval doctrine of *Ahimsa* as distinguished from the spirit of idealism which is purely materialistic and counts not the costs in human values? India to-day with a majestic flourish may trumpet forth the ideal of the sanctity of life and possibly in no other country in the world there

is such wastage of humanity and sordid callousness towards the animals. You will retort that Poverty stands in the way. Then remove the causal *malaise* first and then talk of *Ahimsa*. No, a mere belief in the vision spiritual will not yield life's energising ether any more than mere vision egoistic availed the Occident to reach the ideal. The calculus of human values is complex and intricate and a harmonious understanding of the progressive advancement of the human mind can not be resolved into simple prime factors. Prof. Vaswani's Essays are interesting as they reveal the idealistic strain of the mind that glories in the past and consequently suffers from an ideohistorical bias when the problem of the Future comes up for decision, Limited as they are by the rhetoric of public speeches the essays when they attempt to get into close grips with the future, have no bold or defiant lines of Reconstruction to suggest. The author contents himself by reiterating what has been the common experience of the modern age—both in the East and in the West. Barring this slight disappointment we have no hesitation in recommending this little book for its emphasis on ideals, its insistence upon India's spiritual heritage, its buoyant optimism and faith in the future of our country.

Bharata Shakti: Addresses on Indian Culture by Sir John Woodroffe, the third and enlarged edition of which has just come into our hands, needs no introduction. The first edition was noticed at the time of its appearance and the present reprint differs in containing a useful Postscript which the author has incorporated in view of the 'important transformations of public opinion and movements' in the country. As a self-convicted free thinker Sir John Woodroffe believes profoundly in the individuality of a nation; and the charm of antiquity and elusive richness that Indian culture provides urges him to express in no ambiguous words the need of self-realisation by India of her own destiny. Sir John deserves well of India even where his emphatics may be a little bit overstressed, for in this age of extremes a stress on the side that is good and healthy need only provoke a fit of virtuous anger and lead to a final defeat of those 'disruptive forces alien to the true Indian spirit' which are aiming at a *cultural conquest* of this ancient land. There is no more powerful incentive to self-evolution than a frontal attack on the basic fundament of average people's lives. The ethical aspect of Mahatma Gandhi's crusade against gross materialism joins hands with the scholarly protest of eminent thinkers like Sir John Woodroffe in rejecting for India and India's people the quackery of cheap egoism and the trash of ignoble pursuits.

Jagadish Chunder Bose: His Discoveries and Writings is a neat and

handy publication of lively interest.. The life story of Sir J. C. Bose has been chronicled in a separate volume by Prof. Patrick Geddes, an enthusiastic admirer of the great scientist. The Nateson volume does not attempt to go over the same ground as has been covered by Prof. Geddes, but it aims to supplement by way of illustration the remarkable career sketched by him. Mainly a select collection of Dr. Bose's speeches with a brief but comprehensive outline of his life serving as an introduction, the book under notice purposes to emphasise the scientist's ideal of patient industry and crowded disappointments, of untiring zeal and selfless work—crowned in this instance (alas ! one of the few) by handsome though tardy recognition. Dr. Bose is an epoch in himself. His speeches and writings reflect the man and his work. A short note on the Bose Research Institute concludes this useful publication.

To the "Practical Hints" series of Stanley Paul & Co. the latest addition is the *Typist's Vade-Mecum* by Margaret B. Owen, the world's champion typist. Like the other books in the series dealing with training for the stage, acting for the cinema, play-writing, cinema-play writing and other subjects, the *Typist's Vade-Mecum* is a complete practical treatise on the subject of stenography and no would-be typist can afford to neglect it. Even an expert in typing will find it useful for reference.

Rabindra Nath Tagore's *Glimpses of Bengal* consists of selections from his letters written from 1885 to 1895. They present graphic and vivid sketches of the lights and shadows of Bengalee life, and should appeal to a large circle of readers.

Our Library Table : Recent Gujarati Literature.

Kathamanjari, Part 1 & 2.	published by	Jivanlal	Amarsi	Mehta
Thomas Edison :	R. A. Sompura	„	„	„
Gujarati Shakshar Jayantio :	„	„	„	„
Ranjit Kruti Sangrah :	„	„	„	„
Shikshano Adersha :	Rabindranath	Tagore		
Mevad Patan :	Dwijendra Lal	Roy		

All the above are the publications of that enterprising Publisher, Mr. Jivanlal Amarsi Mehta of Ahmedabad, a name associated with good many publications of note. Mr. Jivanlal's name stands for all that may be summed up for enterprise and venture. If next to the Sasta Sahitya

Vardhak Karyalaya, anybody has rendered yeoman's services to the Gujarati literature in recent times by his numerous publications, it is Mr. Jivanlal Mehta, one may safely and without fear of contradiction say. In these times of all round increase in cost of printing materials, one wonders if it pays any publisher to bring out new books and that at comparatively cheaper rates as Mr. Jivanlal does. Besides, the fact that there is a miserably poor and limited reading class in Gujarat where one may not go in for the purchase of a book if he can help borrowing it should not be lost sight of. Our publisher notwithstanding these difficulties somehow manages to give us one or the other work almost every month. We heartily congratulate Mr. Jivanlal Mehta on his praiseworthy enterprise and wish that Gujarat appreciates Mr. Mehta's services as it ought to and encourages all his publications, of course, on their own merits. We regret the limited space at our disposal does not permit us to do that justice to these works that their merits demand and we shall deal with them in short cursory notices, leaving the merits of the works to find their own way.

The first two volumes are collections of short stories from the pen of various writers of Gujarat. This particular side of literature—I mean the art of writing short stories—in Gujarati still remains to be developed. Only a few books of the type were before the public, amongst them being Mr. Munshi's "*Matarikamla Sane bijee Vato*" and Mr. Keshavprasad Desai's "*Mahi Vis Vato*." Mr. Jivanlal presents us a welcome addition by these publications in as much as they present a delightful reading and a variety of styles. Both the volumes are cloth-bound and very moderately priced.

The third is the biography of the world's probably greatest scientist and inventor, Thomas Edison. In this age of Gramophones, Cinemetographs, Electricity, and Telephones, people enjoying the benefits of these means of human comforts know little about the life and life-work of the inventor—the world's greatest miracle-worker. There was no biography of this man ever written in Gujarati and one that was said to be under preparation by Prof. Kantilal Pandya has not yet seen the light. Our scholars are in this respect very apathetic and indifferent. Gujarat would have welcomed this great man's life from Prof. Pandya's pen, but now that it is not coming out, Mr. Jivanlal may be complimented for having supplied a great need of the Gujarati reading world by his opportune publication. The book reads like a romance and takes the reader into fairy regions. The writer

Mr. Revashanker Sompura B.A. really deserves all credit for his simple language and style. We recommend the work to our readers.

The fourth and the fifth are also collections, the former of the speeches delivered by the presidents of different Sahitya Parishads and delivered on various occasions of Shakshar Jayantis by some of Gujarat's living Scholars and the latter being a collection of the late Mr. Ranjitram Vavabhai's writings. We recommend "Gujarati Shakshar Jayanti" as fine critical biographical appreciations of known authors by equally reputed writers. It must be preserved as a work of great literary value. The other one is a publication of particular interest to the Gujarati world. The late Mr. Ranjitram's was a name to conjure with—a household name in Gujarat and dearly loved. It was he who always dreamt of Greater Gujarat and his love for Gujarat was supreme and unequalled by any other living man. The Bhandol Committee has tried to pay the debt Gujarat owed the deceased by the publication under review. It is a tribute to the memory of the departed scholar. Our only regret is some of the writings—literary pieces of great merit—should have remained incomplete while some similarly important pieces should have been omitted from the present collection. The book is, however, sure to find its way in every Gujarati home.

"*Shikshano Adarsha*" is originally from the pen of our world renowned poet Rabindranath Tagore. This translation of the great educationist's work—for our poet is an educationist too—is executed by Mr. Rawal of Ahmedabad who has already made his name as a writer. He has a gift of writing in simple and lucid language and one does not feel it is a translation. The beautiful little volume with its fine get-up is cheap for its price and those interested to know the great poet's views on education particularly in this time of national upheaval when national education is much talked of will find all that they want in this work.

"*Mevad Patan*" is also a translation of Dwijendralal Roy's famous Bengali Drama—the translation being from Hindi and not original Bengali. It treats of episodes from Indian History of the times of Durgadas. The plot is very interesting in as much as the heroic deeds of the known hero are graphically described and Gujarat would really have appreciated the attempt very much but for a little unnaturalness in language which has been unnecessarily made high-flown and burdensome. We wish the second edition will be without this clumsiness in language and style. We are, however, of opinion that the subject matter of the book compensates for the defect pointed out by us and deserves a perusal.

There are innumerable publications all useful, undertaken by Mr. Jivanlal which we shall take notice of one by one later on.

Prithvi Vallabh: by Kanialal M. Munshi, B.A. LL.B., Advocate, Bombay High Court. That Mr. Kanialal Munshi is by far the most talented of all Gujarati novelists of the present day must be and is admitted by one and all that take any interest in recent Gujarati literature. When he appeared on the horizon some years ago with his "*Patan in Prabhuta*," the Gujarati literary world welcomed him as a first rate novelist and found in him all that they wanted as a writer of romance. Mr. Munshi yet a budding advocate, struggling to establish himself at the bar, found time to lay his services at the field of Gujarat in the literary field and fired with an enthusiasm most of our youngmen lack he went on presenting Gujarat with his masterly novels one after the other. Mr. Munshi has established himself within a comparatively short period as a fiction writer of no mean order by his *Gujaratno Nath* and *Ver ni Vasult* which are most cherished by readers and equally appreciated by critics of all shades and opinion. His deep study of human psychology, his penetrating observation of things around him and his delineation of human character, feelings and passions, his genuine humour running throughout his works, are simply superb. The fine flow of his language, powerful and dignified, exacts our profound admiration. A good student of Dumas that Mr. Munshi seems to be, all his works read like romances and once in hand the reader does not like to lay them aside till he reads through. This is where the author holds his singularly unique position amongst the Gujarati scholars. It is a pity that Mr. Munshi of late should be found devoting little time to his literary activities as he has been keeping very busy at the bar of which he has established himself a very prominent member. The gain of the Bar has been the loss of Literature.

The work under review first appeared by instalments in that premier Gujarati Monthly—*Vismi Sadi*, now unfortunately dead with the death of its enterprising editor, the late Mr. Haji Mahomad Shiwji and is now presented to the public in a book form. The author weaves his plot from the mediæval history of India though he binds himself very little to historical facts or realities. It treats of the last expedition of Tailap against the famous Munj of Avanti. Munj is captured and taken alive as a captive to the Telangan capital, where he is made to pass through various experiences before being killed. They are all so vividly described by the author—Munj's indifference towards hardships, his bringing to humiliation Tailap's proud sister, a stern ascetic that she was, Mrunal Devi by his crafty smiles

and playful arts—evolution of a silent but salient love between Vilasvati and Rasnidhi, the last but not the least Munj's dignified death are pictures that do credit to the pen that depicts them. Mr. Munshi, no doubt, for some time to come stands aloof from others as novelist of very high order. Our only regret is Mr. Munshi's occupation in his professional activities leaves him very little time to devote to literary pursuits. We wish the next edition presents a better get-up and printing the work so richly deserves. It should also be priced moderately.

Moghul Sandhya: Rajendralal S. Dalal, B.A.—The writer of this novel entered the arena of the Gujarati literature some time ago with his novel *Vipin* which was on the whole well received by the public. Though not a first rate novelist it is a credit to him that engaged in a sordid profession that he is, he should have a leaning towards literary pursuit. The present work treats of historical events of the times of the last treacherous Moghul and of the heroic feats of the brave Rajput Durgadas. The language of the book needs great refinement and the narrative does not on the whole reach that high standard of a first rate novel. Still it needs all encouragement that could be given. We wish the writer a greater success in his literary excursions hereafter. The novel is priced moderately at Rs. 2 for its excellent get-up and printing.

Dakshin no Vagh: Goverdhandas K. Amin, *Sinor*:—This is another historical novel recently published from the tried pen of an author already known to the Gujarati reading public as the biographer of Booker T. Washington and a few other works. The title of the book under review suggests what it treats of. It is a fiction describing some events of the times of Emperor Shiwaji and on the whole the book presents a delightful reading. The author seems to be well versed in Marathi from which, we believe, the present work is more or less a translation. The language at places has become rather unnatural. It is throughout very conspicuous in the translation. While awaiting the author's other works we wish him to attempt at a removal of this defect pointed out by us from the second edition of his present work.

Streebodh:—This is a very old monthly in Gujarati very ably conducted. It was started by the well known reformer Mr. Kabraji for the welfare of the Indian women and the journal has well served the cause. It has become as hoary in the service of Gujarati women as the family that kept it up alive for the last 60 years. Two years back it changed hands and the Kabraj family severed their connection with it. The idea pained us that the present

collector of Surat should not find time to keep up the monthly he so fondly nurtured till now. Fortunately Mr. Keshavprasad Desai took up the burden upon himself and recently it has undergone a happy change once more in as much as Mrs. Kabraji has once again joined the editorship along with Mr. Desai. Mr. Jivanlal Mehta has undertaken the management and thus the journal is promised a very good future career.

R. M. K.

JOY.

When I am glad
There seems to be
A toy balloon
Inside of me.

It swells and swells
Up in my chest,
And yet I do
Not feel distressed.

And when I go
Along the street,
It almost lifts
Me off my feet.

(Atlantic Monthly)

The Hindustan Review

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BY
Sachchidananda Sinha.

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THE TEMPLE OF PEACE.

In the clear stillness of a frosty night, on the summit of a hill-top, a small bundle of faggots was burning, setting a fitful glow on the faces of those sitting around. There was a complete silence for sometime, which was rather deepened by the silent rustling sweep of the gentle breeze. The hushed stars were looking on expectant.

"Oh, what a significant night!", spoke he of the saffron robe, "significant of the ineffable peace that sits on the brow of one who is dead to the world but alive to the divine life within—in fine, of one who knows."

"Oh, what a beautiful night!", interjected he of the blue robe. "The stars are, as it were, so many windows through which God is compassionately peeping upon His own world. God withdraws Himself in the day because His children turn their hopes from Him and fix them on things of the present. Look at the silvery silence of the night! Verily, in silence does the Beloved send His message to whosoever might care".

"Oh, what an inspiring night!", spoke he of the white robe, "It teaches us the lesson of intense action in peace, of glorious sacrifice in silence. The contemplative stars, the silent trees breaking forth in solemn chats at intervals—all are working, intensely working, producing the effect of peace and beauty on the straying son of man".

"Whence comest thou, brother!" asked the yellow-robed of the blue-robed.

"I come from afar—from the land of grim cruelty, where love was not. Discord and strife, gossip and superstition reigned supreme there. I met hatred by love, cruelty by gentleness, discord by peace—and so was brought in chains in the presence of cruelty. But the Divine Flame of Love broke asunder the chains and cruelty was blinded. And cry went far and wide that Cruelty was nought and Love was all.....Thus have I come to the abode of Peace."

"Whence comest thou, brother!", asked the yellow-robed of the white-robed.

"I came from a land where reigns Indolence, where everyone is the centre of one's own circle, where 'self' is the measure of all things. I broke the centre of my own circle, and my self stretched and stretched till it encompassed everybody, and touched the feet of God! I washed and bandaged the ugly gaping sores of my brothers—and I was full of joy; I encumbered myself with the sorrows of others—and I was happy beyond words.....Thus burdened have I trudged along to Peace".

Spake then he of the yellow-robe :

"I lived in the world—yea, I lived in the world but was not of the world. The world confused me with its appearances—and I fled from her. Wordly ties proved frail in the hands of Death—my love lay broken at my feet—and with my heart torn and bleeding I wrenched myself away from them. Oh! in this wide wide world there was nothing sure—everything shifting, delusive. I took refuge in myself. I turned my gaze inward. And there I saw what I saw.....Thus have I reached Peace".

Then death-like silence again fell save for the faggots which were cracking now and then. The stars were disappearing one by one and the East was now lined with a thin glowing sheet of mysterious light. The birds burst forth in songs of ecstasy. The leaves of trees danced and fluttered with glee. The son of man rose but to pursue the daily round of his toilsome task.

MR. GANDHI'S IDEALISM.

"It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place"
—*Archbishop Whately.*

"I had only adopted from Burke the doctrine of plain common-sense that the man who meddles with action must consider consequences, balance probabilities, estimate forces, choose the lesser evil, courageously acquiring in the fact that things in politics are apt to turn out second best "
—*John Morley.*

Twenty seven years ago Mr. Gandhi dedicated his precious life to the service of his fellowmen. He gave to South Africa all he had of strenuous manhood—an unbroken record of twenty years of suffering and self sacrifice. He gave up all that men most value—success and wealth and the pleasures of a peaceful home. He accepted a life of perpetual poverty and exile and rejoiced in the very rigour of that discipline. Few men in our time touch our imagination so profoundly as this little, quiet-looking man among men. "This is the true joy in life" he seems to say with George Bernard Shaw "the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one; the being thoroughly worn out before you are thrown on the scrap heap; the being a force of nature instead of a feverish, selfish little clod of ailments and grievances complaining that the world will not devote itself to making you happy".

What was it that inspired Mr. Gandhi to dedicate his life?

"To scorn delights and live laborious days"? It was more than a passion for patriotism, though patriotism is with him a burning passion. Sundered early from the familiar scenes of his home the vision of the motherland shone resplendant in his eyes. Far away in the wilds of South Africa, he mused on it by day and dreamt of it by night. It became dear and sacred. It possessed his soul with the vividness with which men feel the spirit of God moving their hearts. It became a religion.

But even love of country is not the prime source of his passio-

nate energy. It is a channel for the expression of an absolute moral enthusiasm. Few men have felt the spark so finely as Mr. Gandhi. Mazzini felt it; Tolstoy felt it; and so did Ruskin and Carlyle and the men of heroic mould. In them the flame of righteousness burns bright and clear. Their capacity for compassion is infinite. They plunge into the affairs of men with generous ardour and hopes uplifted.

And they

Follow Truth from dawn to dark

As a child follows by his mother's hand,

Knowing no fear, rejoicing all the way;

And unto some her face is as a star

Set through an avenue of thorns and fires,

And waving branches black without a leaf;

And still it draws them though the feet must bleed,

Though garments must be rent, and eyes be scorched.

It is not day but night, and often-times

A night of clouds wherein the stars are lost

And such are some of those who speak and live,

And wait, and work, though blunted of desire,

And knew that their true life is hid with God.

Yes: They follow the gleam with the irresistible impulse of fate. Their choice is made and they do not look this way and that but go straight ahead with the unerring instinct of destiny. And they conquer in the end. For conquest itself is subjective. Virtue is its own reward.

But politics is a game of numbers. And numbers count equally with the quality. In fact it is numbers that decide the issue. "They were the fools who cried against me. You will say", wrote the Chevalier de Boufflers to Grimm; "Ay, but the fools have the advantage of numbers, and 'tis that which decides" It may be a crude test. But somehow we have agreed, after generations of painful struggle, that it is safer to abide by the decisions of the majority than to be coerced by the tyranny of the few. That is democracy. And the art of politics is the management of this majority. A self righteous leader standing alone and unaided, beckoning his followers from a distance is naturally at a disadvantage. Not all can march with the same intrepid

steps. The pace is uneven. There are the halting, the maimed and the eternally doubtful and the leader of men has not only to look forward pointing to the goal, but time and again look back to rally his forces. For his strength is not in himself but in his following. His looking backward is in effect a slackening of his pace, an adjustment of the ideal to the actual. Thus compromise is of the very essence of politics and the leader of men has to feel his ground step by step, as he ascends with his following, making sure that each step in the ascent is held intact before advancing to the next. An appreciation of the limits of the practicable is therefore the first condition of success in the sphere of action. Alas!—how much of the tragedy of life is wrought by the impatience of idealists who seldom realise the danger of precipitancy in concerted action. A writer in the *Times Literary Supplement* reviewing the "Letters of Mazzini" draws a lesson from the life of that great Italian patriot which is strikingly apposite.

"He was a man with little sense of practical realities or possibilities, the common weakness of idealists. He wanted Italy one and undivided with all his soul and at any moment would have given his life for it. But just as he complains here that men who will give their lives for a cause will not give their money, so he who would so gladly have sacrificed his life would never sacrifice his prejudices. Almost every page in this book is a warning to those idealists of every kind to-day: nationalists, internationalists, social and industrial reformers who have not learnt that the very alphabet of the art of politics is to act gradually, step by step, keeping a clear eye on the facts of the situation and by compromise and arrangement using the old to create the new. It is scarcely too much to say that no stable political fabric has ever been built in any other way. That was what Cavour and Garibaldi knew, what Carducci came to know, what Mazzini obstinately refused to see.

But we forget there are two distinct types of mind—the dynamic and the static. (It is merely confusing the issues to charge Plato with not being Aristotle). Each has its own place to fill in the economy of life. And there is no doubt which is the superior of the two types. For the common rut of life and in the daily affairs

of men we constantly need the patient, plodding, prudent efforts of the static. But for great occasions when prudence can no longer arrest the incalculable forces, commend me to the dynamic energy of men with "the original, the incommunicable, the inspired qualifications". Such men are always an inconvenience to the society of placid and self complacent men. But they are the very salt of the earth. Without them life would lose its savour. The world is upheld by the varacity of such men, said Emerson, "they make the earth wholesome."

B. NATESON.

BEFORE THE JUDGMENT WALL.

I.

They sat perched high upon the wall; I stood before the wall. They were the judges; I was the judged.

They charged that the spirit of my life was one constant mood—a tragical mood; that everything I touched became cold; that my countenance bore the stamp of a perpetual calamity; that the very air I breathed was frosty; that people feared me and regarded me as half-dangerous. To prove even more their contention, they pointed out my eccentricities, my mode of dress, of speech, my opinions, my surroundings.....

Such were the charges read against me. I do not know why. I have never suppressed mirth whether it came as a sedative to pain or as a messenger of nonsense. I always accepted it with open arms and often bathed in it as I would bath in joyful waters. For I had always wanted my soul to laugh in just such measure as it had wept—*but no more*.

Why then have they labelled me thus? Why have they picked me out of the throng and brought me before the judgment wall? Why then have they chosen the mere reflection of my character and called it a sombre, a tragical mood?

They have not besmirched my name nor have they accused me of a crime but they have taken me out of my natural state (perhaps incomprehensible to them) and have woven about me a net which shuts out even the shadow of my own body.

II.

Within my own soul there is a constant requiem chant for my past which was gloomy and bitter and barren of good. And because of that when I laugh I laugh with the abandoned mirth of a pagan and when I weep I weep with the tears of Christ.

When I stand upon the threshold of my house and look upon the world which the civilized man has built I do not need to force myself to laugh or to weep. For what is there in man's

life to-day that is not ludicrous, preposterous, impossible? What is there that is not sombre, drab, solemn? Why then should I laugh at this and weep at that? Wherefore can my judges tell me where laughter is and where and where it is not? Is laughter a contagion that touches one and all? Have I not the liberty to choose the moments when I am to laugh and when to weep? Since when has it become the custom of Man to see through another's eyes?—to perceive through another's senses?—to react through another's feelings?

III.

When my thoughts turn from the light of the day and enter like a sword into its sheath; into that black vapor, night; into that terrible mirror in which the world of man is reflected in such huge and grotesque tones; in which laughing men become weeping worms; when everything beautiful becomes ugly; when man is shadow and shadow is man,—then when night sends illusions to entertain, to mock or to torture and everything seems so WONDERFUL.....so MAGNIFICENT.....How can I tell at that moment whether life is still life? Whether the soft and fluffy bed upon which I sleep is not "the soft and fluffy" everlasting grave? That the laughter of the day was not a farewell? And then I suddenly begin to search and scan to find *only the echo* of the day's laughter but seldom can it be foundand what solace is there to be denied a crumb at the time of hunger when the taste and memory of that which was sweet and relishing when the mind and body was sate still lingers in the mouth and soul?

And I cannot then but see, after all is sifted and weighed, that laughter is as inane as the prayer of an unbeliever which is relished only at the moment of folly but allows no thought of the hour of reality; which gives vent to the passion of joy but no consideration to the pain of birth.....

Yes, there may be laughter in life but not all life is laughter. And to seek laughter is but to seek a bromide for that which is life. And since each man lives his own life let him seek his own laughter—his own bromide.....

I turned to the judgment wall but the judges were no more—they had choked with laughter. In their place there stood a robin chirping happily for in her free world there are no judges and no judged.

EM JO.

MIL'CENT UMBERRIDGET.

The ayah stopped and shook the whimpering child beside her.

"Will nothing make thee stop, chota nutkiat?" said she. "Look, thy weeping has brought the Bogie Man, even as I said it would."

The child slightly moved her hand from her eyes and peeped down the wide road. Her shoes were covered with a powder of white dust, and the blue ribbons that tied her transparent lace bonnet under her chin made her feel hot and uncomfortable.

"There is no Bogie Man, ayah. It is too early for our walk. Look, Narain has not yet watered the road."

The child pointed with her finger to a scantily clad figure who, seated on a watering-cart, was steering a yoke of slow-moving wide-horned bullocks. The man salaamed with exaggerated deference.

"Ahi, Missiebaba, Narain is late; he was kept by this son-of-a-pig." He hit the near bullock with the flat of his hands. "Eh, lazy one! thou wilt not move? And did I not give thee the blue bead, necklace and the bell that is around thy neck, ingrate? Look at thy brother, his beads are not so fine as thine, nor his bell as loud; yet he works, and is willing."

He twisted the offending bullock's tail sharply as he spoke and it broke into a shuffling trot.

The water gushed out in a hundred little jets, sprinkling the ayah and child as the cart passed. The ayah drew her petticoats closer to her with one hand and stepped back into the thicker dust that lay on the side of the road.

"Fool!" she grumbled; "am I the road that I should be watered? 'Tis as well thou hast stopped thy weeping, child," she continued, "for the Bogie Man is here, as thou seest."

The child looked up, and, catching a glimpse of the Eurasian to whom the ayah had ascribed all the unflattering attributes as well as the name of Bogie Man, screamed and buried her face in the ayah's voluminous garments, so that John

Allitson Esmond caught only a glimpse of a baby neck and a fringe of yellow curls under the lace bonnet. In his shiny black alpaca suit, his dark face crowned with a black bowler hat of some long forgotten shape, bought in, many years ago, from a "committee of adjustment" sale, and prized on account of the Bond-street maker, whose name, in faded gilt letters, was still decipherable in the crown, John Allitson Esmond had no idea that he presented anything but a pleasing picture to the world at large. It never occurred to him that he could be an object of terror and aversion to the small child he had met so constantly of late on his walks. She, indeed, reminded him of some one else—also small and with golden curls in such a way that a lump would rise in his throat and his heart would feel as if tiny hands clutched it when he caught sight of her. And yet, alas! the first words he said as he bent over the little, shrinking, muslin-frocked figure confirmed the dreadful statements of the ayah: that this was indeed the Bogie Man, who ate children and powdered their bones into the dust that lay thick on the road.

"Are you good?" questioned John Allitson Esmond.

"Berry good," returned the ayah in English, smiling broadly and showing two rows of milk-white teeth as she did so.

The child, relieved at the answer, moved her head slightly, so that the curve of a rounded cheek, with black lashes stuck suspiciously together in pathetic wet groups, were visible.

"But you have been crying," said John Allitson Esmond.

Back went the face into the petticoats, and a frightened, muffled voice cried, "No, on; go'way, Bogie Man; go'way! I'm good—good!"

John Allitson Esmond was used to children—or, rather, he had loved one child, and so had the key to all.

"Would you like to see what is in my pocket?" he said.

An emphatic shake of the head was the only response.

Despite this decided repulse to his advances, John Allitson Esmond put his hand into one of the widely distended pockets of his shiny alpaca suit and brought out something from its depths.

"The little black one," cried the ayah; "lo, it is black from the tip of its nose to the end of its tail."

The face came round again, and a pair of tear-dimmed eyes looked through the bars of ten fat little fingers.

What was it? A squirrel? No, it was black. A puppy? No, it was too fluffy. The ayah and the Bogie Man were not thinking of her; surely it would be no harm to look further?

The ayah and the Bogie Man talked across the little black animal, and seemed unaware of her existence; so a hand, with its five fat little outspread fingers, fell slowly from the tear-dimmed eyes and wandered tentatively towards the kitten.

Lo, it was soft, and its eyes were blue and misty, like the smoke that rose from the fires at night-time! The dear one, it wanted her ribbons! The new blue ribbons that mother had sewn on to her bonnet and that were so hot. She moved her head so that the blue ribbons fluttered and dangled in tantalising nearness to the kitten's claws.

And John Allitson Esmond, who was a telegraph clerk on the railway, sat on the edge of the culvert, watched the pretty game, and laughed as he had not laughed for months past.

"Who is the child's father?" he asked the ayah; "she is a stranger, is she not?"

"Her father is the new Volunteer Adjutant sahib," said the ayah proudly.

A cloud came over the Bogie Man's face, for had not the new Volunteer Adjutant objected in forcible terms to him appearing on parade in tennis-shoes, putting John Allitson Esmond to open shame in front of the whole of C. Company? John Allitson Esmond, with rage in his heart, had appealed from such peremptory treatment as a "Volunteer of some standing." And his letter, though this John Allitson Esmond was not aware of, had been tossed from Adjutant to the Commissioner, who was also C. O. of the Railway Volunteers, with the terse remark, "That's the worst of these *cafe-au-lait* chaps. They have no idea of discipline."

But this John Allitson Esmond did know, that the reply was now in the left-hand breast pocket of his shiny alpaca jacket, a reply that John Allitson suspected of a sarcastic inflection prompted by the new Adjutant himself. Even now he could see the words with his mind's eye:

"Long standing in tennis-shoes—contrary to all rules of discipline, and has, moreover, the disastrous result of spreading the feet and making them tender for the wearing of ammunition boots, and as all Volunteers hoped for active service C. O. felt certain valuable services—John Allitson Esmond would on mature consideration concur with the decision of the Adjutant."

And had not he, John Allitson Esmond, on the spur of the moment, seized pen and paper and sent in his resignation from the honourable corps of Railway Volunteers in general, and of C. Company in particular?

Even now it gave him a savage thrill of pleasure to think of how he had underlined twice (with a ruler) and hedged in with black quotation marks those memorable but lying words that prefixed his decision "on mature consideration"—for already he regretted that decision. Another fortnight and the Volunteers would have been in camp, entertaining on a lavish scale all the mothers and sisters and friends of brother Volunteers. John Allitson Esmond thought of camp-fires and sing-songs, of the fluttering ribbons and gay-coloured muslins amongst the khaki-coloured tents, of the dance that would encroach well into the small hours, of the café chantant, with Tommy Dodd as the attraction in the intervals, and he thought of the dark eyes of Ermyntrode Rosario, and his heart became bitter within him.

Had he not also meant to ask Ermyntrode "this camp" to become the second Mrs. John Allitson Esmond? Even though his first venture into the thorny paths of matrimony had ended with a notice in the paper that "John Allitson Esmond, of the Indian Telegraph Department, would no longer be responsible for the debts contracted by his wife, Mary Eliza."

The "said Mary Eliza" now lay beneath a mound that in the hot weather added its iota to the dust that the hot wind blew in swirling "devils" across the sun-baked maidan.

John Allitson Esmond, as these thoughts coursed through his mind, abruptly picked up the kitten and thrust it back into his pocket.

"Oh, Bogie Man!" Two distressed blue eyes looked up

at him, and again that memory tugged at his heart-string, "don't please take 'ickle kitten' way."

"Why do you call me Bogie Man?" he asked.

The ayah cut in on the child's reply with a verbose explanation of her own. The Bogie Man was luckily only amused.

"Bogie Man love good children," he said smiling, "and you are always good, aren't you, dear?"

"Not always, only sometimes, Bogie Man."

The Bogie Man laughed.

"Well, little Goldilocks, I'll bring the kitten to-morrow for another play, but its mother will think it is lost if I don't take it home now."

He moved away at a swinging stride, rolling a cigarette in his little brown fingers.

A pattering of feet and a breathless voice behind him caused him to stop.

"Bogie Man"—and a flushed face looked up into his—"My name's not Goldilocks, it's Mil'cent Umberridget."

* * * * *

It was hot in the garrison church, and people looked up at the punkah frames devoid of their hanging-frills, and improvised the two-leaved slip of the anthem that lay before them into a fan. The church was unusually full, for besides the Regulars, the volunteers had turned up in force, and the reek of cocoanut oil from their sleek heads, and the strong scent on their handkerchiefs combined to make the air intolerably stuffy.

Even John Allitson Esmond, in his white surplice, in the choir, felt at tension, and the shuffling and coughing from the body of the church affected his nerves more than usual. He had been worried these last two weeks, for he had not yet heard if his resignation had been accepted, and the idea of going into camp with the strained relations that existed between him and the Adjutant was now as repugnant to him as the thought of missing it had been formerly.

As he glanced down the church and saw the Adjutant, conspicuous in his red coat among the pews of khaki-coloured

Volunteers, he was struck by the listless look of the soldierly figure.

"A bit of his own drilling wouldn't do him any," said John Allitson Esmond to himself as he rose at the first notes of the anthem.

As John Allitson Esmond's voice came softly down the crowded church the shuffling and coughing ceased, and people forgot the heat and the overpowering scents of musk and hair-oil, and listened, for whatever doubts there were as to what John Allitson Esmond could do or could not do, there was no doubt whatever about his singing.

The Adjutant raised his head at that glorious voice, and Ermytrude Rosario, in a pew at the back of the church, forgot to think of her bright pink muslin with its innumerable goffered frills, and the rose-crowned hat she had copied from an illustration in a lady's paper.

John Allitson Esmond, unaware of the emotion he had excited, sat down when the anthem ended, and composed himself to the absent attention he gave to a service that had long ago become familiar.

He did not see the slight start the Adjutant gave as the clergyman read out the prayers for the sick, and yet, thought he had not paid much attention, the name rang in his head in a haunting refrain.

"The prayers of the congregation are desired for Millicent Alma Bridget Jones, who is lying seriously ill...."

Surely "Jones" was common enough name; why should it worry him as it did?

Ah! he had got it at last!

"Mil'cent Umberridget!" He started as if he had heard the child's voice say the words herself. He had not seen her lately, and the kitten had remained in his pocket and gone back to its mother without its usual game.

Did anyone know better than he the tragic suddenness with which things happened in India? He glanced again at the Adjutant's bowed head, and sympathy surged up in place of bitter resentment.

As John Allitson Esmond came thoughtfully out of church

some words spoken by a lady in front of him arrested his attention.

"They say if she could only sleep she would be all right. It always seems pretty hopeless when it comes to that. Still, they say if she could only sleep, poor little mite——"

The words drifted by him, all except the last.

"If she could only sleep——"

John Allitson Esmond hastened to the pink-washed bungalow of the Adjutant.

The Adjutant came out on to the verandah in answer to a message, still in uniform, but without his sword. His eyelids looked sore and red, as if they had not closed for many days. He recognised in John Allitson Esmond the hero of the tennis-shoes, but not the singer of the anthem.

"Oh, Esmond, is it not? Your resignation has not been sent in, I'm afraid. We, the C.O. and I, thought you would like to think a little longer before taking so decisive a step. But I—am rather troubled just now. My little girl is ill, so would you come another time——?"

John Allitson Esmond shuffled his feet and said nervously :

"There was a song, sir, that—that—I used to sing my little—boy—when he couldn't sleep—and it—never failed. It is a charm for sleep, and I never thought to sing it again; but if I might try, sir——"

The Adjutant's red-rimmed eyes came round and looked at the white duck-clad figure before him, and this time he forgot the hero of tennis-shoes, and recognised the singer of the anthem.

"Will you wait," said the Adjutant huskily, "whilst I ask the wife?"

A few minutes later the Adjutant came out and beckoned John Allitson Esmond to follow him from the glare outside to the darkness of the sick room, with its high, whitewashed walls and little bed, looking curiously forlorn in the centre. That memory gripped him more fiercely than ever!

John Allitson Esmond hardly saw the Adjutant's wife as she bent over the child with a cooling drink, but his dark hand took the baby one, which had lost all its roundness and healthy mottled look, and was thin, and so terribly white, from the bed.

Softly, softly, like a breeze that but stirs the leaves of the trees came that glorious voice; so softly that it seemed one with the silence of the room. The child's head stopped its restless turning and remained still, as if listening. To the Adjutant it seemed as if the liquid sound was a song of praise from the parched earth as the first rain of a rainy season fell on its dry bosom; to the Adjutant's wife it brought dreams of a shady river, with the soft lap of quiet waters against a boat, but to the child it brought a limitless sense of coolness, of peace, of rest—of sleep. The muscles of the tense little hand in John Allitson Esmond's gradually relaxed at the soothing murmur, the dark lashes closed over the glazed eyes, and beads of moisture broke out on the baby forehead.

As John Allitson Esmond sang, past and present became blended together for him, and he felt again the weight of a child's sleep-heavy head against his breast, so that his voice died away and became one again with the silence of the room.

And the shadows fell across the dim room, and still the three, so oddly brought together, sat quietly without stirring. The Adjutant's red-rimmed eyelids fell over his tired eyes, and the Adjutant's wife, seeing her husband's eyes close, shut hers just to see what it felt like, so that presently there was but John Allitson Esmond awake in the room.

And then, when the night was slipping into day, the child moved on the bed, and the Adjutant's wife awoke quietly but instantly and raised the head from the pillow and put a spoonful of food between the lips. And the child slumbered again.

And then later came the most uncomfortable moment in John Allitson Esmond's life, for the Adjutant's wife, crying and laughing together, hung with white, ringed fingers to his dark hand, and the Adjutant tried hard to say something, but couldn't and seemed quite unaware of the tears that were rolling down his cheeks.

"It's nothing, ma'am," said John Allitson Esmond huskily, with his eyes on the ground, painfully conscious of the tears of which the Adjutant was oblivious. "I used to sing to my own little boy—I lost him—of cholera—last year. Your little one always reminded me of him, for he took after him

mother and was fair, with blue eyes and yellow curls—not dark, like me——”

And then John Allitson Esmond broke down too, and hurried in an undignified fashion out of the compound, back to his little thatched bungalow in the civil lines, forgetting to put on his pith helmet.

But later still came the proudest moment of John Allitson Esmond's life, when (for on “mature consideration” he had decided to withdraw his resignation) Ermyntrude Rosario, fingering his Sam Browne belt, her bright-hued muslin and rose-crowned hat showing up against the dusty khaki of the tents of the Volunteer camp, even as John Allitson Esmond had once visioned it, said in that clipping accent so dear to John Allitson Esmond's heart :

“Oh, my; you look so warlike in your uniform, it truly makes me afraid I have promised——”

“Promised what?” questioned John Allitson Esmond tenderly.

“To marry such a fierce creature,” finished Ermyntrude Rosario, hiding her face against the burnished brass buttons of his uniform.

HELEN COLVIN.

CONCEPTION OF TRAGEDY IN THE LITERATURE OF MODERN AND ANCIENT EUROPE.

I.

INTRODUCTION.

The history of social organism is the history of its growth and development from a simple to a complex effort at realization of some ideal conceived and determined by the agency and influence of the interaction between Man and the Age he is born in. All the different departments of human thoughts and activity testify with unmistakable significance to the causes, conditions, and results of this effort at realization of the ideal and from age to age and time to time the principal part played by Literature has always been to show and illustrate all the different inner workings in the mind of Man underlying and suggesting all the actual and probable achievements in his struggle or co-operation with the different factors of his existence, impelling him irresistibly on and on towards this goal which, Proteus like, always changes its features, as epoch after epoch proceeds through a graded series of well defined development. Vital and fateful is the influence of the different factors of his existence on the mentality of man.

These factors are of two kinds—External and Internal. Circumstance, as we understand the term, exemplifies the external factors; and the elemental conditions of the mind constitute principally the internal ones. Action and interaction between these two sets of factors determine the character of human mentality from age to age and the character of Literature too is shaped and defined by them.

The result of this vital action and interaction between the different forces in and without the mind of man, Literature announces in terms of Passion, Emotion and Intellect; and this announcement again, periodically marks off the different stages already arrived at and shadows forth suggestively the character

of the further stages still to be arrived at by Man in the progressive course of his realization of the ideal.

Browning once said "Man half is and fully hopes to be". The interval between this partial and absolute perfection is unending so far as our worldly existence is concerned. In other words, in trying to be perfect we always realize step by step how imperfect we are in everything that we think and do in this life. We always desire and hope to *be* something or to *do* something greater, nobler, deeper than what we have been or what we have done. In trying to fulfil this hope and desire we encounter various difficulties of imperfection both within and without ourselves and the result is that we struggle against these difficulties. May be we win, may be we lose,—but in fine, we see that the distance between the actual and the ideal has not diminished a bit; and that only the Ideal of the past, becoming Actual of the present, holds out before our mind's view another long stretch of struggle and stress beyond which another and a greater future Ideal is beckoning to us. Perhaps we become tired and dazed and the awful result is that all the overwhelming factors of our imperfection rise against us and sweep away in a moment what we have done in an age.

This aspect of our activity clearly shows how imperfect we are. But at the same time it forces us to realize, too, that this imperfection notwithstanding, what immense possibilities of perfection God has preserved potentially in each one of us—which possibilities, again, hearten us and sustain us in the hours of dreary despair and encourage us to resume the thread of our life. Now, therefore, to this unceasing course of progress we must submit. We cannot do without it. We must follow it. There is a higher agency that is compelling us to follow it; and yet to what end?—not only to see and realize for ourselves that we are still imperfect but also to show and make us realize that we must learn to be less imperfect.

This inevitable result of all human activity fills our mind with pity and terror and chastens our soul and purifies our thoughts; and herein lies the true significant character of tragedy. "Man half is and fully hopes to be" is an indubitable fact, but it is a tragic fact instinct with an optimistic significance; and all

tragedies, ancient and modern, have shown it with the help of two principal elements of tragic art—conflict and conciliation. In this brief paper I will try to understand only this.

II.

What is the definite shape in which we can recognize this fact in our everyday existence? Like Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh, every man, who is fit to be called a real and true man at all, must at least try to pass through the process of baphometric fire-baptism from the stage of Everlasting No to the stage of Everlasting Yea, in order to realize his own self. But what is the recognizable form in which we can know the exact nature of this fire-baptism? It is only in the *struggle* or *conflict* that any one of us who is conscious enough, can understand and recognize the true fact of this fire-baptism. Elemental Good and Elemental Evil are always striving for mastery in the mind of man and *human will*, like an uncertain master, is at its wits' end to decide between the two. The struggle goes on perpetually and in the matter of this struggle lies the root of the Tragic Fact. What is the result of this struggle? Perhaps Good sometimes or Evil more often, wins. But the real tragic import lies not so much in the victory of Evil over Good as in the struggle between Good and Evil itself. In the tragedies we witness the death of a Cordelia or an Antigone, of an Agamemnon or a Hamlet. These deaths are tragic enough no doubt. But far more tragic are the facts that Cordelia should at all be in conflict with Goneril or Regan, that Antigone should have any occasion at all to struggle against a tyrant like Creon, that Agamemnon should have such a wife as Clytemnestra and Hamlet an uncle like Claudius. But as circumstances were, these connexions were inevitable and as such they bore their own fruits. No human power could make them otherwise than what they were, and every human mind, when brought under similar conditions is bound to admit that what happened could not but happen, things remaining as they were. We wish things could be otherwise—but they were not and they could not be otherwise. In this feature of a sort of inexorable compulsion leading all those world-famous characters from event to event and experience to experience—through incessant stress

and struggle, right up to the final catastrophe—it is only in this that the true character of the Tragic Fact lies. We know that Good and Evil if they ever be in sight of each other, must fight; this also we know that in this fight one must conquer the other. But we do not know why Good should not be allowed to develop itself in its own way apart from Evil, why Light should not be so bright without Darkness, why Happiness should not be so much appreciated without the experience of Misery. No one in this world—no poet, no philosopher, no scholar—has as yet been able to find out an apposite answer to this great why. And in this inability, again, lies the root of the Tragic Fact in Life. But, then, here arises a question. Let it be granted that there has not yet been quite a satisfactory answer to this great “why”. Still, the world is moving and the human race, rich in the heritage of the true children of Light, is making appreciable progress day by day and year by year. What then is the necessity of an answer to this question? Is it practical, is it profitable in any way to try for and search after this precious answer? In reply our mind says—“No. It is not profitable, it is not practical, it is not even possible to get an answer to this question. Therefore, rest satisfied with the maxim that there is nothing like an unmixed Good or an unmixed Evil in this world. Your very existence rests on the basis of compromise and conciliation. You may show fight if you like at first, but in the end you must make matters up with the other party and so go on your way. That fight is inevitable; that conciliation is inevitable too.” We listen to this bit of consolatory advice of our mind with as much grace and satisfaction as we can command. Yet stifle we cannot the light, low ring of a still, small voice in our heart of hearts which always presses for an answer to the question “If conciliation, then to be or not to be?” Our whole nature, of course, kindled with the spark of Godly Light, says with utmost certainty—‘certainly *to be* and NEVER *not to be*.’ Therefore let us gird up our loins and light up our lamps and let us press on to the field of Glory or to the Grave! As for the conciliation, if it is inevitable then let it come. We will use it. Why? Because Man knows very fully that there is no higher court of Appeal against the inevitable!’

In all tragedies, again, in the end, we hear this note of

conciliation between Man—as he thinks and acts and the Inevitable.

Therefore in the main elements of the Tragic Fact, as we have hitherto tried to understand it, the very first thing that strikes our attention is the instinctive striving for self-realisation of Man through efforts at attaining the Ideal as he conceives and as he cannot but conceive from age to age and time to time necessitating the unavoidable conflict between Good and Evil within and without himself and ultimately leading him on, through a series of successes and failures, to understand, appreciate and feel the agency of a Higher Power making and shaping things and thoughts as they are and forcing Man to submit himself to and conciliate himself with the dictates of the Inevitable. In the Art of Tragedy therefore, we see, that these two main principles—the principle of conflict and the principle of conciliation—play the main part and hence illustrate in miniature and in an idealised form the nature, spirit and tendency of Life as it actually develops itself through the struggles and conciliations of nations of the world as a whole in successive ages. The true, the serious, the Real aspect of Life, therefore, is the original fountain from where Tragic Art derives its main inspiration.

III.

And now the question is how these two main principles of conflict and conciliation have been illustrated in the great tragedies of Europe both ancient and modern? From the standpoint of the effort at reaching from a simple to a complex ideal of Life, how far these tragedies do mark off the points of development and success of Man in the kingdom of mind? What are the artistic ways and means that have been resorted to by these tragedies in order to bring out the abiding aspect of a harmonious combination of the Beautiful and the Sublime in each and all of them?

IV.

In our consideration of these questions, the tragedies of ancient Greece—notably known as the classical tragedies—

of course claim the first place, and the main types of tragic conflict that are vividly patent in them are, generally speaking, three:—

(1) Conflict of Individual Personalities; (2) Conflict of an Individual and the State; and (3) Conflict of the Natural Individual and the Super Natural; and the nobler the person placed in a situation of Conflict and greater the force of the opposing party—the more poignant has been the intensity of the representation of the Tragic Fact and the deeper has been the lesson, consciously or unconsciously, taught by it. As for example, let us take the case of Prometheus as depicted by Æschylus. Here we see the conflict is between two strong and inexorable personalities—Jupiter or Jove and Prometheus. Each of them thinks only he is right therefore the other only is in the wrong. Hence arises the conflict and the conflict again is the soul of the Tragic Fact. Both of them stand on their own individual view points and begin the fight. Mercury comes and tries to convince Prometheus of his folly in rebelling against Zeus because Zeus, popularly speaking, is by far the stronger party. But Prometheus decidedly denies the superiority of Jove and accepts in a defiant attitude the terrible doom of his all-powerful foe. He is broken—yet he is not bent. Jove wins the victory; but Prometheus remains immortal and glorious in his defeat. Yet he is defeated and the cause of his defeat is not his own self—nor even the arrogant tyranny of Jove, but an Inevitable agency working its own end through the victory of the one and the defeat of the other. Neither Jove nor Prometheus can avoid the compelling influence of this Awful Power and Man bows down his head before it and says “Thy will be done”. This defeat too is tragic, but far more tragic is the necessity of it—*viz.*, the causes and conditions of the conflict. But however that may be—so far as the force or strength of personality goes Prometheus is not in any way inferior to Jove—both of them are very great. Hence the awful collision between the two is so intensely tragic. Again, both of them are equally right according to their own reasons, yet one suffers and the other exults in that suffering—hence the tragic issue of the whole affair is so deeply pitiful.

But then—in spite of all these, we cannot say that the issue has been unjust in any way and so our sense of impartial judg-

ment instinctively seeks after a reconciliation with the conditions of the issue. Why so? Because after all we are bound to admit that Prometheus vanquished is far greater, far nobler than Prometheus kissing the dust of Jove's feet could ever have been. Prometheus is a great character: his greatness must pass through an apposite test. Enmity with Jove himself—and on just ground too—what test could be more strenuous, more apposite than that? Hence, though Prometheus is defeated in the end, we do not take this defeat as a sign of his own weakness inherent in his nature, but only as an illustration of the Fact that the realisation of a great Ideal cannot be easily accomplished—that for the sake of any great Good an equally great Sacrifice must always be made and that the compelling power of Inevitable Necessity forces on the tide of human progress through and up these tragic steps to the illimitable reaches of an ever-beyond pressing on to attain which, Man will say with the poet 'Though Man half is—yet he fully hopes to be!'

To our mind, in this tragic story of Prometheus as told by Æschylus, it seems that the elements of Conflict and Ultimate Conciliation have been illustrated and suggested in the manner in which we have hitherto tried to understand them.

Again, let us take another instance in which the tragic Conflict is between the State and the Individual—we mean the tragedy of *Antigone* as represented by Sophocles. Here, again, we see the two contending elements—one representing the prestige of the state and the other, the prestige of a far higher thing—viz., that of simple humanity itself as sharply and intensely focussed in the duty and love of a sister for her dead brother—fight out the tragic issue to the bitter end, each thinking that it only is right and good. Creon, the tyrant of Thebes cannot forgive the brother of Antigone—only because this brother has committed the most unpardonable Sin against the State by inviting foreign people to attack his own country to gain his own selfish end. Therefore Creon orders that though this brother of Antigone is dead—yet he shall not be pardoned. Even when dead he shall feel the iron rule of Creon. Therefore let him go on rotting on the open bare field of battle outside the walls of the metropolis and let vultures feed upon him. Prestige of the

State! It must be propitiated, because it has been insulted. But then the prestige of simple humanity?—the claim of a sister's love? Have not these too their own prestige? And how is the State going to respect that? The State does not listen to this question. Therefore Antigone rebels against Creon and is doomed to death in the end. And she dies! In this death the Tragic Fact stretches too far—almost beyond the limit of endurance! Why? Because, the State, however great and good it may be, must admit that humanity is still greater and far, far better than the State. Therefore for the sake of the State humanity can never be allowed to suffer such unnatural humiliation. Inevitable Necessity cannot stand it. Therefore, Creon is forced in the end to acknowledge the mistakes he has committed—first of all, by allowing the dead body of Antigone's brother to rot in the open field—and secondly, by his wanton condemnation of Antigone herself. And how is Creon shown the folly of his proceedings? His own son dies, his own wife dies—his whole house tumbles down into death and he is forced to realize the difference in claims between the State and Humanity. The State can exist if only humanity is, but humanity can exist without the State. This is the fact that the Awful Power of Necessity shows through Sophocles in the character of Creon. But then—granting all these, claims of too broad a kind of humanity cannot always be amicably settled by the State for adequate reasons of its own. Therefore, this Conflict between the State and the Individual is sometimes the indubitable result. But here again there is a limit. Humanity is first of all asked to mind its own business. But gradually the State is forced to admit that it is because humanity is. Therefore the claims of each must be respected by the other and both of them must combine to fulfil the purpose of a Higher Power informing and influencing them. The tragic conflict continues until they do so—and conciliation promptly follows as soon as Retributive Justice has settled the claims of each.

This Retributive Justice, again, sometimes figures in the Classical Tragedies as one of the parties in the tragic conflict, in the shape of an avenging Supernatural element in order to compel man to know his own position whenever he tries

to step beyond the legitimate and normal limits of his thoughts and actions. Let us remember in this connexion the *Furies* of Æschylus or the *Bacchanals* of Euripides. In the *Furies*, for instance, the Ghost of a murdered mother mercilessly torments the soul of the murderer son. A son murdering his own mother!—This is stepping beyond the legitimate—normal—it is going down into the Abnormal! But then—the mother herself is abnormally guilty and one of the Olympian powers has inflicted upon the son the painful duty of punishing his own mother for her guilt. Hence arises the tragic conflict. The Individual Orestes is forced to kill his own mother Clytemnestra prompted by a divine dream. Yet the act is unnatural. Therefore the Furies arise to fight with Orestes the Tragic Conflict out up to the bitter end. They become Retributive Justice personified. But then—just at the critical moment—Inevitable Necessity in the shape of Minerva comes in and adjusts the claims of the one and justifies the action of the other party in the Conflict and hence brings about a reconciliation, the teaching of which is simply this that in the order of normal development of humanity if anything illegitimately abnormal intervenes—it must be counteracted and driven out by an agency as illegitimate and abnormal as itself—only to purge the whole human atmosphere of the recurrence of such absurdities and to make it possible for the legitimate Normal again to take its own place. Ædipus kills his own father though unknowingly and only to fulfil the prophecy of the Oracle. But the action is unnatural. Therefore it must be counteracted by another abnormal action—and that is that Ædipus, unknowingly again, marries his own mother. The normal individual Ædipus is placed in conflict with his abnormal circumstances and the Tragic Fact is consummated in the subsequent madness of the poor man. But then comes the healing balm in the person of Antigone, who again restores the Natural to its proper limit through the healthy method of conciliation.

Therefore, so far as the conception of tragedy in the literature of ancient Europe is concerned we see that side by side with the conflict of Good and Evil in the shape of either the Individual or the State or the Supernatural there is always an under-current of the influence and agency of a Higher Power—(which we have tried to

understand and explain as Inevitable Necessity)—guiding gradually the whole action through the storm and stress of events right up to the point of conciliation, arriving where the Human mind, in the light of the instructions taught by it, is filled with a wholesome sense of pity and terror and is decidedly compelled not only to witness in these tragic events the serious pictures and problems of Life represented in an idealised form but also to know from what fountain to draw the never-failing inspiration of quiet power, strength, energy and confidence in the hours of its own need when the storm and stress of its own circumstances will force it to fight with the contending factors in its own life, if only to realize through itself the effort at reaching its own ideal. The conflict as ideally conceived by the Greek tragedians is always sublime and the note of conciliation in the end is always beautiful. This sublime aspect of the conflict is fully shown in the Greek tragedies by means of the following artistic contrivances :—

- (1) The plots are always serious and involve highly tragic issues.
- (2) These plots, again, are very simply unfolded always keeping within the strict limits of the unity of time, place and construction. But any one who knows what Greek tragedies are, is sure to know how difficult is this simple unfolding and what mighty art lies in it.
- (3) The characters are generally mythological because through them only it is most successfully possible to represent the Real in the highest elevation of an Ideal Form. The vast magnitude of the issues involved in the story of their lives is never shocking to the sense of propriety of the most sensitive of mortals *viz.*, the Greeks, and in it they find the magnified pictures of their own sorrow and sufferings and are, hence chastened by it. All these principally and some other items incidentally make the Greek tragedies, perhaps, the sublimest of all.

But in the conception of tragedy in Ancient Greece the Beautiful too meets the Sublime half way; and we think the

element of chorus exemplifies this item of the Beautiful in all the tragedies of ancient Greece. Not only do they sing the most beautiful lyrics of the world, but also they are the intermediate medium of sympathy between the tragic characters and the spectators. When on the stage vastly Tragic issues are being enacted, when in the auditorium the minds of the spectators are in a turmoil of confused feelings, forward come the chorus and with their sweet songs of consolation and commiseration and pity or with their sedately philosophical remarks on the critical events and characters in the play or their calm effort at explaining the difficult points of a situation, they restore the mental balance of the spectators thereby conciliating them not only with the tragic fate of the characters but also with their own fates as well; and thereby they teach the beauty and merit of the simple submission of Man to the dictates and doings of the inevitable Vates.

V.

What then is the moral of the ancient Greek tragedies? It is very simple. Good and Evil exist in the world. Therefore they must fight. The individual, the State and the Fates are inter-related; and if in any way the normal order of this inter-relation is broken—they too are bound to come into conflict. The tragedy is that these conflicts should at all come about. But when they happen, they happen, there is no help for it. The best thing in such circumstances is to try to bow down one's head before the Inevitable Necessity and leave oneself entirely to its guiding force and chastening agency. In this way, man is taught to reconcile himself to his lot. Those troublesome questions of the why and wherefore are frowned into silence by the sense of the inexorable immutability of the decrees of Fate.

But when we come to consider the conception of Tragedy in modern Europe, the very first thing that strikes us is its complex character in comparison with its forebears of ancient Greece, and as the modern age has advanced, if not the principle yet the details in the conception of Tragedy have become more elaborately complex. Why is it so? The reason is very simple. Because, the outlook and interpretation of Life itself has become more complex. Physical, moral and Intellectual life has advanced and

fresh questions have arisen and answers to these questions have been pressingly demanded and periodically given and all these have shown that world, Life and Time are not now what they were once. And this change is most patent in the changed character of the Tragic Conflict. Formerly, there were certain *fixed factors* coming into conflict with one another. The character of each of these factors was unchangeable. It was rather *statuesque*—to borrow an expression from De Quincey. The conflict between these factors was always simple, because its purpose was never mysterious. Life, as it was understood by the Greeks, was never mysteriously complex. They too had sufficient insight into its essence of course, but the difficulties and doubts of the modern age never troubled them and they took things because they were. Hence the character of the Tragic Fact always took a straight course and it was very often *only explained* and very seldom *evolved*—as we now understand the term. This *evolution* of the Tragic Fact as different from a mere *explanation* is the principal noteworthy feature in the modern romantic conception of Tragedy, and it is only through this that we can understand the decided change in the mode of Tragic Conception in the modern as different from the ancient type of tragedy. This evolution of the Tragic Fact has always been a very complex affair in modern tragedies; because this method of Evolution has necessitated certain very important changes in the character of the Tragic Conflict itself. In modern tragedies characters are no longer in conflict with only the outward circumstances in which they live; they are in conflict with their own selves too. Method and degree of insight into the meaning and purpose of life have considerably changed since the days of old Greece and this change is exemplified in one way in the manner of the conflict that now goes on not only without but also within the soul and personality of the Tragic hero. Orestes kills his mother—because the path of his duty has been made awfully straight and clear for him by a dream sent to him by some divine agency. Hamlet cannot similarly kill Claudius—though he has as much reason to rise against his uncle as Orestes had to rise against his mother. Hamlet cannot do it. Orestes can do it. Why? Because, Hamlet, the supreme creation of modern tragedy, is complex,

whereas Orestes is simple. Hamlet fights with many other things and thoughts than Claudius and Laertes. He has to fight with his own self, an airy substance the very existence of which, perhaps, Orestes is not aware of.

Hence the conflict in modern tragedies is always two fold. It is internal and external—and both of these act and react upon and determine the character of each other. And as for conciliation, it is not in the modern tragedy in the same sense in which it is in the classical, for the simple reason that now man no longer remains satisfied with referring his misery or the evil in the world to some Inevitable Necessity predominating over the thoughts and actions of the world but always tries to find out an adequate, recognizable reason for everything; if he can find it then there is conciliation, if he cannot, then there is none.

VI.

The modern tragedy was born with the Renaissance and it was a part of it. But this Renaissance movement again was not born and did not take the same shape in all the countries of Europe at the same time. In the Shaksperian dramatic epos we find it in one shape in England; in the France of Moliere and Racine it has taken another; in the Germany of Schiller, Goethe, Klopstock and Winklemann it is, again, quite different. Therefore modern tragedy, too, has been variously conceived in all these different countries in the different ages. But Renaissance movement has recently been followed by another in modern Europe. Broadly speaking some decades after the French Revolution this second intellectual re-birth of Europe took place—so far as creation and not criticism in Literature is concerned. This second Renaissance too has had its own peculiar conception of Tragedy and has been of as much service to humanity through literature as the other different conceptions. Some people are of opinion that the Romantic conception of Tragedy had its birth and death and brilliant developments only in the Shaksperian epos: the pseudo-classic conception, only at the time and in the hands of a master like Racine. The neo-tragic conception of the great Ibsenian school, in the opinion of some people, does not in any way gain but in every way lose, if compared with the tragic

conceptions of other ages under other and deeper spells of inspiration. According to these men, the modern tragedies are tragedies in name and not in substance. Beautiful, vivid, strong and sublime poetic style, the deeply pervasive magic of stately diction, infinite varieties of plot-construction and characterization—if on the one hand these things are not to be found in the modern tragedies, the supreme beauty of symmetry and elegance of form, the always-compact and never-redundant force of verbal spell, the very strict regard to parts only from the standpoint of the whole, in short, the always genteel but forcible appeal to the elegantly refined critical acumen of the debonair section of the literary aristocracy versed in the learned lore of the Aristotelian dicta regarding classic literature as a whole,—these, again, on the other hand, you will not find in them. What then are these modern tragedies like? They are only so many dissertations in dialogue form on various modern social, political, personal and ethical principles and functions carried on by characters that are intolerably artificial, self-conscious and particularly prone to giving themselves intellectual airs like their creators themselves. Carlyle once complained that Mr. Newman had no more brains than a rabbit and Froude once characterized Philip II as a mighty colossus stuffed with clouts. Now—in the possession of brains like Dr. Newman and in character like Philip II are the creators and the creations of modern tragedy.

But is this judgment true? Certainly, the modern writers are not romantic like the Shaksperians. They are not also 'classic' like the French classics. In spite of this, are they not now serving the same purpose which they did in their own ages? Othellos and Macbeths, Pyrhusses and Hermiones, Wallenstines and Fausts are as much impossible now as Rebeccas and Miss Mahrs, Stockmanns and Kramers, *'Damaged Goods'* and *'Mons. Dupont's Daughters'* were impossible in those days. But what the former proved in those days, the latter are proving in these. And what is being proved? The incessant effort at self-realization inherent in the character of Man—its different phases of action and development through difficulties, dangers, failures and successes and through these its recognition or rejection of the idea or ideals it has thought out and worked out for itself—forced into

it by an inevitable power shaping it through plastic storms and stresses from a more imperfect form to a less imperfect one.

VII.

Tragedies in all ages have given a shape to this effort at self-realisation in forms of failure and struggle—either explicitly shewn or implicitly suggested. We are only to remember Hamlet and Ophelia to understand this.

All the germs of all these failures and struggles are in the elements of an Age mixed and merged with its possibilities and actual achievements, and the spirit of the age, as represented by the great writers, illustrates them and explains their power and influence in the delineation and development of the Tragic Fact in Life as we have hitherto tried to understand it.

Modern tragedy begins with and in the first period of modern renaissance in Europe. What are the main elements of conflict in this age itself? Modern tragic conception, again, has taken different shapes in different countries in different ages, though in all the cases almost indiscriminately the Renaissance spirit has been the main fountain of inspiration. What has always been the immutable character of this spirit? How has it always been explained and illustrated by the elemental points of conflict in the different ages themselves?

VIII.

From the Shaksperian to the Ibsenian epos in tragic drama, the conception of tragedy, as it has been enunciated and explained in England, France Germany and Scandinavia, shows this indubitable fact that owing to the increasing degree of her success and attainments in the kingdom of Mind, Europe has continuously developed herself from a spirit of comprehension to a spirit of concentration. In our dream to find the Renaissance spirit, again in the freshness of its first existence and glorious birth, we find it in a state of bewildering self-conscious joy, because it at last finds that individuality still lives—surviving successfully all the terrible repressions of tyranny and autocracy of social potentates of various forms and degrees. The joy of living a conscious life

according to its own rule and liking vibrates with ardour, energy and ecstasy its very soul to its very root. Daring and audacious literary experiments are the first fruits of this reborn self-consciousness. A spirit of hearty comprehension of everything of this earth—of this beautiful paradoxical earth where good and evil mix so freely, so strangely, so vitally—is, again, the soul of all these various literary experiments. But this self-consciousness which is at the root of comprehension necessarily leads in time to concentration as well, and with concentration begins the peculiar type of conflict inherent in all modern conceptions of tragedy. Forms and expressions of these conceptions have been various in various countries and in various ages no doubt, but the essential unchangeable inward character of these conceptions has always been the conflict of Man with his own self and with his outward environments. The deeper the tone of this concentration the more poignant has been the character of the tragic conflict and more far reaching have been its consequences. Marlowe and Shakspeare in England, Corneille and Racine in France, Lessing and Schiller and Goethe in Germany conclusively prove, so far as essentials and not forms are concerned, the gradual organic evolution of the spirit of comprehension to a spirit of concentration through elemental conflicts the soul of which has always been an increasing degree of self-consciousness.

What has always been the character of this self-consciousness? To put it very simply it has always been like this : Man has known that he can do wonders : also he has understood all the pros and cons of all the situations he has been placed in : but he has never been able to choose exactly the weapon which could help him to struggle successfully with all the antagonistic elements natural to his situations. There has always been found, that through self-consciousness, his character has often been his fate and that he has always been a tragic, struggling victim in the inexorable clutches of his own self. Oscar Wilde's *Dorian Gray* is the modern conception of tragedy personified.

IX.

We wish we could have the necessary amount of time and space at our disposal to go into details of this entrancing subject.

We wish we could see and appreciate and understand in all their fascinating details the tragic forms of a Cid or an Athalie, a Hermione or a Wallenstein; could soar to the regions of magic-charged ideality with a German Faust or examine in detail the rotten essentials of modern Europe with a Doctor Stockmann; could dive down into a modern woman's soul with Rebecca West or Miss Mahr or Isabelle, with H  len Alving or Hedda Gabbler; could study the character of modern social connexions with the hero of the *Wild Duck* or Oswald Alving. And doing all this we wish we could get at the golden key that would open for us all the sublime regions of intensely tragic creations and chasten us thereby with their sound and sombre significance! But we cannot do it just now, though we hope we have at least suggestively pointed out a way to do it.

All the same, however, a comprehensive study of the conception of Tragedy in the ancient and modern Europe teaches us the same lesson if only in a different way. And the lesson is this: Man is to go on and never turn back though he meets on his way successes and failures. World forces over which he has no control are so shaping his mentality and character that he cannot but choose to be always on the move so long as he lives. No great tragic hero has ever been successful in his life: Yet in spite of all his tragic failures owing to the want of proper control over all exuberances of every sort and also on account of the want of harmony and combination in the various, supremely developed faculties of his mind, he teaches us with all the supernormal force of his character always to look very high up for an ideal worthy to be sought after and lived for by, 'Man the child of Godly Light'—inspite of all the dragging antagonistic elements both within and without his own self.

All things considered, therefore, even in the greatest tragedies can very often be pretty distinctly heard the heartening notes of a healthy and heavenly optimism teaching man the ever-abiding truth that "Man half is but fully hopes to be!"

LEAVES FROM A SEA CHRONICLE.

V.

THE BALKAN TANGLE.

Quite the dullest day we had so far. Intermittent showers kept up engaged in regular hide and seek : two small saloons with seats for about a score had to do work to contain four times that number. We did wisely to go down the hold—what we now call our dining hall and play poker. I was one penny the wiser for the day. Last night's efforts had given me a sleepy turn with slight headache and I had every now and then to resort to new excitements to keep awake. Mac came to my rescue and handed me the *Querist*. There were three pages of questionnaires which ranged in variety from love down to its logical sequel bankruptcy. "Have you ever been in love and how often?" was very appropriately sequenced by the number of times your pocket declared insolvency. Quite an amusing hour and I recollected with delight the various little tricks you unwittingly fell a victim to when asked to deliver opinion on similar topics. I remember particularly one occasion when I was asked to sketch the girl I liked best and my effort resulted in a hideous caricature of human face. Perhaps the publishers of that little joke anticipated my psychology when on tearing open the closed leaf I found my amiable signatures appended to a copy of my own caricature!

The Mediterranean is not so placid as we expected it to be. Perhaps the Balkan upheavals would involve this serious surface into wreathed smiles and may be, into shrieking laughter at times. What a reading on the freedom and license of Western waters! Perhaps I am misled—it was the perversity of African shores coupled with the impertinence of Egyptian nationalism that troubled the dear old Midas. No, we never referred to these poor old devils, but chattered of Balkan muddles—the intensity of the internecine strife, the impossibility of a square, honest deal with these people, the persistence of old feudalistic barbarism

and slavery coupled with extreme intolerance. No wonder we reflected the mood as we neared their shores.

What is Jugo-slavia? Why are these barely ten million of people kicking up a row that would bring in most of the humanity in the struggle? One can hardly suppress a smile, a cynic's mocking smile when one thinks of the placidly vegetating millions of China or the curiously apathetic though starving people of India. I have a shrewd idea that inglorious successes of history are responsible for this tragedy. China and India in ages past built up a hegemony which was the ideal and the desire of all nations in the world. They did not succeed in Europe, they did not succeed in Africa. But cruel age had its revenge and when disruptive forces began to disturb the congenial isolation of India, her people refused to accept the new order. The old system fell into desuetude. Foreign domination followed closely at the heel of internal strife. China was more fortunate. She preserved an isolation which adventurers couldn't break through and when her own forward sons started the struggle, foreign capital only too gladly stepped in the breach.

In Europe they didn't succeed. Roman Church followed the attempt of the Roman Empire to achieve a world domination. Political thought of the Middle Ages is deeply imbued with these notions. But signal failures characterised all attempts, military and religious and we witness to-day the mad Balkan gamble disturbing the peace and equanimity of the whole of Europe. And yet the Jugo-slav tangle is an interesting problem being a rich study in human institutions. They claim to be three distinct nationalities—the Servs, Croats and the Slovenes amongst whom the Servs predominate with about $5\frac{1}{2}$ million people. They can agree to live as three separate entities; they may merge into one whole nation, the Jugo-Slavia; they may enter into a federal union. Of these solutions the first is not practical politics. The real complexity arises when we consider the choice between the latter two. What is pertinent and the real source of trouble is the political and religious permutations that appear between them. Two of the three races have a common language but differ in religious persuasions and religion is a big Factor still in South Europe. The third stock speaks a different language but pro-

fesses a common religion with one of them. And the three are extremely jealous of each other. While a federal union on the model of United States will preserve distinct existence and separate culture, it will provide for a common directing force for things that appertain all the three. But it is a reasonable expectation that with the collapse of powerful neighbours like Austria and Russia or the effective establishment of international machinery like the League of Nations when the fear of foreign aggression will be gone, centrifugal forces will set up disintegrating the national union. Local politics will come to dominate the life of the people and in the absence of a real community of feeling the desire for an independent existence will not stop to reckon the benefits of a federal union. A permanent solution would then aim at a complete amalgamation to be achieved by the realisation of a common soul. Now, a sense of common interest is more or less an acquired instinct. A Jugo-Slavia peace postulates a deliberate training towards acquiring this instinct and the way lies through freedom, rigid freedom for one and all. An American writer suggests a wholesale rustication of the old order—abolition of old systems down to their very names. Human recognition is perhaps not so strong and when a change is deliberately effected in a name it is through fear or through some expected benefit or you wouldn't pay twenty dubs or so for it.

There is another method too—the Savian way. G. B. S. suggested in a press note significantly titled "The Irish Brogue" that a solution of the Irish difficulty may be found in letting them have the bad blood out between themselves. The religious difficulty was a great obstacle in a rational solution and the way out was to give free license to all groups and congeries to fight it out between themselves. England need not assume the part of a steam roller nor of a baiter in the arena. If the junker element makes religion the scape goat or the Sinn Feiner heaps tragedy over tragedy on the English head, we would, says Mr. Bernard Shaw, do well to draw a cordon round the cock arena and let them have it out between themselves, without presuming any support either from Carsonian guns or from the Irish colonial manoeuvres. Perhaps this Shavian method would serve as well in the Balkans but can we be sure of a neutral attitude towards the pit? In the

event of the Austrian eclipse and Russian debacle we may not expect anything more aggressive than the helpless attitude of an infant who is too small to gather plums from the tree. But there is the Italian Chauvinism and the Greeks-Bulgar-Rumanesque eagle eyes to be definitely weighed against.

The Slovene problem is indeed one of the many entangling puzzles which humanity has got to come to grips over and over again. Ideals and visions of Brotherhood of Man will perhaps remain ever elusive and ever coming within grasp. The idea of covenant amongst the nations of the world is not new; it has been mooted ever since Man divided itself into distinct groups—perhaps the division itself was arrived at perforce with reluctance and there was ever a desire at times dormant, on other occasions vocal and powerful to return to the old condition of a single community of human beings. But history has recorded with a most disappointing reiteration the failure of all such attempts. The hands of the most honest intentioned diplomats seemed to be forced all times by forces not under their control—forces that would rise up whenever a bold direction is assumed. No wonder a close student of history would turn up a cynic at the end. How richly his sneers at the Versailles attempt fit in with the logical sequence of events! Why, read Fred. Von Gentz, Secretary to the Congress of Vienna (1814):—

‘The grand phrases of “reconstruction of the social order”, “regeneration of the political system of Europe”, a “lasting peace founded on just division of strength” were uttered to *tranquillise* the people and to give an air of dignity and grandeur to the solemn assembly; but the real purpose of the Congress was to divide amongst the conquerors the spoils taken from the vanquished’.

What a homily on the Versailles whitewash and the Wilsonian duplicity! If Wilson is a sincere man he played a dupe in the hands of High Finance with an amazing failure that one hardly wishes to credit him even for personal honesty. Are we quite sure that a modern Gentz wouldn't write somewhat in a similar strain after the labour of the Peace Conference are defi-

nitely over and their conclusions begin to fructify into events? Poor little humanity—so often duped and deluded, the cup of peace and contentment so much within grasp dashed again! Slops and slops, words and rhetoric, dreams and visions what mockery we witness parading for truth and justice! Yes, we will have only “dreamed a dream” and the world will start afresh on its old rut again.

With what prophetic insight Milton penned these lines:—

“O shame to men! Devil with devil damned
Firm concord holds; men only disagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace, and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity and strife
Among themselves, and levy cruel wars
Wasting the earth, each others to destroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes enow besides
That day and night for his destruction wait!”

Perhaps—there is a living fear—perhaps without such a cyclic deadweight the world would cease to turn round: there would be an eclipse of power of man, and yet there seems to be a sneaking sympathy abroad for the strong breath of hope and life blowing strong from over communist Russia. Perchance it will soon develop into a hurricane and shatter the whole mocking system into pieces. We don't count the odds against when we mix up the gospel of faith in the goodness of man and hope for his regeneration with the particular Russian conditions where the experiment is being worked. Most of the blatant *truths* sent up by the shrieking yellow press about Bolshevism and the Red Terror are lies with a double dose of insincerity thrown in. With all this, Russian methods may be questionable but would you quarrel with an attempt to make a better man of you? The cynic may come up again with a query. Give all the decorative touches you like, he says in effect, finish up in a grand, most up-to-date, communesque style and then?—a crash, another attempt at rebuilding, another gloriously hollow shrine. The miserable spider Fate weaves on and on its encircling thread round the intangible utopia

of Man; a rift occurs and it starts over again. What hopes, what glories—and what a sad delusion! But there spake a cynic.

As I fell amusing inwardly I heard of a talk about *Aurora Borealis*. A sailor confirmed having seen a glowing bright star gradually fade away in a graceful gleam of light leaving behind a trail of silvery haze. It was interesting and we dilettants indulged in all sorts of freakish solutions to our latest mystery. And nothing will tempt me to suggest the trend of our conversation—an amateur's solemn vow not to back-bite.

I went back to my Balkan game and was curiously groping a way out. It is one of the curious frenzies of the brain that it doesn't leave a subject undecided. Now this is a sweeping conclusion, but I think I am justified in making it, but with one reservation that the decision rests entirely with itself. The mind has to satisfy itself as to the comparative insignificance or the boredom of one thought before it takes on to another and like an old sophist I may say that the mere change of thought signifies decision as the mere thought of an idea was supposed to signify its existence! I wasn't quite sure of—when a gingerhaired chap broke in and offered a penny for my thoughts. The bait wasn't tempting but I told him of the Balkan puzzle. He was from Belfast and he turned on to Ulster. He had never given personal study to the Irish deadlock.

Things like the Easter Week 1916 were a wrong method of setting about a solution. Home Rule? Why, it has been going on ever since he was born, his parents told him and it was such a fiasco always! Home Rule was a method of getting money out of Ulster and Ulster interests were built up by Protestant Scotch emigres. The rest of Ireland was Catholic and poor and has no right to extort out of Ulster under the cry of majority rule. Temperamentally, he alleged, Catholic Ireland was priest ridden to an abominable extent—an ignorant, lazy, unscrupulous cadre feeding on the vilest superstition and prejudice. These leaders—from Parnell down to Jim Larkin and De Valera are all out for grabbing money for themselves. Irish emigres care not a sou for what happens to Ireland. A good riddance they call it.

So that was the average Ulster attitude I was glad of meeting a real Carsonite, but when I asked for evidence I obtained instead

a confession of ignorance. His bias was limited to and derived from the breakfast table talk amongst his dad and ma and relation and they must be right. He was sure about one thing—he deprecated violence—take for instance the recent murder of two policemen, natives of Ireland to boot! When it was demurred that traitors perhaps deserved a worse fate than ordinary criminals there appeared to be a proportionate balancing of my ginger-friend's mental scale. And as to the Easter rising and its aftermath I couldn't help quoting the beautiful lines written by an opponent of Sinn Fein on the Irishmen executed in Dublin:—

"Let no harsh voice applaud their fate
Or their clean names decry,
The men who had not the strength to wait
But only strength to die."

The Irish problem like any other small nation problem was a tangled maze and beyond perspective appreciation even of the keenest intellect. One could lay finger on the sore points, one could prescribe remedies for the separate ills but for the complete overhauling of the system no definite method seems efficient. The Agrarian issue appears to be the most vital—the dogma of vested rights coupled with the fact of absentee landlordism *versus* the poverty and the squalid condition of the individual tenant. There is justice in the charge of Jim Conolly:—

"As we have again and again pointed out, the Irish question is a social question—the whole agelong fight of the Irish people against their oppressors resolves itself in the last analysis into a fight for the mastery of the means of life, the sources of production in Ireland. Who would own or control the land? The people or the invaders; and if the invaders, which set of them—the most recent swarm of land thieves, or the sons of the thieves of a former generation?"

And a solution on the basis of a Federative Home Rule with financial autonomy for Ulster appears to hold the field so far as English public is concerned in Irish matters. My ginger-haired friend hadn't troubled to think so far as the solution—a sudden block seemed to dwarf his vision as I talked of a way out of the muddle. He "cared nothing as long as he gets enough to live

on". No higher vision of his adopted land's future, no nobler aspirations for freedom and culture troubled him—yet, he added as an afterthought. And I put myself a mental query—"How many such Gingers swarmed there in India to-day?"

I was called across to play the mild game of dominoes—a diversion from the Irish check moves. Dominoes are not very exhilarating nor do they provide enough of an excitement for a tired body. We were glad to get out and obtain a glimpse of a swiftly moving torpedo boat right across our portside. We were in sight of a barren cliff known as the Petalluria settlement. It is the Italian convict island and as we saw the torpedo boat rushing across to its shores I couldn't help thinking of the poor devils whose lot has been cast and who were at the moment being transported across. I am not sure if the Italian Government follows the Indian Sircar in drawing no distinction between political convicts and other victims of the law. Perhaps Petalluria glories in counting amongst its citizens some of the foremost intellects of Italy, as Andaman certainly does. Martyrs to conscience—who would not deplore their fate to-day in this chained world? But Petalluria and Andamans will perhaps retrieve to the full as Siberia has done of late and become the pilgrimage places of grateful devotees of liberty and freedom in the coming generations.....
....."The right of revolution stands above cavil or question as primary, sacred, inalienable"—so a bold beginning in an American news article. Revolution means neither anarchy nor bloodshed. It conveys the idea of change neither cataclysmic for that would be a catastrophe, nor slowly drawn out which is better named evolution. Revolution stands somewhere in the middle—a sort of half way house. Avoiding the dangerous repercussions of a sudden cataclysm it would speedily attain the desired change and lead on to a completer realisation of that aim in human progress which evolution desires to achieve in a halting manner. Revolution then as a factor in human history has a recognised value and the tendency to scare away at the sound of the word is a sham product of reactionary vested rights and their insidious propaganda.

I didn't quite agree with all that the American writer had to say. For instance, he deprecated violence in Revolution since it

proves that "there is not enough intelligence functioning in cooperation with social progress, with the great essential movement of the world towards the divine far-off divine event, to make these inevitable and necessary transitions in an orderly way."

The writer was perhaps taken aback at his own boldness and wished to retrieve his fortunes by such platitudes. As if revolutions would still happen if there were enough intelligence functioning. It is the lack of this "functioning intelligence" in a sufficient quantity that calls for changes in our environments—mental and physical. Revolutions are a necessity as long as Man does not attain that degree of excellence which would co-ordinate the day to day increases in knowledge and power with a day to day increase in our standards of life. And till then revolutions with or without violence—the issue is merely accidental—will be welcomed for their beneficence and large results.

The acute struggle that we see in most of the countries to-day between rigid constitutionalists and revolutionists is but an echo of the phase that modern progress and enlightenment has outgrown the systems and institutions that are too rigid to embrace newer growths. An etiology of the constitutional groups in all the countries would reveal the astounding fact that they stand more for vested rights and for continuance of existing dogmas and fallacies than for a true, liberal, searching analysis of things on their merit. Another thing, we find amongst them all of our old beards, stiff cronies and men past middle age. Their beliefs are beliefs in opportunism. It is only in later life we learn to toe the line of expediency. Any strains of a nobler life calling for the people round them fails to provoke their sympathy and in this cold shoulder are born future revolutions, and violent upheavals. It is the failure to bring up your mind to daily advances which leads to the necessity of change. Violence is a supplementary accident. The more rigid the conclave, the narrower the understanding in them, the greater power of the few—the bigger are the odds in favour of a drastic method. No sensible person would advocate violence and bloodshed *per se*, but no sensible person either should hesitate to choose the lesser of the two evils if the only method in his hand is that of the broom for a clean sweep. As for the bogey of revolution, doesn't it cap all your so called

constitutional methods as they succeed? Only it is the most round-about-way of catching your nose. I realise that by twisting your hand round your scalp and catching the nose leftwise with your right hand gives a training to your biceps—but what a painful process when you know you can go at it straight and reserve your bicepticular energy for more fruitful actions! Of course if you want to muddle through it, that is another story.

* * *

THE INTERNATIONAL FETTERS OF YOUNG CHINA

I. FOREIGN POSSESSIONS.

Technically speaking, China is still a free country, as the number and extent of *de jure* foreign territories on Chinese soil are remarkably small. The story of these "possessions," euphemistically known as areas "leased" to the powers for a period of ninety-nine years, is easily told.

Hong-kong at the mouth of the Canton River, about 90 miles south of Canton, has been British since 1841. Its present population is about 500,000. Total area 391 square miles. Wei-hei-wei in the Shantung Province has been British since 1898. Area about 285 square miles. Population about 150,000.

French has been in possession of Kwang-chau-wan in Kwangtung Province since 1898. Area about 190 square miles. Population 168,000.

In 1898 Germany obtained from China the port of Kiaochao with exclusive railway and mining rights in Shantung Province. Area 200 square miles. Population, 200,000. Since November 7, 1914, the Japanese have been in full possession of all authority in the port and in all former German concessions, *viz.*, the mining privileges and the railway to Tsinan-fu, the capital of the Chinese territory. The Congress of Versailles (1919) has formally legalized Japan's stepping into Germany's shoes at every point.

Kwan-tung (with Port Arthur and Dalny or Dairen) in the Liao-tung Peninsula in Southern Manchuria belonged to Russia from 1898 to 1904. But it has been in Japanese hands since the Treaty of Portsmouth (1905). Area 1256 square miles. Population 525,000.

The mastery of Macao at the mouth of the Canton River belongs to Portugal. Population 75,000. The Portuguese have been enjoying authority since 1862.

It is evident that the actual jurisdiction of European and Japanese governments within the geographical boundaries of China is almost inappreciable whether as regards mileage or in

terms of population. And yet the sovereignty of the Chinese republic *de facto* is, like the sovereignty of Persia, a thing that does not exist except in the imagination of China's patriots or in the hallucination of the world's political idealists who do not want their pious wishes to be disturbed by the dry light of *Realpolitik* or in the legalism of jurists who are professionally bound to make a distinction between the political authority of a foreign state and the economic interest, financial control, or moral influence, and educational guidance of foreign peoples.

II. CHINA'S SOVEREIGNTY IN REALPOLITIK

On November 2, 1917, the United States came to an understanding with Japan in regard to "open door" and "special interests" in China; but neither of them felt it at all necessary to consult the Chinese government on the matter. It is only on the postulate that the sovereignty of China is an international fiction not worth the serious attention of the Great Powers that the Ishii-Lansing pact could have been consummated. The Japanese-American agreement has thus reproduced in the Far East the high-handedness of the notorious Anglo-Russian convention of August, 1907, regarding the spheres of influence in Persia, Afghanistan and Tibet. It may indeed be regarded as a continuation in China of the policy which led to the delimitation of British and German spheres of interest in September, 1898, and of British and Russian in April, 1899, without seeking the sanction or approval of the Chinese Empire. In all these instances the sovereign rights of weaker states have been handled not on the principle of self-determination, but according to the interests, the geographical propinquity, etc., of the powerful neighbours.

China's sovereignty is at best in its non-age. This was demonstrated in the summer of 1917 when the United States considered it part of its duty to administer a dose of political wisdom to the infant republic of Asia. After the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany (March 14) China's publicists and statesmen were divided into fiercely antagonistic camps over the question of finally declaring war. That constitutional

crisis was availed of by America as an opportunity to play the boss. A note was accordingly sent to China on June 5 to the effect that the "entry of China into war with Germany or the continuance of the *status quo* of her relations with that government are matters of secondary importance and that the principal necessity for China is to resume and continue her political entity." Legitimately therefore was this paternal advice of the United States resented by Japan as an intervention in Chinese politics, at least an infringement of full self-determination.

These actions of the American government are merely "declaratory", *i.e.*, they have only brought home to the world at large the fact that had been existing for a long time. The negation of China's sovereignty was brought about by others, for instance, by the French Republic. Thus in April, 1917, American engineers and American capitalists were prevented by France from building a railway in Kwang-si Province. This region bordering, as it does, the French dependency of Indo-China was claimed as France's industrial preserve; for in 1914 the Chinese Republic had made a promise that in case "a railway construction or mining enterprise be undertaken in Kwang-si Province in the future, for which foreign capital is required," France would first be consulted for a loan of the necessary capital. France has by this right been enabled to exclude a foreign enterprise from her sphere of influence. Nor is this all. She has been predatory enough to rob China of her own territory in broad daylight. In November, 1916, a plot of Chinese ground about 333 acres adjoining the French "Concession" in Tien-tsin was occupied by an armed French detachment, and nine uniformed Chinese sentries locked up as prisoners of war in French barracks. The reason in simple. The local Chinese authorities had failed to reply to the ultimatum of the French Consul General within twenty-four hours regarding the extension of the French concession over the land in dispute. This is the traditional French method of colonization. It was by landing marines from a cruiser that the French "settlement" at Shanghai had been extended in 1898.

Now, oriental Japan would not be accepted as an honourable first class power by European and American nationalities unless

she is adept in the use of all the methods of political exploitation and brigandage popularized by the Occident through the Opium War and the annexations of Siberia, Annam, Tongking, Burma and Sikim. Consequently the sovereignty of China must have to suffer at the hands of Japan also who could not foolishly wait to see the entire Chinese pie swallowed up by Russia, England and France. In August, 1916, therefore the small Chinese town of Changchia-tun in southern Manchuria was besieged by Japanese cavalry and infantry. The tempest arose, as is usual in such cases, of course, in a tea-cup. A young assistant of a Japanese apothecary appears to have been beaten by some Chinese soldiers for roughly handling a Chinese boy who had refused to sell his fish to the Japanese at the price offered. The Japanese "police box" was at once notified. Then followed the despatch of a Japanese armed detachment and the imprisonment of the Chinese Magistrate in a Japanese barrack. Further in January, 1917, a representative had to be sent by the Chinese military governor of Mukden to Port Arthur in order to convey regret to the Japanese authorities.

From Manchuria let us turn to other "dependencies" of the Chinese Republic and size up the extent of China's sovereignty in "Greater China." Owing to China's refusal to accept the boundary between inner and autonomous outer Tibet decided on at the Simla Conference (October 13, 1913—April 27, 1914) England prevented China's communication with Tibet *via* India, and the Chinese government had for some time no official representative or agent in Tibet. But late in 1916 China encountered a fresh set of demands from the British regarding the final settlement of affairs. By these terms no Tibetan rights can be conceded to other countries, appointment of officials can be made only after mutual consultation, and England alone should be engaged to assist in the development of industries in Tibet. These demands are undoubtedly a corollary to the partition of Tibet that China had been forced to recognize at Simla, and after a period of impotent protests have at last (1919) been met by the Republic to the satisfaction of the British Empire. Likewise has China's sovereignty been ruled out of existence in Mongolia where Russian initiative and pressure compelled the Chinese

Republic to acknowledge an autonomous outer Mongolia and to recognize it virtually as a Russian protectorate (November 5, 1913—June, 1915). These two parallel and simultaneous incidents are natural links in the chain of events from Mongolia's declaration of independence from China (December, 1911) and the quick negotiation of a treaty between Tibet and Mongolia on January 21, 1912, by which each country recognized the other as independent. The joint Russo-British advance underlying these secessionist movements in Greater China followed logically from the pooling of interests effected by the Anglo-Russian convention of 1907.

The procedure adopted in the present instance is identical with the policy of gradual "assimilation" that the French Republic had followed in Indo-China after the annexation of Cochin-China in 1858—1862. The process of Frenchification consisted in the acknowledgment of the independence of Annam (a sort of "outer" Indo-China, adjacent to French dependency) in 1874 and the establishment of a protectorate over the southern frontiers of China and Tongking (an "inner" Indo-China, to us the recent phraseology) in 1885.

In so far as they lead to the curtailment of China's sovereign rights it must be honestly recognized that the overcondemned demands of Japan (finally accepted by treaty on May 25, 1915) fall much short of the Russian and British actions in Mongolia and Tibet. For, after all, the measures of Japan did not amount to more than a formal and definite acknowledgment of her sphere of influence by the Chinese government in southern Manchuria and eastern inner Mongolia on the lines of German and British spheres in April, 1899. In demanding certain economic concessions, *viz.*, that without the consent of the Japanese capitalists China would not convert the Han-yeh-ping (iron and steel) works, a Chinese concern with capital loaned by Japanese financiers, into a state enterprise nor cause it to borrow and use foreign capital other than Japanese, Japan was only claiming the stereotyped minimum of a great power's "financial" control within a weak nation's jurisdiction. China has only to thank England, Russia, France and Germany for setting the precedent.

Rather it would not be unfair for Japan to argue that she has not by any means made the bargain that Russia secured through the Chinese Eastern Railway concession swindling China out of her sovereign rights in Manchuria (as the result of the Cassini-Li Hung-chang convention after the Korean War of 1894—1895). And of course the British ultimatum of 1898 which wrung from China the concession of 2,800 miles of railway extending over ten provinces has yet been too much for Japanese naval and military power to issue. In the recent engagement (May 25, 1915) China has no doubt conceded that she would not grant to any other Power the right to build any shipyard, coaling or naval station or any other military establishment on the coast of Fu-kien. The demand from Japan was not unnatural, if things are at all natural in China, since the Japanese island of Formosa faces the coast and might be threatened by a foreign power, *e.g.*, America, with a base thereon. This is indeed a corollary to China's promise to Japan in 1898 that the Province of Fu-kien would not be alienated to any other Power. Such promises of non-alienation China had granted at the same time to England in regard to the vast and populous Yang-Tsze Valley (February, 1898) and to France in regard to the provinces bordering on French Tong-king and also in regard to the island of Hai-nan (April, 1898). England had also claimed and obtained in April, 1898, the concession as to the non-alienation of Yunnan and Kwang-tung to other powers, *e.g.*, to France, on the ground that the former province was adjacent to Burma and that British trade was preponderant in the latter. Altogether, then, Japan has been "more sinned against than sinning" in her Chinese policy; but of course, so far as the infringement of China's sovereignty and territorial rights by the non-alienation demands is concerned, it is useless to weigh the powers in the balance and find which is the greater sinner.

Last but not least in importance as an instance of the nullification of China's sovereignty during the republican regime is the violation of her neutrality by Great Britain and Japan during the war on German Shantung. In August, 1914, in accordance with the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance Japan blockaded the German port of Kiao-chao. But the Japanese and

British invasion of the little territory ("leased" to Germany by China in 1898) was not accomplished only from the land side. It was effected also from the rear on Chinese soil, and the anti-German war was carried as far interior as Tsinan-fu, 256 miles from the sea, the terminus of the German Shantung Railway. The violation of China's sovereign jurisdiction by the belligerents can be accounted for only on the assumption that the entire territory on which Germany possessed mining and other concessions, whatever might be its theoretical, *i.e.*, legal status, had been a *de facto* German "Possession." And at least Great Britain was fully aware of this Germanization of Shantung, since she had realized in 1898 that an English railway line could not be constructed through the province without Germany's consent. This identification of a "sphere of influence" with a virtual dependency has been paralleled in the course of the Great War by England's and Russia's violation of the neutrality of Persia in order to attack Turkey from the east in the Mesopotamian zone.

III. BOLSHEVIK RENUNCIATIONS

Such is the order of facts bearing on China's jurisdiction or absence of jurisdiction as an independent nation from Mongolia's declaration of independence in December, 1911, to the Ishii-Lansing pact of November, 1917. Since then, no doubt, the Chinese Republic was represented by two members at the Congress of Versailles, and it was also accorded the right to sign the draft of the league of nations constitution (February, 1919). But what through Russian and British intrigues or British and French rivalry on the one hand, and Japanese counter-movements to neutralize the European aggressions in Asia and preserve the balance of power on the other, what through the friendly guardianship of one power or the hostile annexations of territory by another, and what through the contemptuous treatment of neutral rights by belligerents or mutual agreements between two neighbouring Powers as to the policy of peace in the Far East, or the rigid exclusion of third parties from industrial and railway development in its sphere of influence by a "most favoured nation," the republic of China has during its short

term of life experienced the logical consequences of political annihilation both in China proper and in Greater China that was imposed by the powers on the Chinese Empire at the end of the Boxer revolt in 1901.

In the midst of this *status quo* of China's passive submission to everybody's demands there has suddenly been thrown a bombshell from Bolshevik Russia. This bolt from the blue is calculated not only to electrify Young China to a mood of active resistance, but also to ~~cry~~ halt to the traditional methods of the *concessionaires* and empire-builders. For it consists in the announcement of nothing short of a policy of thorough-going renunciations and in the cancellation of all the "rights" of the Imperial regime with the object of making it possible for the peoples of the East "to win back again their lost freedom." In regard to China, says Arsene Voznecienski (Chief of the Oriental Division of the People's Commissariat for Foreign Affairs), the All-Russian Congress of Workers', Soldiers' and Peasants' Deputies on October 27, 1917 renounced the annexations of the Czar's regime in Manchuria and restored the sovereignty of China in those regions in which lies the Chinese Eastern Railway. The right of extra-territoriality of Russian citizens in China and Mongolia is also to be renounced as well as all those contributions imposed upon the peoples of Mongolia and China under all sorts of pretexts by the old Russian Government. It need be added that Soviet Russia has already recalled all consular guards which the Czar's Government and the Kerensky Government had sent to China.

This is an extraordinary and incredibly supermanic promulgation of a new international morality. Thus has been ushered into existence a new "categorical imperative," the *Geeta* or the Bible of a veritable *Yoogantara*, the cataclysmic upheaval of a new era. It is not clear as yet as to how far this "self-denying ordinance" theory and fact of renunciations in the midst of the *Koorokshetra* or armageddon of the twentieth century have influenced the political psychology of Chinese statesmen and leaders of thought. Of course Young China cannot easily forget that ever since Peter the Great bequeathed his will to the Muscovites, especially since the annexation of the

Siberian Maritime Province in 1866 Russia had been one of the first to perpetrate unjust aggressions on the Chinese dominions. But the new gospel of the political emancipation and sovereignty of all peoples is so world-sweeping or universal in its scope and so radical or fundamental in its Messianic good will that the Bolsheviki have already won the highest encomium in Chinese estimation by being characterized as *Huan-yi Tang* or the party of the most far-reaching humanism. It may be surmised therefore that Young China's voice in the political conferences of nations would rise higher and higher as long as there is at least one nation on earth to preach and practice this creed of liberation of subject races from the domination by aliens;—and this independently of the consideration as to the amount of progress that the anti-propertyism of Bolshevik economics is likely to achieve among the masses and intelligentsia of Eastern Asia.

(to be continued).

BENOY KUMAR SARKAR.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Ghalib: As a Poet.

The second half of the nineteenth century was remarkably productive of literary talent all over the world. India was no exception. In the domain of Urdu literature some of the greatest masters flourished during this period, thus giving it a unique importance. We have practically to take up the story of Urdu literature from where Maulvi Mohammad Husain, *Azad*, left it, in his well-known book, the *Ab-i-Hayat*. He divided the history of Urdu literature into five periods, the last of which dealt with authors like *Zauq*, *Momin* and *Ghalib* of Delhi and *Nasikh* and *Atish* of Lucknow, among the great writers of *Ghazal*. He also dealt briefly with the work of *Anis* and *Dabir*, the two famous writers of *Marsiya* (religious elegy). Some of these writers must, however, be included in the list of men whose brilliant work adorned the second half of the nineteenth century, though the greater part of their lives belonged to the first half. These authors are links, as it were, between the past and the present. The name of Ghalib stands foremost amongst them, as his work, both as a poet and as a prose writer, may be regarded as epoch-making. It is in his work, more than in that of any other contemporary of his, that we see the dawn of the new era in Urdu Literature. His poetry we find full of deep thought and meaning and his prose a model of simplicity, combined with elegance of style.

Like most Oriental authors it is his *nom de plume* by which *Ghalib* is best known. His name was Mirza Asadullah Khan and he came of a noble Central Asian family, which could trace its descent from the Saljuq kings. His grandfather was the first member of the family to migrate to India from Samarkand. His father Mirza Abdullah Beg was married to a daughter of Khawaja Ghulam Husain Khan, a Commandant in the army and a respectable citizen of Agra. Mirza Asadullah Khan was born

at Agra in the year 1212 Hijra (1796 A.D.) and the days of his childhood were passed there. His father died while Mirza Asadullah Khan was only a child of five and his uncle, Mirza Nasarullah Beg, who was employed in the British army as a Risaldar, undertook to bring him up. The uncle too was taken away by the cruel hands of death when the boy was only nine years of age and then his care devolved upon the family of his mother's parents, who were well off and who showed him every indulgence. He received his early education from Sheikh Muazzam, an eminent teacher at Agra in those days. He was still a mere youth when he came in contact with a Parsi Scholar of Persian, whose original name was Hurmuzd and who had been given the name of Abdul Samad on his conversion to Islam. This was the foundation of Mirza Asadullah Khan's taste for Persian literature, which proved of great value to him throughout his life. Hurmuzd was a well-read and well-travelled man and he stayed with Mirza Asadullah Khan for some time at Agra and subsequently for some time at Delhi. The period of his stay was, however, very short, about two years altogether. This brief contact with an educated scholar whose mother-tongue was Persian is hardly sufficient to explain the wonderful command over that language which Ghalib afterwards displayed, but it shows how his natural aptitude in that language got a much-needed impetus in his early life and made him a profound scholar of Persian.

II.

Mirza Asadullah Khan visited Delhi for the first time in his childhood when he was about seven years of age as his uncle Mirza Nasarullah Beg was connected by marriage with the family of Nawab Ahmad Bakhsh Khan of Delhi. He was himself married into the same family later when he was only thirteen and after that he made Delhi his home and lived there till his death in 1285 A.H. (1869 A.D.), at the ripe age of 73. His father-in-law, Mirza Ilahi Bakhsh Khan, was a poet of no mean order and has left behind a collection of *Ghazals* in Urdu known as *Diwan-i-Maruf*. I have not read the collection in full but a friend of mine, S. Kesra Singh *Jahangir*, gave me some selec-

tions from it which he made from a manuscript copy preserved in the library of H. H. The Nawab of Rampur. This collection showed considerable literary merit. This contact with *Maruf* must have influenced to some extent the natural bent of mind of the young poet. Though the palmy days of Delhi were a thing of the past when Ghalib came and settled there, yet in the literary world the remnants of past eminence, were, by no means small. Among the contemporaries of Ghalib we see quite a galaxy of poets and *Mushairas* (poetical contests) were quite common. Ghalib had for a long time concentrated his attention on Persian and had written only Persian *Ghazals* but the popularity which the Urdu *Ghazal* was beginning to command attracted him towards Urdu also. His mind was so much saturated with the Persian mode of thought and his tongue was so familiar with Persian ways of expression that his early efforts in Urdu verse were full of Persian words and idioms mingled here and there with Urdu words. Verses of this kind could be called Urdu *Ghazal* only by courtesy. With practice, however, his style improved and his later Urdu *Ghazals* combine purity of language with dignity of thought and rare beauty of expression. He or his contemporaries did not realize in their life-time what a great achievement the small collection of his Urdu *Ghazals* was. In his letters and in his Persian Diwan you find references to his Urdu verse showing that he was proud of his Persian Diwan and that he did not want to be judged by his Urdu verse. He says :

*"Farsi bin ta bi bini naqshhai rang rang,
Biguzar az majmua-i-Urdu ki be rang-i-manast."*

(Read my Persian verse in order to see pictures of various hues.
Overlook the Urdu collection which is colourless).

Little did he know that in India his name would be remembered by posterity and would achieve an undying fame through his Urdu writings and not through the Persian writings on which he prided himself. It must be stated in fairness to him that his Persian *Ghazals* are of a high order. Maulvi Altaf Husain, *Hali*, in his valuable work, *Yadgar-i-Ghalib* gives the appreciative criticism of Ghalib's Persian poetry and quotes the opinions of several well-known critics according to whom Ghalib can hold his own

against many of the best writers of Persian, including some of the masters recognised in Persia itself. This estimate may be regarded by some as exaggerated and by others as fairly accurate, but it is obvious that the Persian verse of Ghalib is not well-known in Persia and has had no recognition there. It has been admired in India and is still admired by the ever-decreasing number of scholars of Persian in this country, but as Persian is going out of vogue in India, the fame of Ghalib as a Persian poet must decline. This illustrates the disadvantage of a talented man devoting his main efforts to the attainment of distinction in a language which is not his mother-tongue. Fortunately for Ghalib, however, his claim to our gratitude does not rest on his Persian writings only. His Urdu Diwan, though very brief compared with his Persian Diwan, has not only risen high in public estimation since his death, but will probably continue to rise with the advance of a taste for Urdu literature. This collection consists of about 1800 lines, of which a large number consist of semi-Persian verses, which do not, after all, constitute the basis of Ghalib's real claim to greatness as a writer of Urdu, but the proportion that is left is of such a high order that in the vast domain of Urdu *Ghazal* it would be difficult to find an equal number of verses of similar merit even in the more voluminous collections of other authors.

III.

In order to understand the difference between Ghalib and some other writers of *Ghazal*, some discussion of the nature of this form of verse will not be out of place. The word *Ghazal* in Arabic means "talking to women" or "talking love" and *Ghazal*, as originally composed, was a song consisting of stray thoughts occurring to a lover, complaining of separation, longing for union and giving expression to sensations of pain and pleasure that characterise experiences of love. A *Ghazal* starts with a verse called the *Matla*, which contains two lines, the last word but one of which in the first line known as a *Qafia* rhymes with the last word but one in the second line. The *Ghazal* closes with a verse called the *Maqta* in which the poet introduces his name or *nom de plume*. All the verses from the *Matla* to the

Maqta are written in the same metre and the endings of the second line of each verse known as *Radif* must rhyme together. These restrictions have, in some ways, hampered poetical flights of fancy but this form of verse is not without its advantages and has been very popular in the East. Some renowned Western writers too have expressed admiration for this form of poetry and have even paid it the compliment of imitating it. But this praise is due only to the best specimens of *Ghazal*, because in its ordinary form it is the most elementary type of versification and not at all difficult to write. The method most commonly

The method most commonly practised by writers of *Ghazal* in the beginning is to think of a number of rhyming words for the *Qafias* and then to think of suitable ideas in which to use those words. This artificial way of versification, in which thoughts follow words instead of words following thoughts, is responsible for any amount of bad or indifferent poetry in the East. The first thing which distinguishes Ghalib's *Ghazal* from that of many others is that in his case words follow thought. This is apparent among other things from the fact that most of his *Ghazals* consist of 10 or 12 lines only, unlike those of many writers who preceded him and many who have succeeded him. They seem to have thought that by writing lengthy *Ghazals* they could make a show of power of versification and for that purpose they attempted several lines for one *Kafia* and sometimes wrote 2 or 3 *Ghazals* in the same *Qafia* and *Radif*. These are called *Do Ghazalas* and *Sih Ghazalas*. Most of such *Do Ghazalas* and *Sih Ghazalas*, however, are nothing more than efforts at rhyming, more or less polished according to the degree of the practice of the writer and cannot lay claim to much literary merit otherwise. Ghalib avoided this kind of writing and has actually left some *Ghazals* incomplete, without even *Matlas* or *Maqtas*, probably because more verses of sufficiently good quality in that strain did not occur to him. This is as it should be.

Another feature of his poetry is that thought contained in his verses is often expressed in a strikingly original manner. For instance it is a common theme with Oriental poets to give an expression to the pangs of love by using the metaphor of the

beloved one causing injuries to the lover. Many a poet would describe plainly the kind of dagger used, the violence with which it is used and the extent and depth of the injuries caused. This is a fancy which would strike Western readers of Urdu verse as very quaint but this is a very common theme in the East. Ghalib in following this tradition adopts a manner of alluding to his injuries which is peculiarly his own. He says :

*"Nazar lage na kahin unke dast-o-bazu ko
Yeh log kion mere zakham-i-jigar ko dekhte hain."*

(Do not let people stare at the injuries inside my heart lest the pretty and strong arm of my beloved one may catch the evil eye).

He thus leaves the whole description, which others would have revelled in, to be understood by the reader, implying that the wounds are such that to look at them would at once suggest the idea of the strength of the arm that inflicted them. He brings out, in addition, that as a true lover his regard for the beloved one is such that he would not, in spite of his affliction, bear the idea of the slightest harm coming to the latter, not even as much as may be caused by the superstitious notion of the evil eye. His desire to express his thoughts in the manner in which others have not expressed them sometimes leads him to paradoxes, which he uses with great effect. For instance where he says :

*"Baske dushwar hai har kam ka asan hona
Admi ko bhi muyassar nahin insan hona"*

The beauty of expression of these simple words, as it is seen in the original is very difficult to bring out in translation but literally this verse may be rendered into English thus :—"It is not easy for every task to be easy. Even a man cannot easily be a man." In Urdu we have two words for a man namely *Admi* and *Insan*. One is taken from the Persian language and the other comes from the Arabic; but idiomatically *Insan* has come to mean all that is good and human and manly in man. The poet, therefore, means that it is not easy for a man to be manly.

IV.

Ghalib's verses are also full of deep philosophic truths expressed with remarkable facility in philosophic language. He says for instance :

*"Hai ghaib-i-ghaib jisko samajhte hain ham shahud
Hain khwab men hanoz jo jage hain khwab men"*

"It is the mystery of mysteries which we call manifestation. Those who have awakened in a dream are still dreaming."

Though a Musulman and a believer in the doctrines of the faith in which he was born, Ghalib's bold and philosophic spirit has not remained unaffected by the scepticism of some of the advanced free-thinkers whom Islam has produced from time to time. There is a school of thought which is not inclined to accept in a literary sense the beautiful and glowing pictures of the gardens of paradise found in Moslem religious books. He thus gives a bold utterance to this view in a line which is very commonly quoted and has passed almost into a proverb :—

*"Hamko malum hai jannat ki haqiqat lekin
Dil ke khush rankhne ko Ghalib yeh khiyal achha hai"*

"We know what paradise is in reality but O Ghalib it is a fine idea to keep one's heart happy."

It has been stated above that Ghalib was an eminent Persian poet first and a great Urdu poet afterwards. His long practice in the use of Persian turns of expression adhered to him throughout his life and though in the earlier stages of his Urdu versification there is too much of the Persian element yet it cannot be denied that he has often employed Persian words and phrases with singular effect. So much so that this feature of his style is particularly associated with his name and has found a large number of imitators.

The ideals of poetry followed in the East and the West are in some respects so different that it would be difficult to say that among Indian or Persian poets there was a poet in the same sense in which Tennyson and Wordsworth were poets ; but it must be remembered that in the case of a man like Ghalib if you do not

find studies of nature and natural beauty and lengthy and connected descriptive poems among his compositions, it is not because he had not the gift or the talent for them but because his lot was cast in entirely different surroundings and his opportunities were absolutely different compared with those of the above-mentioned Western celebrities. I believe, if he had been born in the West and brought up in an atmosphere which favoured the growth of the genius of men like Wordsworth or Tennyson, he could have risen to any height.

Ghalib was a born poet, who not only wrote poetry but thought poetically and felt poetically. If you read his memorable letters published under the name of *Urdu-i-Mualla* you will find instances of his extreme tenderness of feeling and the nobility of his loving nature. His life was one of complete devotion to his art, in spite of all kinds of adverse circumstances. It was full of a noble desire to serve his friends and relatives in any way he could. It was also full of patient and resolute suffering. Though he devoted the greater part of his literary energy to the writing of *Ghazals*, which was the principal kind of literary production in demand at the time, yet his high soaring genius felt the bondage of the restrictions which the *Ghazal* imposes upon those who write it as very irksome. He very rightly observes :

*"Baqadr-i-shauq nahin zarf tangnai ghazal
Kuchh aur chahie wusat mere bayan ke liye"*

"The narrow dimensions of the *Ghazal* are not in accordance with the extent of my desire to express myself. A wider expanse is necessary for expressing my thoughts."

This shows his true instinct and the cry that he thus raised more than 50 years ago was really a cry of the succeeding generation of poets, among whom the name of my esteemed friend Dr. Mohammad Iqbal stands foremost and who are now giving practical effect to the reform which Ghalib desired to effect in his time. Either because there were no suggestive models of thought and expression available at the time or because the conventions were too strong to be resisted, Ghalib did not go beyond the conventional line in the forms of his composition. He has

written *Qasidas* in Urdu and Persian (*i.e.*, eulogies of kings and noblemen) like many a poet of the olden times. He has written *Marsiyas* in Urdu and Persian (*i.e.*, elegies of a religious nature on the martyrdom of Imam Husain). He has written *Masnawis* but they are in Persian only. They show his great power in writing connected verses on a particular subject. I would quote here a translation of a somewhat lengthy passage from one of his Persian *Masnawis*, called *Abr-i-Gauhar Bar* (The Pearl-dropping cloud). This is an incomplete *Masnawi*, as we are told by Maulvi Altaf Husain, *Hali*, the biographer of the poet, in his valuable work, *Yadgar-i-Ghalib*. He rightly says this incomplete *Masnawi* is the best of Ghalib's *Masnawis*.

V.

I do not think any apology is needed for the lengthy extract I am giving from that *Masnawi* because it gives us an insight into the heart of the poet and sheds light on many of his sayings and doings. His life was not a life of luxury and ease, though it was not a life of absolute poverty or starvation. He was born of a good family and had heard and seen something of its past affluence. His habits were those of the gentry of his generation and he was inclined to be liberal with his money when he got it. He was, therefore, living from hand to mouth in spite of some stipends and pensions that he enjoyed. At one time even some of these sources of income ceased and he had to suffer great hardship. Considering the aspirations which he had, his life, on the whole, passed in need and privation. Added to this was the feeling of solitude in his heart owing to the want of a suitable companion in life. He had been married in a good family but very early in his youth and at a time when he could not understand what marriage meant. The marriage seems to have remained at best a tie of duty and convention. We do not read much about the happiness or unhappiness of his wedded life in his writings, but there is an allusion half-humorous, half cynical, to marriage in one or two of his letters, which is interesting. In consoling a friend for the loss of his wife, Ghalib writes that he envies those whose wives die in their life-time and facetiously observes that so far from there being any prospects of his release

from the yoke of matrimony his worthy companion in life had never had so much as a headache. This obviously is not meant to be taken too literally and seems more to have been meant to divert the thought of his bereaved friend from the loss which he had suffered. It is not, however, without its significance when coming from a poet like Ghalib and shows that his home life was of an indifferent nature, neither happy nor unhappy. To add to their sorrows Ghalib and his wife had lost as many as seven children and were left without issue in their old age. To an affectionate nature this was no ordinary suffering. He and his wife appeared to have lavished their pent up affection on an adopted son, but unfortunately that son too was taken away from them. The evening of his life was further embittered by various physical ailments about which he writes to his numerous friends in a plaintive tone. It is not to be wondered at therefore that he had taken to the solace of the cup and wanted thereby to drown the miserable feelings which seemed to dominate his nature. He says :

*"Mai se gharaz nishat hai kis ru siyah ko
Ik guna bekhudi mujhe din rat chahie"*

"If I desire merriment from wine I should be regarded as a man with blackened face ; but all that I want is a sort of forgetfulness of self".

He was never anything more than a moderate drinker, though wine had come to be a daily necessity with him. As a believer in Islam he felt very often the qualms of conscience regarding this habit. He is, therefore full of constant apologetic allusions to the growth of this habit throughout his writings and in the extract I am giving from the Persian *Masnawi* he pours forth a strong apology to his Creator for having indulged in wine. He writes :—

"I was sorrowful and wine takes away sorrow,
What could I do, O Benevolent God.
An account of wine and music and beauty and scent,
Should be demanded from Jamshed and Bahram and Parvez.
And not by (a poor man like) me, who has, now and then,
Temporarily blackened his face by the fire of liquor.
I had no garden to drink in, nor a cellar to store in wine,

No musician to amuse me, nor a sweet-heart to sit by me,
 No fair-faced dancers ever danced before me,
 There was no noise of minstrels in my court-yard.
 I had many periods of privation and many a spring season without
 wine.
 Days when rain gladdened the earth, and nights when the moon lit
 the sky,
 Were dark in my eyes without a drop of drink.
 The cloud of the month of Bahman covered the horizon,
 While my earthen cup of wine remained as empty as ever.
 Many a spring found me searching for the necessities of life,
 And the door of my house was left open because there was nothing
 in it to protect.
 Many a time the world has been gay with the rose and the tulip,
 While I have been lying moodily in my cell.
 Any moments of pleasure (that fell to my lot) were like a dance
 of the half-dead,
 And I never had a full measure of happiness according to the desire
 of my heart.
 If I prepared a thread to make a necklace of pearls the pearls broke,
 And when wine was procured, my cup got broken.
 Do not look at my dress besmeared with liquor,
 But look at my emaciated frame.
 Thou hast kept me poverty-stricken in this world,
 But hast kept my heart a prisoner of desire.
 Owing to the unpleasant life that I have had,
 Life has been like a thorn in my side.
 Whenever my heart used to boil owing to my desires,
 A cry of pain rising from my heart used to reach my ear.
 When I shall remember my continued disappointments,
 My heart will not be at rest even in Paradise.
 For every simple sin that Thine records may show me to have
 committed,
 I will cite a privation to show a desire unfulfilled.
 Then how O God will Justice be done
 If my unfulfilled desires exceed the numbers of sins committed by me.*

* (For the original verses see *Yadgar-i-Ghalib* printed at *Faiz-i-am Press*, Aligarh, 2nd : Edition, page 306-307).

Apart from the biographical interest of the above lines there is another important reason why I have quoted them. They serve to illustrate how much thought *Ghalib* can sometimes condense in a single verse. In his Urdu *Diwan* there is a beautiful verse, to my mind one of the prettiest, which in the briefest possible space condenses all that has been said in the above extract. It runs thus :

“*Ata hai dagh-i-hasrat i dil ka Shumas yad
Mujh se mere gunah ka hisab ai khuda na mang*”.

“It reminds me of the number of sore spots in my heart owing to longings unfulfilled,

Do not, therefore, ask me O God to render an account of the sins committed by me”.

The verse is very pathetic. It makes such a pretty reference to the fact that the sins committed by one in his lifetime must be numerous and yet alludes in such a telling way to the heroic struggle of feeble humanity against alluring temptations that it cannot but charm the reader. Ever since I came across this verse it has had a charm for me and very often I have found myself repeating it. It was always suggestive to me of the line of thought observable in the extract just given from the Persian *Masnawi*. Till the publication of the *Yadgar-i-Ghalib*, however, I had not read the passage quoted from the Persian *Masnawi* and I did not know that *Ghalib* had expressed the same feelings as he did in this one verse with such wealth of graphic detail elsewhere. I have, therefore, thought fit to place side by side these two expressions of the same idea, one of them being a model of brevity and suggestiveness, while the other is a bold and straightforward expression of the feelings that crowded themselves into the heart of the poet on reflecting that in his life there had been so many enjoyments omitted, even if there had been some sins committed.

VI.

I am sorry I can not in this brief essay give any further specimens of *Ghalib's* poetry. Those capable of reading him

in the original, must read him again and again for themselves. Then they will learn how to appreciate and enjoy his poetry. It is a pity that for a long time his Urdu Diwan in spite of its excellence, has not been available in a nicely got up edition. We are familiar with cheap and badly and incorrectly lithographed editions of the Diwan which have stood in the way of a proper appreciation of the poet. Attention has, of late, been directed to the removing of this defect. An annotated edition of the Diwan, compiled by Professor Ali Haidar *Taba Tabai* of Lucknow, was published many years ago at Hyderabad, Deccan, and had been helpful to many students of Ghalib. Another writer who has annotated the Diwan-i-Ghalib is Maulana Shaukat of Meerut, and more recently Maulvi Fazal-ul-Hassan, B.A., better known as *Hasrat Mohani*, brought out a popular edition of the Diwan with notes. I have seen recently a nicely got up edition of Ghalib published at Badaon, and have since then brought out myself a pocket edition of Diwan-i-Ghalib with an interesting photograph of the poet in his old age. This edition had been long in contemplation and was actually taken in hand several years back, but for various reasons it could not be completed till now and is not free from defects, but it aims at placing before the readers of Ghalib a presentable and neatly lithographed copy of the Diwan and may pave the way for better editions. It contains only the bare text, for, I think, those who are fond of Ghalib must first try to read him for themselves without the oft-confusing help of commentators. Moreover a commentary like the one I desire is yet to be written and I did not feel myself equal to the task of approaching the ideal in this respect.

The *Yadgar-i-Ghalib* of Hali, to which reference has been made already, though not professing to be a commentary on Ghalib, is yet the best help to the study of the poet that I know of. The finest verses in the Diwan are quoted and illuminating notes given to explain their beauty or to bring out their significance. Hali has the advantage of being the most sympathetic and admiring of Ghalib's critics. He was himself in his youth one of the favourite pupils of Ghalib. He had the privilege of having come in familiar personal contact with the great poet. He had the advantage of having heard some of those verses from

the poet's own lips and discussed their meanings with him. Therefore whatever light he throws on the important verses of his master is really valuable and I think he has done a great service to Urdu literature by writing the *Yadgar-i-Ghalib*. He has not only performed a duty which he owed to his master, who was his ideal in literature, but has also succeeded in removing, to a large extent, the somewhat unfair impression which the *Ab-i-Hayat* of Maulana Azad leaves on one's mind with regard to the merits of Ghalib as a poet. It may be said in fairness to Azad, that gifted as he was with a remarkable capacity for literary criticism, he could not shut his eyes to the eminence of Ghalib as a poet and has paid a considerable tribute of praise to the genius of Ghalib in his memorable work, the *Ab-i-Hayat*. Those who know, however, that Azad has the greatest admiration for his own master, *Zauk*, and that there was a rivalry between *Zauk* and Ghalib over the sovereignty of the domain of letters, cannot wonder at the fact that Azad wants to make out on the whole that *Zauk* was much superior to Ghalib as a master of Urdu. *Zauk* is undoubtedly one of the greatest masters of Urdu verse and in simplicity of style and in the beauty and flow of his language has few equals; but the trend of opinion now is that as a genius and a thinker Ghalib must rank superior to *Zauk*.

VII.

We have seen something of what Ghalib was as a poet. We may now see what he was as a man. Some men are still alive who saw the poet in his old age and have the greatest admiration and regard for his personality. As revealed by his letters to his friends and by the reminiscences of those who had the good fortune of seeing or knowing Ghalib, he appears to have been a man of an extremely tender, loving and loveable nature. He was possessed of broad sympathies and his religious views were also characterised by a rare breadth, which even the present day generation of educated people might envy. The number of his friends and admirers was very large and he was in constant correspondence with them. His letters to those numerous friends show how full of kindness and affection he was for each one of them and how sincerely and with what depth of affection

were his feelings reciprocated by them. Among his correspondants were pupils who submitted their verses to him for correction and improvement according to an old established custom among Eastern poets. Even in his old age, when troubled with various infirmities, he used to take pains over this labour of love and used to correct and improve poems sent to him with a regularity and punctuality which could not, under present day conditions, be expected even from a paid master of rhetoric who undertook to teach by correspondence. No one informed Ghalib of his misery or sorrow without eliciting from him a suitable response and sympathy. He was willing to lend pecuniary help to a friend in difficulty, though he was not possessed of an abundance of wealth himself. He seems to have been a great lover of children, perhaps because he was spared none of his own. In a letter to his pupil Tafta we read :—

“You know Zainul-Abidin was like a son to me. He has left two children, who are my grandsons. They often come to me and trouble me in various ways but I do not mind the trouble. God knows that I regard you as my son and your poems, the product of your genius, as my spiritual grandsons. When I do not get tired of my mundane grandsons who come and interrupt my dinner when I am dining and interfere with my sleep when I am trying to sleep at noon and step on to my bed with their dusty and bare feet and spill some water here and raise a cloud of dust there, why should I get tired of my spiritual grandsons who give me no such trouble*”. To show the breadth of his sympathy and his extreme freedom from any kind of racial prejudice, which is the bane of India, his relations with Tafta and other Hindu pupils and friends are the best illustration. It may not be known to some that Tafta, to whom the above letter, full of effusive affection is addressed was a highly talented Hindu writer, Munshi Hargopal by name, who has left behind a large collection of Persian verses and who was one of the most remarkable literary man of his time. There were many other intellectual Hindus of his day, who were equally favoured with Ghalib's friendship. Among them may be

mentioned Munshi Jawahir Singh, Jauhar, who first arranged to collect and published the Urdu letters of Ghalib and the late Rai Bahadur Piyare Lal, an eminent educationalist in the Punjab, who retired from educational service as an Inspector of Schools and died some years back. The photograph of Ghalib which has been mentioned above was given by the poet to the late Rai Bahadur and was obtained by me from my friend, Lala Siri Ram, M.A., of Delhi, author of *Khum Khana-i-Javid* and a nephew of Rai Bahadur Piyare Lal. Ghalib's broad sympathies were not confined to these instances of personal friendship with the intellectual Hindus of his day but embraced a much larger circle. In a letter to Tafta, Ghalib says: "I hold all human beings whether Mussalman, Hindu or Christian dear to me and regard them as my brethren†".

He knew practically no differences between various Islamic sects. His writings show that he was inclined towards the doctrines of the *Shia* school and had a deep reverence for the descendants of Fatimah, the universally venerated daughter of the Prophet of Arabia, but he never allowed this inclination of his to mar, in any way, the smoothness of his relations with the *Sunni* sect, so that it is a moot point whether he belonged to the *Sunni* or the *Shia* persuasion. The fact is that he was entirely above these differences and must have disliked them. In one of the prettiest of his Ghazals he sings:—

"*Ham muwahid hain hamara kesh hai tark-i-tiasum
Millaten jab mit gain ajzai-i-iman ho gain*".

"We are believers in unity and our religion is the renunciation of ceremony (or convention). The sects when they disappear become particles of faith."

VIII.

Ghalib had a legitimate pride in the nobility of his birth, which has been often expressed in verse and prose, but in his dealings with his friends and with visitors who came to-see him, he was the humblest and the mildest of men. This sense of humility existed in him side by side with his great sense of self-respect

†At page 47 of Urdu-i-Mualla.

and love of independence, like a true Oriental of good birth. He attached an almost fantastic value to the maintenance of his dignity.

Maulana Hali relates an interesting anecdote about this. When the old Delhi College was founded there was vacancy there for a Professor of Oriental Literature. Ghalib made up his mind to apply for the appointment. He went to see a high Government official in this connection but as he was not received by the officer on this occasion in the manner to which he was accustomed, he plainly told him that he had come with the intention of asking for a job but had changed his mind because he was not received with the ceremony which had usually characterised his reception on other occasions. The official explained to him that the previous interviews were in his capacity as an important citizen, while now he had come to ask for a job. Ghalib replied that he thought of applying for the post in the hope that the appointment would add to the respectability already enjoyed by him, but if it was calculated to take away any thing from that and to reduce his position he would rather go without the emoluments of such a job. With all this, his attitude towards the British Officials was one of great regard and respect and we find numerous instances in his letters of his good opinion about them and his desire to be on good terms with them. At the time immediately following the Mutiny, owing to some misapprehensions, which were subsequently removed, he unfortunately came under a cloud. The idea was that as he had been on good terms with Bahadur Shah, the last of the Mughal Emperors of Delhi, he must be regarded as one of his partisans. Some enemy of his attributed to him the writing of two verses which really belonged to Zauk and were composed at the time of the coronation of Bahadur Shah about 1837 A. D. Those verses were merely eulogistic and quite innocent in themselves, but the person who attributed them to Ghalib wanted the Government to infer there from his intimate association with the deported ruler of Delhi. We find references in Ghalib's letters to this episode and his intense desire to ferret out an old issue of the Urdu *Akhbar* of Delhi, which had long before published the lines in question as those of Zauk. We do not know whether he succeeded in finding

that issue of the paper or not, but we do know that he was successful in completely dispelling the suspicions that had been aroused against him of being hostile to the British Government, though this cost him very dear. For a long time his family pension from Government was stopped. He was not invited to the Darbar or granted the usual *Khilats*, etc., to which he was entitled. This was to him a time of great mental and pecuniary suffering, but he felt confident about his innocence which was after all fully recognised and his *Khilat* and his pension and the honours due to him were all restored.

He was very fond of books and was an omnivorous reader. To have a sufficient provision of reading material on his book shelf and a quantity of good wine in his godown, was, it seems to me, an ideal of earthly bliss in his eyes. In a letter to *Mir Mehdi Hassan Majruh* he writes speaking of himself in the 3rd person as follows :—

“Maulana Ghalib is very happy now a days. *Dastan-i-Amir Hamza*, a book extending over 960 pages, and a volume of the *Bostan-i-Khial* of about the same bulk, have just arrived and I have got 17 bottles of pure wine in my storehouse. I read throughout the day and drink throughout the night. Any one who has attained this much deserves to rank with Jamshed and Alexander*”.

It is curious, however, that we are told by Hali that in spite of his fondness for books Ghalib never purchased books to read nor did he make a collection of them. He seems to have possessed a retentive memory in his youth and to have absorbed and digested all that he read so that the result of his reading became a part and parcel of his being. It appears that he was a ready writer and wielded a facile pen. The greater part of his literary work was, as has already been said, in Persian. His Persian poems extended to more than ten thousand lines. His works in Persian prose occupied a much larger space. I can here only mention the names of some of them. They were *Qati-i-Burhan* which excited a bitter controversy among the Persian linguists of his day, the *Drafsh-i-Kawiani*, the *Lataif-*

*Page 139 of *Urdu Mualla*, Ed. 1899.

i-Ghaibi and the *Dastanbo*. This last dealt graphically with his experience and observation of daily events soon after the Mutiny and has a considerable historic value. This is not the place, however, to go into the details of his work as a writer of Persian and I have to content myself with this passing allusion to it.

IX.

It is remarkable that like many an Oriental Poet Ghalib wrote because it was his instinct to write. He was indifferent to the preservation of his own writing. We find constant references in his letters to this tendency. When his pupils wrote, asking him for some of his compositions, he told them he had none of them in his possession. He says that Nawab Zia-ud-Din Khan had been collecting his writings and had them all in his library but that the library got destroyed in the Mutiny and no trace of it was left. Another friend's collection met with a similar fate. Whenever any of his books were published he took great interest in their printing and wanted them to be as accurate and as well-got-up as possible. He himself used to purchase a certain number of copies of those books for distribution among his friends and this went on, so liberally, in spite of his scanty means, that at the end of those distributions there was not much left in his pocket and not a single copy of the book left with him. Another noteworthy feature of his character was his frankness and candour about his personal shortcomings. In his writings, in prose and in verse, he frequently alludes to them. He does so in a way which shows that he is sorry for his defects, probably having an idea that any laxity on his part should not have, so far as avoidable, the effect of setting a bad example to others. In fact in describing his shortcomings of religious practices he is often inclined to paint himself darker than he really was. This is due to several reasons. In the first place it seems that the consciousness of those omissions weighed heavily upon his mind and made them appear larger in his eyes than they really were. In the second place there is the natural tendency of Oriental poets to resort to exaggeration in descriptions. In the third place he is inclined to be emphatic in expressions of humour according to the peculiar needs of the

occasion on which he utters them. For instance, he is represented as having said to a British Military Officer, after the Mutiny when he was still suspected of being a Musalman fanatic averse to British Rule:—"I have never offered prayers in my life and I have never avoided drinking whenever drink was available, why should then I be regarded a Musalman and ill-treated as such". But all that he wanted to emphasise, in his own humorous way, was that he was too much of a latitudinarian to be a fanatic. Similarly in one of his *Rubais* (quatrains) He says:—"Let those observe fast who have the wherewithall to feast in the evening; but he who has nothing to eat when he breaks his fast should be excusable, if he eats the fast itself (that is, he does not keep it)." This quatrain would lead one to think that Ghalib perhaps never observed the fast during the month of *Ramazan*. We find, however, that these were really passing phases of thought as well as of action, and that very often he did offer prayers and did observe the fast. In a letter to *Majruh* he says:—

"Have you forgotten my usual habits? Have I ever abstained from the *Tarawih* prayer at night in the *Jamia Masjid* during the month of *Ramazan*? How could I have stayed at Rampur during this month? The Nawab was insisting that I should stay. He tempted me with the prospect of the mangoe crop in the coming rainy season, but I managed to get away so as to reach Delhi on the night, when the moon came out. From the very first day of the month I have been going every day to the mosque of Hamid Ali Khan to hear Maulvi Jafar Ali recite the *Quran*. I come at night to the *Jamia Masjid* for the *Tarawih* prayers and for breaking my fast. I sometimes go to the *Mehtab Bagh* at evening time and enjoy the cold water of that place.*"

Such a regularity of religious observances would put even a pious *Mulla* to shame. This, however, relates to the month of *Ramazan*, when even the less religious Musalmans try to observe the commandments of their religion, but it is enough to show that Ghalib's exaggerated pictures of his indifferent

*For reference, please see page 134 of *Urdu-i-Mualla*, Edition, 1899.

religious practices are not to be taken too literally or too seriously except about the time when age and infirmity practically confined him to bed in the last years of his life, but that was a time when his heart must have turned to God more than ever, tired of physical ailments and mental worries. In his last days he used often to contemplate and even desire death. Two years before it actually came, he felt so sure of its coming that he prophesied about it in a phrase the letters of which, if counted according to the numerical values assigned to them in the system known as *Abjad*, yield the figure 1283 A. H. corresponding to 1867 A.D. The phrase was "*Ah Ghalib Murd.*" This prophecy, however, was not fulfilled and he was destined to live a little longer and to do some further good to his numerous pupils with whom his correspondence lasted upto the very last. He died in 1285 A. H. corresponding to 1869 A. D. The same phrase in which he tried to bring out the date of his death was utilized by his pupils by the addition of the letter *Be*, the numerical value of which is 2. *Ah Ghalib Bimurd* gives the actual date of his passing away from this world, universally respected and widely mourned. It is said that for a year a Delhi Urdu paper kept publishing the elegies in which his numerous admirers expressed their feelings of bereavement and his loving soul must have felt in Heaven that the seed of the affection which he lavished on his friends in his lifetime had not fallen on barren soil but had flourished and was bearing the fruit of reciprocated love.

ABDUL QADIR.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

MR. A. B. KEITH'S SAMKHYA SYSTEM.

"The Heritage of India Series" has been admirably designed by its joint Editors, and its recent publication "*Samkhya System*" by A. B. Keith has really fulfilled the two tests laid down by the Editors:—"That every thing must be scholarly and every thing must be sympathetic".

The Indian Philosophy with its three phases of Realism, Idealism and Phenomenalism depicted in Nyaya-Vaisheshika, Samkhya-Yoga and Vedanta systems respectively is hardly studied in these days in its entirety. The result is that the popular knowledge of Indian Philosophy is centralized in the Vedanta system as propounded by that eminent theologian and philosopher Sankara, and the independent conceptions of Realism and Idealism of the other orthodox schools have remained in the background. Dr. Bhandarkar rightly deplores that "the Samkhya Philosophy has long been driven away from the curriculum of Sanskrit students on this side of India, and that he has not heard of any Shastri in the Marathi or Gujrati country having devoted himself to it, and nearly all know but little about it".

The Samkhya System, however, has been interwoven in the Smritis, Itihasas and Puranas, and the powerful hold which it maintains on the Indian orthodox mind—consciously or unconsciously—is inferable from the daily offer of oblation of water to a number of Samkhya teachers by orthodox Brahmins. The Puranic Hinduism and Tantra or Agama literature of the Hindus, admit the validity of the twenty five elements of the Samkhyas although they add some eleven more as anterior evolutes. Even Sankaracharya sees in Samkhya System a powerful and honourable foe to his Vedant System on account of (i) the close proximity of its teaching with the Upanishads; (ii) its nationalism and (iii) traditional veneration.

That such a system should remain unexplored by Indian students is unpardonable, and Mr. Keith deserves great credit for revealing this heritage of India with all perspicuity.

The book discusses the subject from historical, traditional and critical stand-points, and all available literature on the subject appears to have been utilized.

Mr. Keith finds the genesis of Samkhya ideas in Upanishads, but a careful analysis of the Vedic literature reveals that the conception of cosmic substance of an indeterminate form with the principle of life involved in it is as old as the Rig Veda. In the Naradiya Sutra (Rig Veda X. 11, 130) the dark indeterminate cosmic stuff is represented as growing from within and

giving birth to the primeval seed of intellect. The idea is more akin to the Samkhya Prakriti or Pradhana than to the Vedantic Maya which in itself has no basic reality. The fundamental difference in Vedanta and Samkhya Systems both of which lay claim on the Upanishads, lies in the fact that Brahman of the Vedant is Absolute and capable of explaining the multiform world of egos and non-egos; while the Samkhya posits Pradhana as opposite of Purusha or spirit. This dualism has led to ontological and epistemological differences of opinion, and the *sumum bonum* of the Samkhyas consists in absolute isolation of spirit without content whereby it is reduced to nonentity. Mr. Keith remarks that "in following the doctrine of the Upanishads—that true knowledge involves the denial of individuality—the Samkhya System leads itself into the difficult position that it thus really denies the reality of its system of many spirits since there can be no multiplicity without individuality to distinguish the several members of the group of spirits. In the Upanishads, on the contrary, the idea is justifiable since the denial of individuality is due to the fact that all seeming individuals are really merely one single self. In the Upanishads, moreover, there is a real possibility of the binding of the self, whether the bonds be real or merely illusory, still in the first case they can be destroyed in the appropriate manner and in the second the false belief can be removed by knowledge. But the Samkhya denies any real connection whatever, and while it, therefore, leaves it to be assumed that the apparent connection is caused by ignorance, it does not like the Vedanta, elevate that ignorance into a Metaphysical entity thus having its existence even on the basis of the system unexplained".

The second stage of Samkhya philosophy may be designated as associated with Buddhistic period of Indian civilization. The preliminary enquiry of Gautama as to the solution of the world enigma through various Brahmanic teachers, among whom Arad is definitely mentioned implies that before achieving enlightenment Gautama had come in contact with the Samkhya principles coupled with the belief in the personal supreme divinity of the qualified dualism. The causal series of Buddhism commencing with ignorance and ending in misery with its con-

sequential pessimism has close affinity to the Samkhya theory of bondage, but in point of psychological conceptions Samkhya is more advanced than Buddhism.

Before we reach the third stage of Samkhya System as revealed in the Mahabharata it may be noted that the long period intervening between Upanishads and the Great epic justifies an assumption that there was one form of doctrine which cannot definitely be named Samkhya and from which both Samkhya and Buddhism were derived.

The Samkhya of the epic period associated with hoary sages some of whom have gone to the limbo of mythology has a tinge of theism inasmuch as in some places the twenty sixth principle viz., God or *Par Purush* is admitted. Mr. Keith's inference that Kapila, the reputed traditional author of the Samkhya System is probably not a historical personage is justifiable under the existing stage of our knowledge. The reference to Kapila in the Svestasvatara Upanishad is dubious, and the text really refers to the primeval being Hiranyagarbha (golden hued) of which Kapila (yellow) is a synonym. As regards the real nature of the system of Samkhya as caught in the epic two different views are propounded:—(i) Garbe is of opinion that it is merely a popularizing and contamination of the true Samkhya and that it is un-Brahmanic in character having been influenced to a large extent by the Kshatriyas; while (ii) Dahlman holds that it is essentially a science of the Brahman, Brahavidya, but it is at the same time based on logic Anvikshiki, and while it never abandons traditional foundations—(only once and that on the doctrine of Ahimsa)—still it freely uses the processes of reasoning.

Neither of the two views is sustainable. The Samkhya of the epic is the result of gradual growth in different environments and the charge of Kshatriya influence is equally applicable to the Vedantic teaching of the Upanishads that Atman equals Brahman. It is not a *corruption* of a purer preceding doctrine as is supposed by Mr. Garbe. Nor is the Samkhya doctrine of the epic identical with the doctrine of Atma Brahman of the absolute pantheists. Mr. Keith rightly holds that "the Samkhya of the epic is a conception based entirely on the view

of the difference between subject and object and that this *conception* was formed independently of the existing Atma-Brahman philosophy, or at least in conscious re-action of it."

Lastly we reach the stage of classical Samkhya as taught in the Karika of Ishwarkrishna and the later Samkhya Sutra. Since Ishwarkrishna, who flourished in 450 A. D. we have not come across any independent thinker of the Samkhya school except the all round scholar Vachaspati Mishra of the 9th century and ascetic Vijnanabhikshu of the 16th century Vachaspati Mishra was a clear independent thinker, and had no undue leaning towards any system; while Vijnanabhikshu was an eclectic philosopher who propounded a special school of Vedanta called Avibhagadwaita in which he tries to unify the teaching of the six orthodox schools laying more stress on the Samkhya-Yoga view of the cosmos and rejecting the Mayavada of Sankara.

The get up of Mr. Keith's book is excellent and the exposition is lucid. A few stories relating to the personal teaching of Kapila—whether we regard him as a historic personage or a mythic divinity—from the Puranas, *e.g.*, his teaching to his mother Devhuti on the Bindu lake, or his stoic reply to Manu Vaivaswat who intended to keep the sage in a palace for the purpose of securing the sovereignty of the upper world, would have added to the charm of the book, for in our opinion speculative philosophy without its realistic setting does not appeal to the Indian mind. It has been rightly stated that the Veda requires exposition through Itihasas and Puranas lest the bald doctrine of the Veda be devoid of its practical application in life.

N. D. MEHTA.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Recent Legal Literature.

1. *The Decennial Digest of Indian Decisions, 1911—1920.* By R. Narayanaswami Iyer, B.A., B.L., Vakil, High Court. (Madras Law Journal Office, Mylapore, Madras, 1921). Vols. 1—3.

2. *The Indian Arms Act Manual*. (Fourth Edition). By G. K. Roy (Rai Bahadur), Supdt. (Retired) Home Department, Government of India, Simla, 1921.

3. *The History of Conspiracy and Abuse of Legal Procedure*. By Percy, Henry Winfield, LL.D. (University Press, Cambridge), 1921.

4. *The Law of Homicide and Hurt in British India (Including Rioting and Dacoity)*. By P. J. Rust, I.C.S. (The "Civil & Military Gazette" Press, Lahore), 1921.

5. *The Trial of Cases*. (3rd Edition). By F. B. Taylor, B.A., I.C.S., Enlarged and revised by P. C. Sirkar (Catholic Orphan Press, Portuguese Church Street, Calcutta), 1921.

6. *Laws affecting the Right and Liberties of the Indian People With an Introduction of Eardley Norton*. By Akshaya K. Ghose, Bar-at-Law. (Mohun Brothers, Publishers, 31/2, College Street, Market 1st Floor, Calcutta), 1921.

7. *Powell's Principles and Practice of the Law of Evidence*. (Tenth Edition.—By William Blake Odgers, M.A., LL.D., K.C. and Walter Blake Odgers, M.A. (Butterworth & Co., Bell Yard, Temple Bar, London), 1921.

8. *The Law Relating to Police Officers*.—By Sripati Roy, Bar-at-Law. (95, Hazrah Road, Bhowanipore, Calcutta), 1921.

In legal literature, the capital of the Southern Presidency has generally carried the palm and its high reputation for legal research, scholarship and industry in producing monumental text-books and works of reference is steadily maintained. To the latter class is now being added Mr. Narayanswami Iyer's *Decennial Digest of Indian Decisions*, 1911—1920. It shows legal digesting at its best—developed almost into a fine art. Apart from the excellence of its formal get-up, printing and binding, its merit lies in exhaustiveness of its scope, comprehensiveness of headings and subheadings, copiousness of cross-references, statements of facts necessary for the elucidation of the law propounded in the decisions digested and, above all, a system primarily designed to facilitate reference. When completed it will be not only a monument of industry but a work absolutely indispensable to the lawyer, the Magistrate and the Judge. It deserves a very wide circulation.

Rai Bahadur G. K. Roy's *Indian Arms Act Manual* has already merited our appreciation, in its previous editions, as a most useful digest of the case-law rules and regulations on the subject. The present edition (fourth) under notice has been carefully revised and overhauled and the latest rules

—superseding the earlier ones—which are now in force, are incorporated in it. In its present form, the book will hold its own against rival editions, as it has done in the past, as a handy work of reference.

The University of Cambridge are responsible for a new legal series called "Studies in English Legal History" edited by Dr. H. D. Hazeltine, which is designed to further Scientific investigation in the development of English law by providing results of researches in the history of that law as distinct from the statement of its present principles. The first volume of the series is Dr. Winfield's Study called *The History of Conspiracy and Abuse of Legal Procedure*. It is a systematic exposition of the results obtained by research in this branch of the law and is comprehensive and illuminating. It is not for the behoof of the practising lawyer—for whom the learned author is preparing a work to be called *The Present Law of Abuse of Legal Procedure*. But to those who are interested in the historical evolution of English law, Dr. Winfield's book would prove valuable and suggestive.

Mr. Rust is right in his contention that the commentaries on the Indian Penal Code do not present in sufficient detail an exposition of that important branch which deals with homicide and hurt, and he was well-advised in undertaking his work—*The Law of Homicide and Hurt in British India*—with a view to remove the want of suitable text-book on the subject. Mr. Rust covers the ground in sufficient details and his digest of case-law—the rulings of each court having been separately systematized in chronological order—is well-arranged and comprehensive. The book deserves attention at the hands of Judges, Magistrates and Lawyers and it should command amongst them a large measure of popularity.

Amongst books of its class and kind, Mr. Justice Taylor's *Trial of Cases* has long since been justly acknowledged as the best guide for the Junior official holding criminal or civil trials. Having run out of print, the publishers have done well to have got so competent an editor as Mr. P. C. Sirkar, who has not only thoroughly revised the work but added two useful chapters on the constitution and powers of criminal courts and the sentences which they may pass. In its present form the book will continue to be the most useful manual for new officials in trying civil or criminal cases. It should obtain a large circulation amongst them and even Senior officials may do worse than dip into it occasionally.

At a time like the present when it has been announced that almost all the repressive laws that hitherto disfigured the Indian Statute book are

on a fair way to be repealed, the publication of Mr. A. K. Ghose's work called *Laws Affecting the Rights and Liberties of the Indian People* is very opportune. It brings together in one handy volume and in a compact form all the repressive laws that have been enacted from the earliest establishment of British rule in this country and which are still in force, with such illustration and elucidative matter as is necessary for the comprehension of their scope and significance. The value of the book is appreciably enhanced by the very illuminating Introduction contributed by Mr. Norton. Altogether Mr. Ghose's book is a most useful compendium of the subject and will be valuable in future as a permanent record of the historical evolution of Anglo-Indian law dealing with the liberty of the subject, and rights of association and circulation. The book deserves wide publicity.

Powell's *Principles and Practice of the Law of Evidence* has long since taken its place as a standard work in English legal literature. The tenth edition brought out by Dr. Blake Odgers and Mr. Walter Blake Odgers is thoroughly abreast of the latest case-law, and offers an up-to-date presentment, on sound and reliable lines, of the English law of Evidence. It is systematic and well-arranged and, amongst one-volume works on the subject, it is rightly regarded as most authoritative. The edition under notice will fully sustain its very high reputation.

Apart from his well-known Tagore Law Lectures for 1908—published as *Customs and Customary Law in British India*—Mr. Sripati Roy is known in the profession as the author of the so-called "Confession Series", the previous volumes of which are (1) *Law of Confession*, (2) *Sanction to Prosecute* and *Bad Livelihood*—each of these a most useful work. To these three is now added a fourth volume called the *Law Relating to Police Officers*. It offers in a compendious form not only all that a police officer should know for the satisfactory discharge of his duties, but also a short sketch of the rise and development of the police force in Bengal, which makes interesting reading. It also incorporates some of the police rules and regulations, and brings together those bearing on the powers and duties of the police officer, as also digests offences under various police Acts and discusses the law bearing on the relation of the police with the public and the magistracy. The scope of the work is comprehensive and the author has brought to bear upon his self-imposed task an industry and spirit of research which are appreciable. The result is a meritorious work which deserves a very large circulation. It may well be prescribed as a text-book for police and magistrates' examinations.

Our Library Table. Miscellaneous Literature.

The art of the essayist features the delicate lines of the unfinished portrait that needs to be touched with the brush and retouched again. The welter of confusion that flows from the unrestrained pen finds no better solvent than careful dipping into the acid of self-criticism and a repetition of the process until the vision becomes clarified and the picture-words stand out in their natural lucidity. Mr. Venkataramani has made in his little book a restrained effort towards this ideal. He is only at the beginning of the journey and has yet to learn the virtue of reticence in public. But it will not be a futile prophecy if we say that we expect from him better things in future.

"*Paper Boats*" (The Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar) is a misleading title. No doubt words are woven round fancy pictures, but the true sense of the book does not lie in its imaginative appeal. The essays possess a value of their own, besides the claim to mere literary attention. They reveal the sympathy of an observer for the common facts of life in South India. Perhaps our appreciation would have been richer if the art of word painting (wherein poets of rare strength alone could achieve success) had not been so over-emphasised, and more thought given to the realities of observation. For we fancy Mr. Venkataramani has the power to perceive and critically estimate such realities if only he would concentrate on them.

We welcome in the "World's Classics" (Oxford University Press, Calcutta) the third (revised) edition of Mr. James Rhodes' translation into English verse of *The Poems of Virgil*. Originally published in 1893, it entered into a second edition in 1906. The edition under notice has been carefully overhauled and it is now possible to enjoy the great Latin classic in this excellent rendering of his poems. The handy pocket editions of classics included in the "World's Classics" Series are of perennial interest to lovers of literature.

In their "Selected English Classics" Series, the University Tutorial Press Ltd. (High Street, New Oxford Street, London, W. C.) have published an excellent edition of Chaucer's *The House of Fame*. It is edited by Professor C. M. Drennan who has enriched it with a critical introduction, helpful annotations and a useful glossary. It deserves wide circulation amongst students of Chaucer.

The Cambridge University Press have embarked on a new, critical, edition of the plays of Shakespeare, each play being published in a handy

volume. *The Tempest* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* are the first two volumes issued. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Mr. John Dover Wilson are the joint Editors and they have brought to bear upon their work a highly critical acumen and a rich and rare scholarship, with the result that this new edition of Shakespeare's plays bids fair to be perhaps the most important issued in the present century. Making allowance for matters still within the bounds of controversy, there is no gainsaying the fact that the new Cambridge edition is found to be a substantial contribution to the study of Shakespeare.

We have already noticed in terms of appreciation the "Percy Reprints", which are being issued under the editorship of Mr. H. F. B. Brett-Smith (Basil Blackwell, Oxford). The third volume consists of Peacock's *Four Ages of Poetry*, Shelley's famous *Defence of Poetry* (Which was written as a reply to Peacock's essay) and Browning's *Essay on Shelley*. An illuminating introduction, a useful bibliography, and helpful annotations render this volume of three classical reprints a valuable contribution to the English prose literature of the 19th century. The "Percy Reprints" deserve very wide popularity amongst lovers of English literature, not only by reason of their excellent format, neat printing, handy size, and pleasing get-up, but even more so for the critical judgment and accurate scholarship with which their editor enriches the volumes.

Sale's *Preliminary Discourse to the Koran*—prefixed to his well-known translation of the Mussalman Scriptures—has long since been deservedly acknowledged as a classic in the literature of Islam. Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., (London), were well-advised in issuing an admirably printed edition of the *Discourse* separately, in a handy volume, enriched with a useful introduction by Sir Denison Ross; for though the work appeared so far back as 1734, it is still of very great value and deserves careful study by all interested in the study of the creed propounded by the great Arabian Prophet.

Mr. S. C. Sen—a well-known publicist—has published (through The Pioneer Press, Allahabad) a collection of the *Speeches of Sir Harcourt Butler*. They were well worth reprinting as His Excellency the Governor of Agra and Oudh is an accomplished and thoughtful speaker. Dealing as they do with current political subjects, the volume ought to interest publicists in this country.

The Rt. Hon'ble Syed Ameer Ali's *Short History of the Saracens* (Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London) may, now that it has reached a third

edition, justly be regarded as having attained the dignity of a classic in Anglo-Islamic literature. Published so far back as 1899, it has well stood its ground and in its revised form it will continue to hold its own as the best compendious, historical sketch of the political and social activities of the Arabs when the genius of that race was at its best. There is much to be learnt as to the causes of the rise and fall of nations from the history of the Arabs—especially at the present time—and a student can scarcely do better than turn to Mr. Ameer Ali's exceedingly well-written and scholarly treatise.

Students of Islam will welcome *The Arabian Prophet* (Luzac & Co., 46 Great Russell Street, London) which is a life of Mohammad from Chinese and Arabic sources. It is a translation of the standard Life of Mohammad in Chinese, which was written 200 years ago by Liu Chih, the most noted author among the Moslems of China. The history is based on the Arabic records, but the Chinese view-point is given, and many instructive notes are added. In the Appendices, the introduction of Islam into China is dealt with, and some description of its beliefs and practices is given, the whole forming a useful contribution to the study of Mohammedanism in China.

Yet another edition of the classics, called the "Clarendon Series of English Literature" (Oxford University Press, Calcutta), the latest addition to which is *Selections from Burke*. It is edited by Mr. A. M. D. Hughes who has managed to bring together within a short compass a large number of choice extracts traversing a very large range of subjects. Besides the editor's informative introduction and useful notes, the volume is enriched with extracts from various famous essays by eminent critics on the genius of Burke and personal estimates of his work and character. Altogether a capital introduction for the student of the greatest English orator. It deserves a large circulation in India.

The life-story of Isvar Chandra Vidyasagar will always have a special merit of admiration of and example to generations of the Bengalee race. The staunch and ascetic figure of Vidyasagar travels in glory over the middle span of the XIX Century amid the social history of Hindu Bengal. To the sternly orthodox strain derived from a Sanskrit training, Isvar Chandra added a largeness of heart and a liberality of mind that places him in the front rank of Hindu Evangelists. The Reformist movement that took shape in the evolution of the Brahmo Samaj—a despairingly sectarian offshoot resulting from the slow, very slow unloosening of the superstitious

bonds of Hindu tradition—did not leave the orthodox creed untouched. That many-sided improvements were initiated—the fruits thereof being garnered this day; that the launching of the heretical propaganda needed stout heart and stouter faith; that the curse of grasping superstition combined with illimitable ignorance wanted a ruthless exposure;—of these Vidyasagar had a lion's share and his cherished memory stands enshrined in the heart of the enlightened Bengalee for the brave fight he put up. Yet he possessed a conservative strain in his character which gave him strength amid adversity. Mr. A. K. Roy has done a public service in presenting in a lucid manner the life history of the pioneer educationist and reformer. His monograph on *Vidyasagar* (Roy & Co., 38, Panchanon Ghose Lane, Calcutta, 1921) is written in an attractive style and embraces with a sympathetic touch the multi-sided activities of Vidyasagar. If we would allow a little objection, it is in the absence of a critical estimate. An unalloyed bound of admiration is liable to carry us off our feet and mistake the trifles for the realities. On the whole a commendable work, commendably executed in a freshening style.

Sett's *Guide to Commercial Places* (Santosh Nath Sett, Chandernagore) is a valuable addition to the directory-literature of Bengal. The book lays special emphasis on the moffussil trading centres. Useful information could be gathered from the pages about the economic life of the outlying districts. The arrangement of the book according to the main railway lines and contiguous routes often proves of great help to the commercial traveller and it is to be hoped that in succeeding editions this fact will not be ignored.

The Karachi Handbook and Directory for 1921-22 (Daily Gazette Press, Karachi) is perhaps the most remarkable publication in the region of reference literature issued in India. Besides giving the fullest, most accurate and thoroughly up-to-date information on all matters usually looked for in a directory, it attempts to cover a wider ground by providing discussions and dissertations on various topics of current interest, not only to those residing in Sindh, but throughout the country. The edition under consideration has been edited by Sir Montagu Webb, the well-known merchant of Karachi and the work as a whole reflects the highest credit on his devotion to the city of his adoption as also to the spirit of enterprise of the publishers. We wish every important Indian city had an equally useful and valuable Directory.

ENGLAND AND RURAL INDIA.

The Editor regrets that he is unable to present this month the usual notes by "Whip". The tumult of events since the Prince's arrival in this country, inchoated, we understand, the delicate equipoise of judgment necessary for a sober and sedate opinion of things and the excuse put forward by "Whip" is similarly the lack of any functioning brain-wave to help him over the stile of befogged vision and troubled mind. He has however requested us to reproduce the following article from the pen of an Indian Civilian which appeared in the *Labour Monthly*—the new organ of labour-intellectuals in England. We agree with "Whip" that by reason of its authoritative statement the contribution provokes thought and should enable a closer understanding of the problem of India.

It seems to be an obvious duty at the present time to reconsider all our conventional ideas about the Empire, and in particular about India. Now it is commonly held in England that whatever else we may have done or left undone in India, we have at any rate conferred great benefits on the agriculturists and landlords, who form nine-tenths of the total population. Every apologist of our rule has rightly emphasised the essentially rural character of the country, and few have had the hardihood to maintain that we have benefited either the few Indians who have received a European education, or that other class, the "landless proletariat," which has been brought into existence by the growth of the milling and mining industries.

In 1909 Lord Curzon stated, in his usual dogmatic manner, all that he considered the Indian agriculturist really needs: "To be worried as little as possible for money, to be helped generously in times of famine, to have their disputes settled without fear or favour, and to be protected against money-lenders, landlords, and legal practitioners." In very many parts of India the modern agriculturist wants and expects a great deal more than this from Government; but even accepting Lord Curzon's estimate as correct, it is at least arguable that we have failed completely and signally in all the four points that he enumerates. It will be best

to take each point separately—Land Revenue, Famine, Judicial Work, and Protection against Money-lenders.

I

Though our revenue system varies throughout India, the English usually adopted the method in force when they came to the country. Land taxes remain the chief method of raising revenue, just as they did under Asoka. A tax based on the fertility of the soil forms the first claim on all cultivated land. Sometimes it is fixed permanently, but over most of India is liable to periodic revision. The general effect of it is that in areas where there is no irrigation a village has to sell just about a tenth of its harvest to pay the revenue. Grain and straw are usually almost the only marketable commodities, so the land revenue leaves the village in the form of grain; and as revenue is collected at fixed periods, this means grain sold at the bottom of the market. The arrangements for assessment and collection are complicated, but not very efficient, and there is a considerable leakage, especially through minor officials. This leakage has, of course, to be made good by the cultivator.

In irrigated areas the question is more complicated; but every peasant imagines that Government gets its *quid pro quo* for all irrigation works in the form of increased revenue, and on the whole this is correct, as all irrigation works are expected to pay a fair percentage. It is a common mistake for Englishmen to assume that the native population, either in India, Egypt, or Mesopotamia, feels any gratitude for irrigation or railway works. Some years ago Lord Cromer pointed out that there was not the least reason to expect gratitude unless the irrigation works were a free gift, and recent history in Mesopotamia has merely emphasised this obvious truth.

Let us put ourselves in the position of the average villager, who realises that the revenue takes twenty cartloads of grain out of his hamlet, and who tries to think what he gets back in exchange. In the larger villages there are schools, with one or two underpaid masters, but few villagers care to keep their sons at school after they are old enough to start the simplest kinds of

farm work. Sometimes there is a Government road near the village, and occasionally some other form of building, but there are thousands of villages which have paid revenue for about a hundred years in which it would be impossible to find any sign of Government work. The villager has police protection of a sort, but he is usually too poor to be afraid of robbery, and the only other common serious crime is murder. As regards the latter, practically every Hindu and most Mahomedan object strongly to capital punishment, and our elaborate judicial system seems to them merely ridiculous. I do not think that anyone would be bold enough to argue that our civil courts help the agriculturist.

I fear that the villager must realise that he gets very little in exchange for all that grain, while he probably forgets the chief benefit he receives from Government, which is immunity from war. Indeed, sometimes looking down on a little Maratha village I have remembered that the grand-fathers of the present tired and hopeless-looking villagers were the men who watered their horses in the Indus, and terrified Calcutta, and I have wondered whether freedom from war is an unmixed blessing from the agriculturist's point of view.

On the whole, it is difficult to see why the agriculturist should be thankful for our revenue system. It is fixed, rigid, and theoretically equitable, but none of these are characteristics which make for popularity. In many parts of India we have made the additional mistake of leaving the actual collection of land revenue in the hands of men who are of entirely different caste from the villagers.

II

When any outsider ventures to criticise British rule in India, he is nearly always met by a reference to famine work. Perhaps it is fortunate that very few Englishmen have any practical experience of famine work, so that one of the weakest points in our administration has gone almost unchallenged.

The frequency and severity of famines before the British came to India is a complicated question, which has, unfortunately, become a subject of political controversy. Undoubtedly there

were famines, for, besides a certain amount of historical evidence, many parts of India are dependent for their year's harvest on certain rains not only being sufficient, but also being properly timed. Of course, it is quite possible that agriculturists used to keep larger reserves of grain in hand, but there is no real doubt that two bad years in succession must always have caused immense suffering, and also practically exterminated the cattle in affected areas.

From the earliest days of the East India Company it was known that India was liable to suffer from famines, and one of the very worst occurred in Bengal shortly after we had undertaken the administration of this country. It is interesting to remember that in France and other parts of Europe this famine was ascribed to the exploitation of the country by the English. Since then there has been a severe famine about once every twenty years, the last being in the year following the war, 1918-1919. At no period during the last century could the English have argued that a famine was so unexpected that a reasonable Government should not have made preparations for it. In spite of this it was not till after the famine of 1900 that any clear-cut schemes were worked out for dealing with famines. It does not require a very high standard of administrative work to realise that all office work necessary for starting relief works, and arrangements for importing grain and fodder into precarious areas, and the hundred and one practical details of famine work, have to be worked out for each district and kept ready in case of famine. This, however, was never seriously attempted till the last twenty years. For nearly a century famine succeeded famine, and on each occasion there was the same story of delay before the declaration of famine, and when it was too late the sanctioning of relief works which had not been properly thought out, and ill-arranged systems of dole which only touched the fringe of the general distress.

In 1877 five million people died of starvation, and the famine of 1900 in the Deccan was completely mismanaged, yet no one seems to have realised that tragedies of this sort were anybody's fault; they seem to have been considered as inevitable, like the Irish potato famine. Mr. Kipling's absurd picture of famine

work, in which a district officer wanders round the country in charge of what seems to have been an itinerant relief camp, has been accepted by most people in England as something about which we should be proud. As a matter of fact, the history of our famine work is very similar to that of many of our smaller wars. The Englishman is excellent at the elementary practical side of the work, and by dint of physical hard work and energy has managed to gloss over the defects of the system, just as the British soldier frequently has won victories in spite of bad staff work.

Even to-day our famine codes are faulty and ruined by excessive centralisation and hopeless parsimony. The methods of camp organisation, etc., are those which the last war has shown to be wrong, while too little attention is paid to the prevention of famine conditions directly the rains have proved a failure. Although the agriculturist pays the bulk of the revenue in direct taxation, and, as we have seen, gets little enough in return, yet the one time Government might make some recompense, they work out famine codes which aim at just keeping the population on the borders of starvation. It is difficult to avoid forming opinions on chance impressions, but the present writer was much struck by two camps seen in January and April of 1919. The first was a refugee camp in Mesopotamia for the inhabitants of the Lake Van district who had fled in front of the Turks. About 30,000 men, women and children were housed in large tents and looked after so well that they cost about Rs. 15 per head daily. The second camp was a famine relief camp in the Deccan, and consisted of rows of huts made from three pieces of matting. These formed a slight protection from the sun, but none from the rains which started towards the end of the famine operations. The cost of the camp per head was about one-third of a rupee daily, and the inhabitants worked eight hours a day breaking stones. It should, perhaps, be mentioned that the guard for the Mesopotamia camp was a Maratha regiment, recruited in the Deccan, and that the expenses of that camp were partly contributed from Indian sources. It is, presumably, better to belong to a country upon which an Empire has ambitions than to the Empire itself.

Probably, famines are not a great peril of the future. Railways at first accentuated famine conditions by discouraging the habit of hoarding grain, for, while it was never impossible to get enough grain into a famine district, all the distress was caused by the difficulty of getting it distributed properly. Nowadays people in precarious tracts are learning to use the railways to emigrate in bad years to industrial centres, or to parts which are not so badly hit. Thus, in the Deccan, the "ryot," when he has seen his crop wither past recovery, sells his cattle or leaves them with a less enterprising neighbour, and makes his way down to the mills at Bombay or any other work that may be available.

III

Although Indian criminal and civil laws are based on the English system, yet the actual administration of both is almost entirely in Indian hands. It is a common idea in England that the Indian peasant can always take his case before an English magistrate, and usually prefers to do so. Even if there was once some foundation for this belief, it has not the remotest connection with modern Indian conditions. As long ago as 1840 Macaulay had converted the Indian Government to the principle of adopting the English system of law, as well as English methods of education. He failed to see that a handful of Englishmen would never have sufficient influence to enable these foreign importations to take root in an unsuitable soil. Just as education has never flourished, so law has become more and more divorced both from justice and from the general welfare of the people.

India has earned an unenviable reputation for the amount of its civil litigation, the greater part of which concerns land disputes, mortgages, and religious trusts, all of which closely affect the rural classes. These cases are tried under a complicated civil code, either before a Sub-Judge, who is invariably, or the District Judge, who frequently is an Indian. Lawyers are almost always employed, even in the smallest cases, and the law is interpreted correctly but pedantically. The final court of appeal is a provincial High Court, with little of the independence or prestige of an appellate court at home, and which consequently tends to

administer the strict letter of the law. It is clear that the average peasant has nothing to gain from this system when he becomes involved in a dispute with a wealthy moneylender; in fact, no better method could have been evolved for placing the illiterate mass of agriculturists into the power of the small class who can understand subtle legal points and employ expensive lawyers. The smaller civil courts are not free from the taint of bribery, which is another powerful weapon in the hands of wealthy litigants.

There can be scarcely two hundred English magistrates taking original criminal work in India. A similar proportion per head of population in England would be about thirty for the whole British Isles. Nearly all minor cases are taken by Indian magistrates, who are usually Government servants, as it is almost impossible to get suitable men to sit on District Benches. In these courts, lawyers appear in nearly every case, and they have a well-organised system of touting. In any little village dispute, the parties are urged to take the case into court, and once there, it drags on for months before some Brahmin clerk, who is an easy prey to a procrastinating lawyer.

As regards the more serious offences, like murder, a villager who is accused of some crime will get a theoretically fair trial before the District Judge, but he gains little by a system which places his defence entirely in the hands of a lawyer, while the case is solemnly thrashed out in a language which he does not understand, under a code which means nothing to him.

When Lord Curzon wrote about the agriculturists' disputes being settled without fear or favour, I am afraid he was deliberately playing on a mistaken idea which his countrymen hold about our methods of administering law in India.

IV

Most English writers on Indian subjects seem to assume that because Government's general attitude is opposed to absentee landlords and money-lenders our rule has therefore tended to protect agriculturists against them. This claim is so preposter-

ous that it could scarcely have gone unchallenged unless most of the Indian nationalist Press was financed by the lawyer and money-lending class. Undoubtedly the two great evils of rural India are absentee landlords and the excessive subdivision of the land into small holdings; but though legislation has been attempted on both these questions, it has proved such a failure that the whole problem has been shelved. In many parts of India it has been decided that such subjects should best be dealt with by the new councils. Very likely this is a sound decision, but it is also a confession that our policy is bankrupt in regard to a side of Indian life in which we have usually posed as the chief defenders of the Indian masses.

Very little thought will show that the legal system we have introduced is such a powerful shield for the money-lender, or "buniah", that any ordinary legislation aimed against him is bound to fail. As the land systems in India vary a great deal, it will be best to take a specific area to show how complete our failure has been. In the Deccan, as in most of India, the Government is theoretically the sole landlord. In practice, about a fifth of the area has been permanently alienated during early days of the East Indian Company, and given to the families of various landowners who assisted the English. The remainder of the land has been allowed to be alienated by the original holders, and the only result of the State being landlord is to make the land revenue the first claim on land, which is liable to be forfeited on failure to pay. In early days the Company naturally encouraged the larger landowners, as the only possible way in which a foreign power can keep a hold on a large semi-civilised population.

Undoubtedly the village "buniah" was a feature of village life before we came to the country, but he lent his money without real security, and his despotism was based on the comparative good will of the inhabitants, and was tempered by a very real fear of robbery and assault.

The English administration gave him police protection and civil courts, with Indian judges interpreting civil law pedantically and with little regard to equity. With this assistance the "buniah" could afford to smile if the revenue officials were unsympathetic, for he knew that he must win in the end. Even

if the English revenue officer took such opportunities as came his way to help the agriculturist against him, yet most of the revenue work, the improvement of land records, and the registration of documents, etc., all played into his hands. He has never flourished as he does to-day, and he has been reinforced by other classes, especially practising lawyers. Every year when the harvest is below average the "buniah" spread their tentacles over more land, and it is the exception to find any land within reach of a town which is free from encumbrance.

About 1916 Dr. Mann undertook a careful analysis of a typical Deccan village. It was a small hamlet of about 100 families, mostly cultivators working on about 800 acres of unirrigated land. The Government revenue came to Rs. 1,600, or about two rupees an acre. The indebtedness of the village was Rs. 13,000, at interest varying from twelve to seventy per cent. The yearly interest charge was over three rupees an acre. This is not abnormal, and many villages would show a higher rate. During the famine of 1918 I collected some figures for an ordinary village inside the famine area, and a long way from the nearest town. The village had an acreage of about 1,000, and was assessed by Government at about two rupees an acre. During four famine months the villagers had mortgaged land for a nominal Rs. 12,000, of which, following a common custom, they had actually received less than Rs. 10,000. All these transactions were mortgages with possession made out in proper form, and entered in the village records, and will undoubtedly be enforced by civil courts. Co-operative societies have been started, but they have done practically nothing to release the average cultivator from this burden of debt, and frequently these societies get into the hands of the old "buniah".

Some attempts have been made to deal with this state of affairs by legislation, but the only result has been to provide the lawyers with new sources of income. Thus the Deccan Agriculturists Relief Act gave a civil court the right to inquire into the actual terms under which land was mortgaged, and to grant relief in the case of exorbitant interest being charged. In a few months the "buniah" had discovered the method of "false sales", where a mortgage with possession is made out in the

form of a sale. For this and other reasons the Act has proved a complete failure, and no attempt has been made to replace it.

Quite possibly the problem is insoluble. The first effect of foreign rule is to upset the natural balance between classes, and we must look on the present ascendancy of the "buniah" and the lawyer as a necessary consequence of our occupation; but it seems incredible that anyone, even a retired Viceroy, should be so ignorant of actual conditions as to claim that the English have held the "buniah" in check. As a matter of fact, the first result of our withdrawal from the Deccan would be the hasty retreat of the Marwadi and the other rapacious and cowardly castes who fatten on the agriculturist.

The other great rural evil, the excessive subdivision of land holdings, has grown steadily worse during the last fifty years, and no attempt has been made to deal with it. Under the present Hindu law a man's estates are usually divided amongst his heirs, field by field, instead of by taking the property as a whole. The result is that an enormous proportion of land, especially in the Deccan, is divided into uneconomic small holdings, so that a man owning ten acres will usually have them scattered about the village in plots of one or two acres, frequently of an awkward and unworkable shape. No one disputes the importance of this evil, but the local Governments realise that any legislation would probably offend some portion of the people, and as the problem is not one that endangers our rule, the whole subject has been left untouched.

A century of British rule has now ended in a confession of failure, and the measure of our failure is not the amount of agitation against our Government, but the hopeless condition of the Indian cultivator, and his poorer brother, the coolie. It is too early to consider the effect of the new Councils, but their powers are limited, and they represent the middle classes rather than the actual cultivators. Their institution does not relieve us of a fearful responsibility.

"I. C. S."



N.C.

"A book that is shut is but a block"

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